Saturday Review

September 16, 1967 35¢

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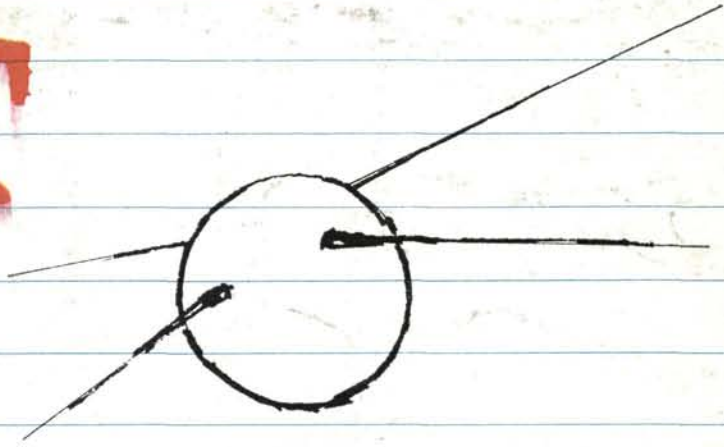

By Frank G. Jennings

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BUCKMINSTER FULLER ON THE GEOSOCIAL REVOLUTION

FULLER ON THE GEOSOCIAL
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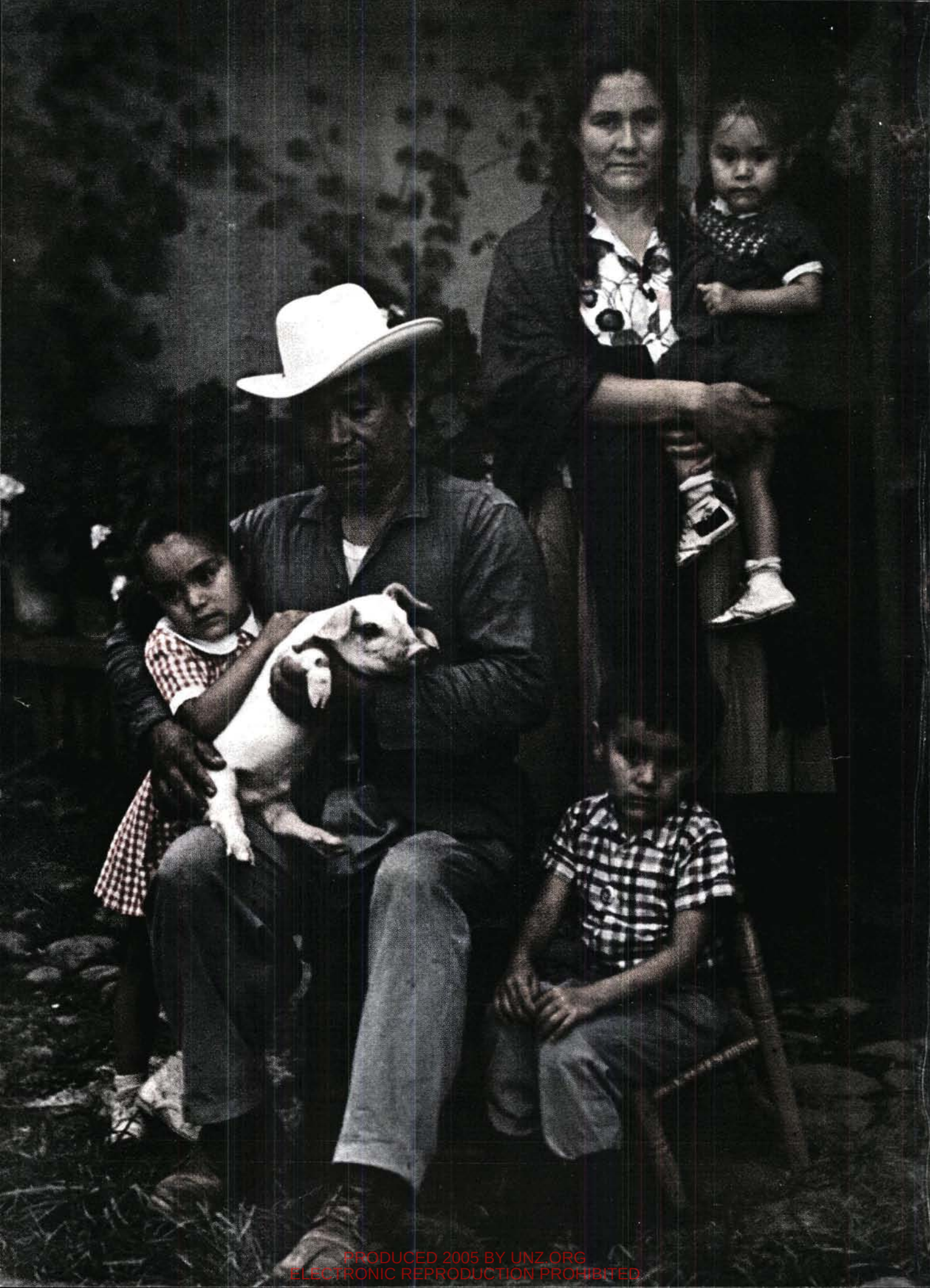

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These average Americans earn 75¢ a day.

They're Latin Americans. And that's what the average Latin American earns.

It's little enough by any standards. But in this case, it's especially shameful. Because it points up the enormity of the Latin's struggle against a long tradition of poverty, inflation and revolution.

The United States, of course, is helping through the Alliance for Progress. And the Latins themselves are attempting to move things along by forming a Common Market.

But these are essentially government-to-government programs, working from the top down. It will take almost a generation before any substantial effects filter down to the common man.

And he can't wait that long.

The average Latin American is already eating less than he did 25 years ago. And with the highest birth rate in the world, he's expected to double his number in another 35 years.

What he needs most is help on a more immediate level. And he needs it now. Not tomorrow.

Private business is the logical source for that help.

E. R. Squibb and Sons, a subsidiary of Olin, found that out almost 15 years ago when it pioneered animal health in Latin America.

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They held community meetings and used films, outside speakers, and anything else they could come up with to help him improve his methods and increase animal production.

As a result, today Squibb is one of the largest producers of animal health products in Latin America.

But what's important to the 15 countries who use them is that every one of our more than 150 animal husbandry specialists is a Latin American. And most—eventually all—Squibb products are manufactured locally, by local people.

Thus, thousands of jobs in an expanding industry are being created for Latin Americans by Latin Americans.

Imagine how much more can be done if enough other companies create such programs. And they should. Because besides helping our neighbors, it's also good business. **Olin**

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When I told my secretary I was reading a book called *So Excellent a Fishe*, she smiled politely; when I added that the "fishe" was actually a turtle, she laughed nervously.

This may tell you something of my secretary's opinion of me, but it doesn't tell you what is really important, which is that there is a new book called *So Excellent a Fishe*, that its title comes from a Bermuda proclamation of 1620 forbidding the killing of young turtles, that it tells the utterly fascinating story of the lives and achievements of the various breeds of sea turtles, and that it is an excellent example of first-rate nature writing. And by this, I mean that even a professed nature hater (me, for example) will find it exciting and compelling reading.

Archie Carr wrote it. He is a Professor of Zoology at the University of Florida and the author of the much acclaimed "The Windward Road." In his new book he sets down the results of many years of research into the habits of this unusual creature, and he descants upon such puzzling points as the fact that no one (fisherman, mariner, or Professor of Zoology), *no one* knows where turtles go during their first year of life; that there is a sound biological reason why the females lay a hundred eggs at a time; and that a turtle can navigate unerringly over 1400 miles of open ocean from its feeding grounds to its place of birth to nest without any landmark to guide it.

As I intimated, it is a book that, once started, cannot be put down. If you are a little tired of the games people are playing (and who isn't, these days?), I recommend acquaintance with the games turtles play as described in *So Excellent a Fishe: A Natural History of Sea Turtles*, published, naturally, by The Natural History Press.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

So Excellent a Fishe: A Natural History of Sea Turtles ($5.95), by Archie Carr, is a publication of The Natural History Press, which is the publisher for The American Museum of Natural History, and a division of Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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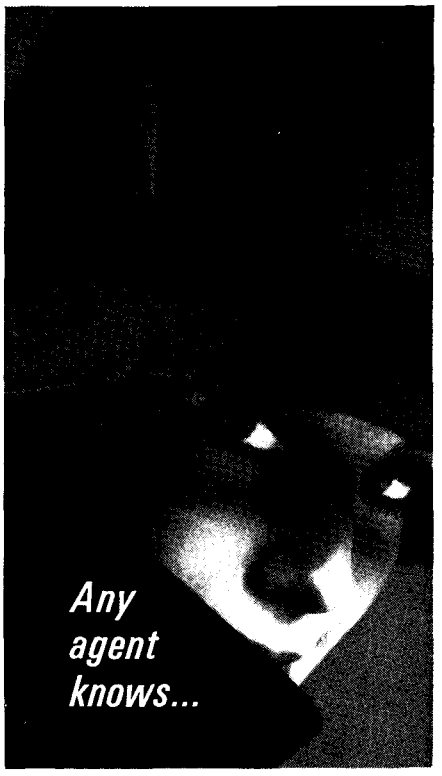

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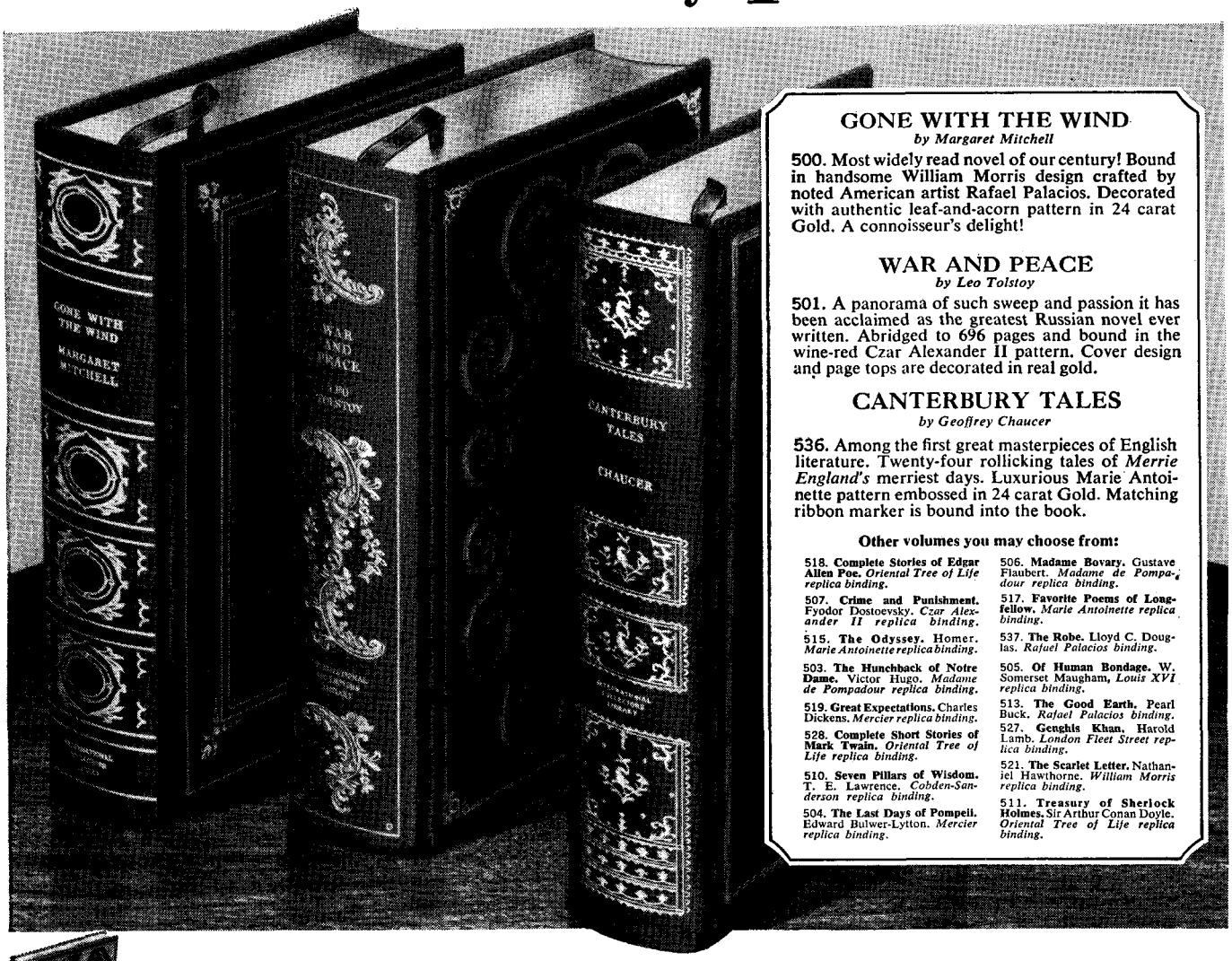

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Tresses and Stresses

Footnotes to the Hair Explosion

OUR PRIMEVAL ancestors, like our cousin, the ape, grew hair indiscriminately all over their bodies. True, they had naked palms and they walked on hairless soles, but they were otherwise shaggy without interruption.

Since then man has been shedding continuously for thousands of years till now he is, except in Greenwich Village, almost completely devoid of hair. The fact is that we, who regard ourselves as a neat, smooth-skinned species, are merely bald all over.

Now, I would be quite content to let it rest right there. But not Dr. Bentley Glass, a geneticist at New York State University. Dr. Glass, apparently disturbed by the knowledge that the entire surface of his body has turned out to be a scalp, has published an article in *Science* speculating on the reasons for man's present hairlessness—which, he concludes, was brought about by the invention of clothing. According to him, the earliest trousers, while they protected man from cold weather and hot seats, were also a powerful depilatory. Similarly, the primordial shirt, fashioned with a gaping hole in the front to permit the survival of chest hair, eventually led to the disappearance of most hair above the waist.

As could be expected, this theory has aroused a lot of discussion among the hair-minded. And most of it has been critical, mainly on the ground that Dr. Glass has disinterred the long-discredited Lamarckian theory which says, rather laughably, that you could breed a strain of scaleless flounders, for example, by having their parents swim around in frogman suits for a few generations. Personally, I can cite at least two hairless, albeit unclothed, animals to refute this theory: the bald eagle, who, as elegant as he is, has never been seen wearing a hat, and the elephant, who, though his hairlessness is more extensive than most, never gets dressed—if only because they don't make "stouts" large enough to fit him. No, I'm afraid that Dr. Glass's theory, like our prehistoric ancestors, simply will not wash.

Dr. Jack P. Hall, of the Rutgers Institute of Animal Behavior, offers another one that he thinks will. In his opinion, growing hair uses up a considerable amount of body energy, and man, the more he engages in nonhair-raising activities, progressively loses the ability to grow hair. By implication, therefore, we were able to develop language and become so darn talkative only because we didn't grow hair on our tongues. All well and good. But, one might ask Dr. Hall, if civilization is so firmly based on falling hair, and if, presumably, teen-agers are part of civilization, what then? What about the millions of teen-agers who spend most of their time furiously growing hair without even getting winded, and then easily muster up the boundless energy needed to comb it? What about that? Cat got your tongue, Dr. Hall?

It seems to me that Philip Mershkovitz, curator at the Field Museum of Natural History, has a better theory. He claims that the race began to grow hairless when man started to reject hairy women. And why not? For eons man had been mating regularly with people whose hairline began at the ankle and who invariably looked like his brother. Suddenly, along came this lovely mutant—hairless and a staunch Darwinian besides—to familiarize him with *les differences* whose existence he had only dimly suspected before. With every male looking for a hairless date and taking a new interest in love and marriage, what a turning point that must have been! I think that easily explains why we have so little hair left; for that matter, I think it also explains why the hair we have left turns gray. —MURRAY MACHT.

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Bad Bridgework

THE British Travel Association is at it again. Every year Americans are tempted with dazzling color photographs to lure them back to the Motherland, and every year these include a picture of a bridge. The particular bridge that is shown varies, but in structure it is always the same: solid stone, handsomely wrought, probably everlasting. And, unfortunately, it is the product of an age which didn't envision the automobile.

My first experience with British bridges came when I rented a car in York. The day was fine, and I wandered from route to route, exploring the green countryside. The roads ambled along, view succeeding view, and then there would be a bridge. Arching above the river, it would be massive, it would give assurance—but it was still unreached. Here came the first rub. The ancient builders had sensibly placed it at right angles to the stream. That, though, was

(*Continued on page* 8)

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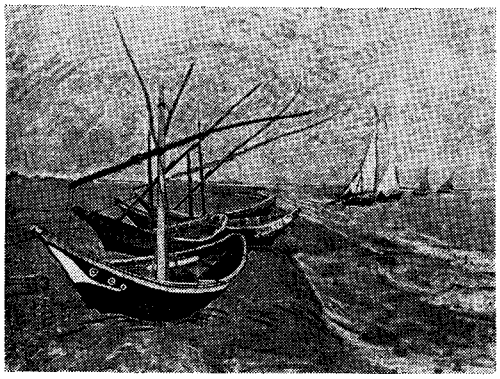

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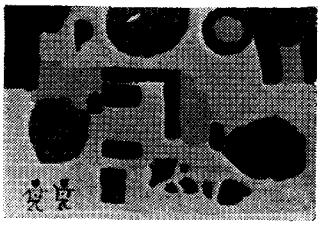

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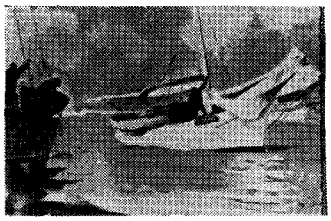

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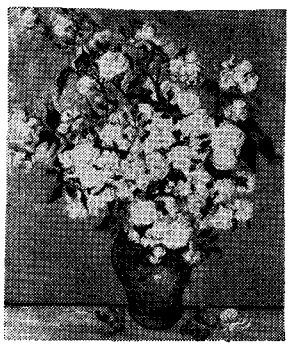

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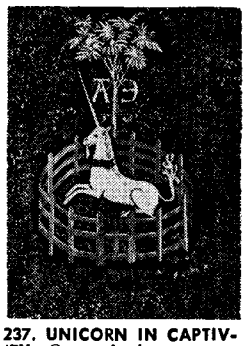

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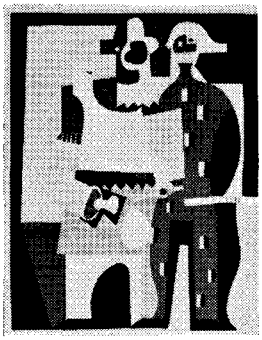

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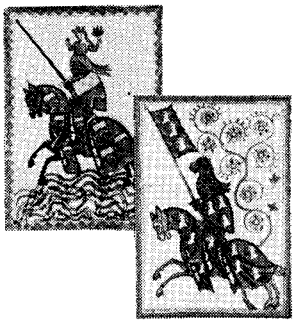

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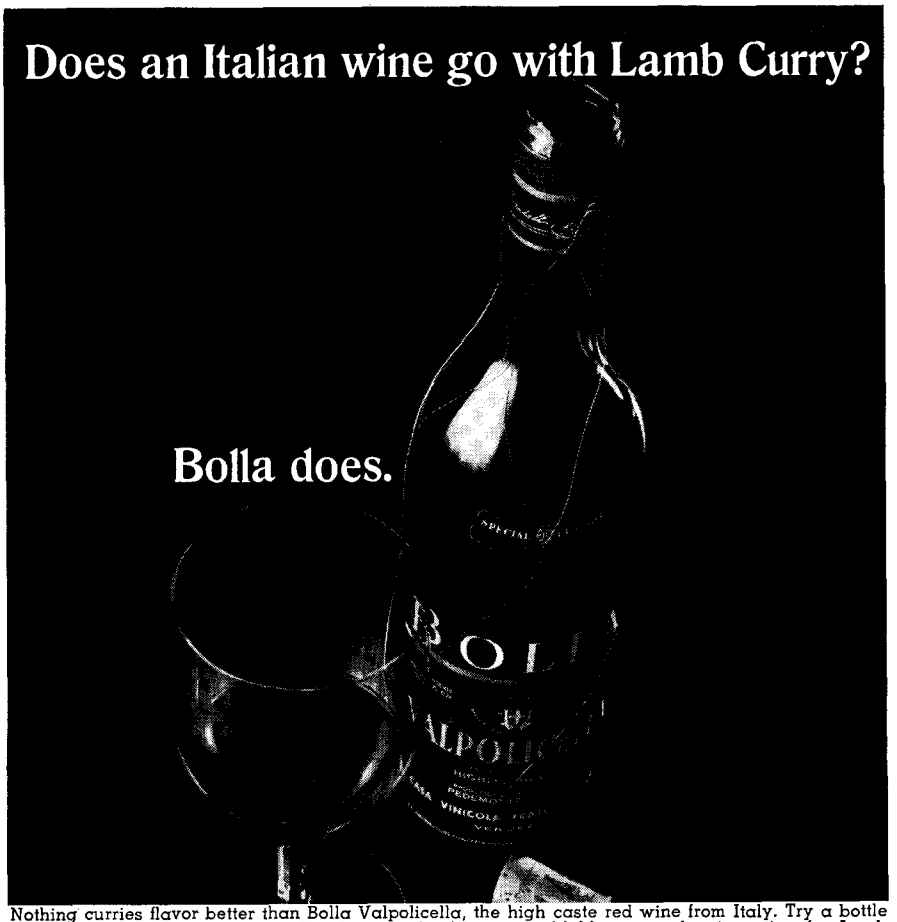

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Continued from page 4

without knowledge of the future direction of the highway. A modern British road doesn't lead up to a bridge; it finds it lying across its path.

A sudden hard right or left, then the car lurches onto the bridge. But now the driver looks around. The bridge is walled with stone. It is also narrow. In fact, it is exactly one-and-one-half cars wide. What if another car is at this moment twisting onto the other end? Simple enough—look ahead. Easily said, but not easily done. The roadway isn't a graceful arch, repeating the one cresting over the river; it is a flattened, inverted "V," peaking at the center.

Now comes the Anglican moment of truth: one's own car is scaling the upward ramp—but that other car, the one that instinct says is climbing the other slope, is coming, too. Neither driver can see over the center ridge, and—since the road has zigzagged waywardly in its approach to the bridge—neither driver has seen the other's car at a distance.

This realization takes seconds only, and then the crest is reached. Sometimes a car is there, sometimes it isn't. If it is, brakes squeal, gears shift, and each driver skirts the masonry as best he can. Curiously, here the ancient builders have saved the modern motorist. By cleverly putting their bridges at angles to the future road, they have so slowed the onthrust of progress that head-on collision has been averted. The driver survives; the world goes on.

I, too, went on, from obstacle to obstacle, from bridge to bridge. Would I make it over the next one safely? Should I try fording the shallower streams? Should I simply wait until nightfall, when I could see, if not the bridges approaching, the lights of oncoming cars? But I knew that British drivers, still remembering World War II, habitually use only their tiny parking lights. I had to continue, a minor Hannibal crossing man-made Alps, until finally I parked by a pub in late afternoon. Outside was a sleek, red sports car; inside, drinking, was its owner. We started to talk.

"The bridges have got me," I said. "You can't see what's coming."

"Of course not," he said. "Weren't designed for cars. Built for carts. Good high cart, no speed, driver could see what was coming. All very sensible."

"But what about today?" I asked.

He looked me firmly in my shaken eye. "You people do not appreciate that motoring is not simply a way of getting rapidly from one place to another. It is a sport. It is an art." He put down his empty pint and left. A moment later I heard the roar of his engine. Off he went into the evening, to take the bridges resolutely as he found them—a sportsman, perhaps even an artist.

—ROBERT GORDON.

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"There can be little question that the streets were organized, despite official denials. According to one soul brother who guarded his store, rioters worked in teams to ravage several stores near him. 'First, a couple of boys on motorcycles would ride up and spot a store,' he told me. 'Then they'd leave and a couple of convertibles would drive up and smash in the storefront and grab everything. And, when they were through, one car would drive around the alley and then they'd both drive off. In ten minutes, the place would be in flames.' "—From a Newsweek correspondent's eyewitness report of four days among the Detroit rioters.

"In the Middle East, Israel has proved its sovereignty, within and beyond its borders. In Vietnam, the U.S. is struggling to build true sovereignty where none has ever existed. With dazzling irony, one powerful journalistic apologist for U.S. policy in Vietnam has reported a 'first lesson' of the Arab debacle thus: 'No amount of foreign hardware can make a military victor of a nation that lacks effective leadership and the will to win.' Such a depiction of Russian failure in Egypt reads like a precise warning to American fantasy in Vietnam."—From a Newsweek Signed Opinion column by Emmet John Hughes.

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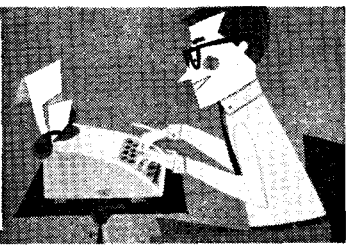

Arms and the Disturbed Man

THE SECOND Amendment to the Constitution says: "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The Fifth Commandment says: "Thou shalt not kill."

Congress for five consecutive years has been hearing argument for and against gun control legislation. During that time a President, his assassin, and an American Nazi leader have been among the victims of uncontrolled guns in the hands of uncontrollable citizens. To say nothing of the other vital statistics which show that last year in this country guns were used in 6,400 murders, 10,000 suicides, and 2,000 accidental deaths.

Most of the lobbying against a federal gun control bill has been carried out by the NRA. This is the National Rifle Association and is not to be confused with the NRA of Franklin Delano Roosevelt: the National Recovery Act. Very few people who have been killed by guns recover.

The thinking in our Congress is divided and not a little obfuscated. For instance, Senator Frank Church of Idaho speaks out against a gun control bill because in his state hunting is a popular sport. In a speech in Congress he is quoted as saying: "A hunting rifle and a gun are kept by most Idaho families for hunting. They are as popular as a fly rod or a spinning reel."

On the other hand, Senator Church came out with a speech against our country's selling guns to underdeveloped nations. Although guns play a great part in the popular sport in most of the underdeveloped countries we've been reading about. There they are even more popular than the fly rod and spinning reel.

It is not quite clear how a federal law restricting the sale of guns and rifles by issuing permits to those who want to buy them would in any way place restrictions on actual game hunters, as opposed to those who have something else in mind. Such a permit would clear up what the gun or rifle buyer wants to do with the weapon. The salesman at the sports counter has a customer:

"I want to buy a gun or rifle."

"Yes? And what do you want a gun or rifle for?"

"I'm going hunting."

"Hunting what?"

"I'm hunting for the guy that's been running around with my girl."

"Permit for gun or rifle denied."

The NRA claims this is unfair to sporting goods stores. Such a reason for wanting to buy a gun or rifle would cause the store to lose a sale, the NRA feels.

Not at all; depends on the salesman:

"Permit for a gun or rifle denied. But how about a fly rod or a spinning reel, which are just as popular?"

"Naw, I want a gun or a rifle to get this guy I'm after. I'm going to teach him a lesson."

"But look, sir, if you happen to kill him, what kind of a lesson is that? He'll never know about it. But if you get your man with a fly rod or a spinning reel, you can inflict enough damage on him that not only won't he be able to run around with your girl, or anybody else's, but he won't be able to sit down to dinner for months."

A tempting alternative that no man whose girl is being run around with could possibly resist.

When Moses went up Mount Sinai—and he didn't climb it just because it was there—he accepted the Decalogue and didn't ask anyone to chisel into the Tablet an amendment to the Fifth Commandment. There was no dialogue about the NRA or the popularity of guns vs. fly rods and spinning reels; or of amending any of the Commandments.

Our Constitution did not fare as well. The Second Amendment declared that a well-regulated militia was necessary to our security and, therefore, the right of the people to bear arms should not be infringed.

Would you say that the people who have been doing all this sniping in our cities, or the man who shot down innocent people indiscriminately from a tower in Texas—or Oswald—bore arms because they thought through some derangement, that they constituted a well-regulated militia? I wouldn't.

And I'll shoot anyone who does. Or better yet—I'll get out my fly rod and spinning reel. —GOODMAN ACE.

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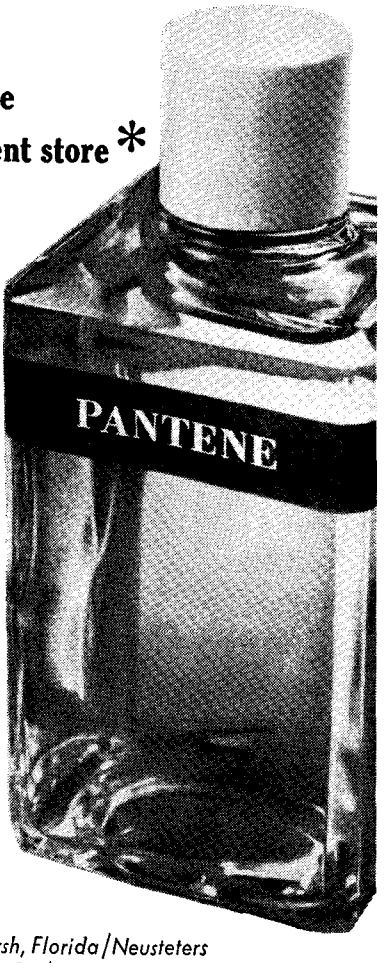

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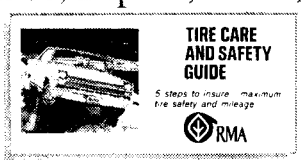

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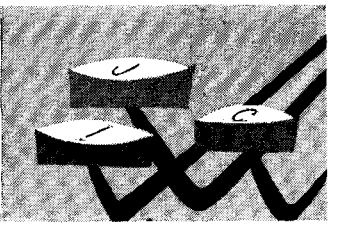
Manner of Speaking



In and Out of the Attic: I see I am fated to spend the rest of my life in the attic. There is, of course, a romantic power and presence in the idea of souls in garrets. I know of poets who have had their chance to move out and who turned it down. True to tradition, they stayed on in the garret and simply had it remodeled into an attic study. I even know one poet who turned his garret into a penthouse.

Toward such distinctions as are possible, I understand a garret to become an attic-study when it is heated and air-conditioned. It becomes a penthouse when one reaches it by elevator and/or when it acquires something called décor, and especially when the décor spills out onto a terrace. Penthouses tend to such optional features as paneling, built-in hi-fi, modest but exquisite collections of paintings, or at least of etchings, and (though only for the frivolous) bars made of old barn siding.

Other possibly useful distinctions come to mind. In a garret there is likely to be no line between what one hopes is a wall and what one knows is a ceiling. In an attic study the ceiling slope stops at some point and drops a vertical that may sometimes be called a wall. In a penthouse, of course, the ceilings are parallel to the floor.

I do not come by these distinctions lightly. For twelve years, I tried to work in what was technically an attic study. At least it was partially heated and partially air-conditioned. Its slopes, however, were definitely garretish, and, in consequence, most of my books ended up on the floor. The trouble with such a book arrangement is that it turns a man into a four-legged hunter huffling about with a flashlight in his teeth (it can be done with one of those pocket-size Gulton rechargeables) as he tries to track a title from one illegible book spine to another. In a lost golden age, my stacks had all turned their bindings in one direction and were in approximate alphabetical order. But in twelve years of yanking out the second-book-from-the-bottom, I had started too many avalanches, destroying thereby the order of alphabets. Toward the end I was down to playing beater in some sort of seriously taken snipe hunt: if I could not drive a quotation from Augustine into the bag, I would settle for one from Zola, and no matter. The word is the word and in it Alpha and Omega are one.

Nevertheless, and though I had a habituated fondness for attics, that fall from grace to all fours was more than I was willing to tolerate as a permanent condition. Though the avalanche destroy all first gardens, are there never to be book-lined rooms a man can walk upright, aligned to the alphabets of creation, where he is able to lay his hand on a title at will?

Attached to the house was a two-car garage we used for storing a tangle of bikes and power mowers, and as a private dump for junk too good to throw all the way out. I can testify that no car had ever been in it. Why bother? Come turn-in time no dealer ever asked me if I had loved and sheltered my car. He wanted to know its year of birth: all else was written in his book.

I decided to move from the attic to the garage, and, to make the move in proper style, I called in an architect. "These are interesting ideas," he said as I explained my scrawl sketches and my itemized dream specifications. "How far do you want to go?" he added, a bit warily, I thought.

But I ignored his wariness. This was dream stuff, and heady. "Beyond," I said.

Some weeks later he was back with plans strewn all over the dining room table. "I would estimate $3,500," he said, "Maybe $4,000."

They were elegant plans. I pinned them to a sloping ceiling in my soul and dreamed on them. "It's a deal," I breathed.

The contractors, too, were ready for deals. I called in something like the full local series offered by helpful friends and the Yellow Pages. And the lowest bid I got ran only a shade under $10,000. Nor were any of the contractors impressed when I pointed out that the room—basic ceiling, basic walls, and basic floor—was already there. Had they thought I meant, perhaps, to build a house? It turned out they *had* understood. I seemed to be the only one who was out of touch with contractual reality, though I still had sense enough to say "no deal."

"I'll buy another house first," I told the last man in with a five-figure bid. "It will be cheaper."

It turned out to be not exactly cheaper but not much more expensive, either. The house we found turned out to have seven bedrooms. Surely a man with seven bedrooms has left the attic slopes for-

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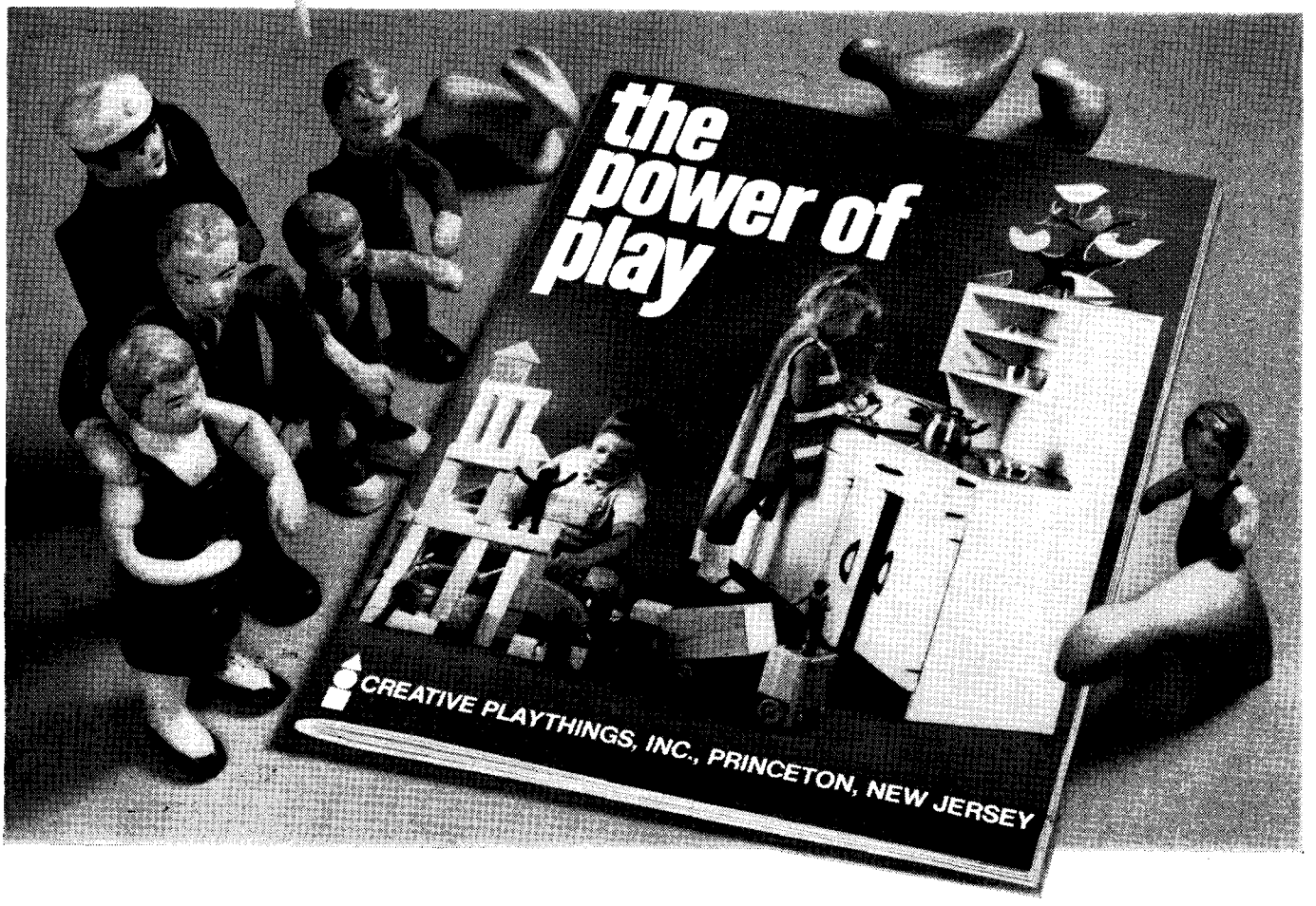

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ever. The "gray room," I decided, was it. It opened onto a great second-story porch it shared with the master bedroom (there were even dreams of glassing in the porch to make an elegant upstairs-lounge of it). It was large enough. And it would require nothing but bookshelves I could run up myself in a week. We signed agreement A, then paper B, then form C, then document X, then a series of large checks, and in we moved.

As it happened I had to put off the bookshelves. Pressed by deadlines, I left the books in boxes and simply camped in the gray room till I could fight clear. It took me about seven minutes to discover that the gray room would not do as a study and that it was not even a desirable campsite. The children's rooms form an "L" around the gray room, and it, in turn, serves them as an echo chamber for three transistors, two record players, guitar practice, clarinet practice, and all the yowls and snarls of glad family living.

Nor were the third-floor rooms much better. I had moved into a poor man's version of Tennyson's pleasure house only to have to share it with the Beatles, the Mamas and the Papas, the Lovin' Spoonful, and whatever other groups of warm bodies happened to be raging their turns.

On the third floor, however, and closed off from the rest of the house, there was a lofty storage attic that reminded me, perhaps hopefully, of a neglected house in the pines, the pines nodding in through three windows in the far wall. The ceilings did slope, but if I dropped six-foot verticals from either slope, I would have a room about 20x20, up to the nine-foot wall of the cedar closet (ready and waiting for shelves), and the airspace above it.

Could it be soundproofed? My carpenter thought so, and after ten days of insulating, tar-papering, plaster boarding, lining, chinking in, and making tight, we were ready to test. By prearranged signal all transistors and record players were turned on full, all instruments were tortured, and all mouths not otherwise occupied were set to yowling.

Then the door was closed.

Silence.

My wife smiled.

My carpenter smiled—the smile of my inheritor.

I smiled, ready to bleed for him now, but secretly determined to cut him out of my will—assuming he left me an estate.

"Go ahead with it," I said.

With seven bedrooms on my hands, I was going back to the attic. Nor was I surprised to find I was happy in the thought. The only real garden is the first one again, with the landscaping expanded and improved.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Chess Corner—No. 118

THE "shower-of-gold-pieces" brilliancy (Marshall-Lewitzky, Breslau, 1912) [SEE CHESS CORNER No. 117, Aug. 19] set a pattern for thematic victory rarely renewed over the board.

Now, more than half a century later, comes its echo in the Giuoco Piano—Grand Master Nicholas Rossolimo vs. Paul Reissman, a former champion of Puerto Rico, in the Puerto Rican Open at San Juan.

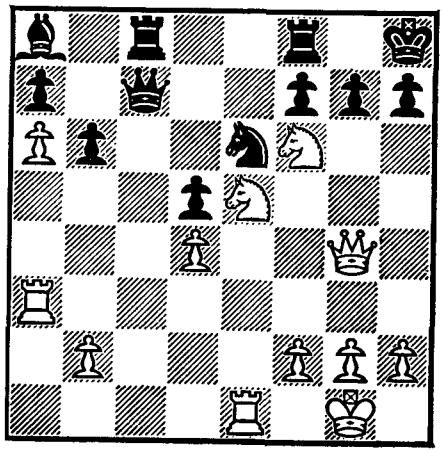
The debut, soft and easy as its name implies, conceals a potential wallop in all its sleek reverberations. And, as in its counterpart, on move 23 White discharges a combination. He places his Queen *en prise* to two Pawns by a quiet prelude.

Of particular beauty is White's 20 R-R3. The Rook, by a tortuous maneuver, begins a Queen-side trek, clear across the board, to join in a tail-end King-side stratagem. White's threat of mate may be delayed but not denied.

GIUOCO PIANO

Rossolimo White	Reissman Black	Rossolimo White	Reissman Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	12 KR-K1	O-O
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	13 P-QR4	P-QN3
3 B-B4	B-B4	14 N-K5	B-N2
4 P-B3	N-B3	15 P-R5	R-B1
5 P-Q4	PxP	16 N-K4	Q-B2
6 PxP	B-N5ch	17 P-R6	B-R1
7 B-Q2	BxBch	18 Q-KR3	N-B5
8 QNxB	P-Q4	19 Q-N4	N/2-Q4
9 PxP	KNxP	20 R-R3	N-K3
10 Q-N3	N/3-K2	21 BxN	PxB
11 O-O	P-QB3	22 N-B6ch	K-R1

REISSMAN



ROSSOLIMO

23 Q-N6	Q-B7	24 R-R3	Resigns

Space for this masterpiece has already been reserved in the next edition of the *Golden Treasury of Chess*.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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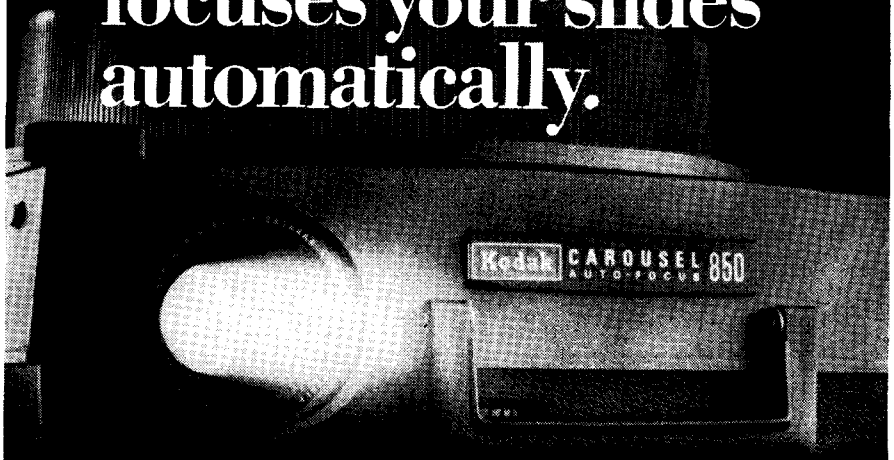

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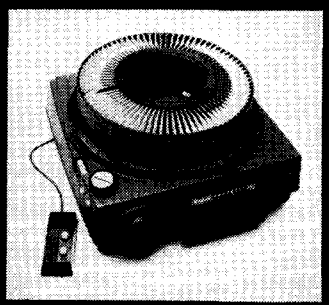

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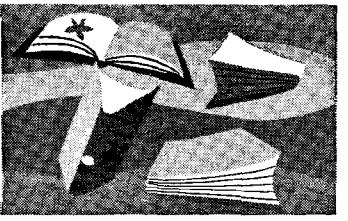
Trade Winds



I wrote about telephone tyranny in TRADE WINDS [June 3]: how people will interrupt absolutely anything because they feel compelled to answer a ringing phone. Among those who read the story was playwright Jack Dell, whose *The Duel* opens soon in London. He had an appointment with his agent, Helen Harvey of Ashley Famous, but he just twiddled his thumbs in her office while she kept taking phone calls. Remembering TRADE WINDS, he sneaked out while she was in the midst of a call, went down to the lobby of the J. C. Penney Building, telephoned Miss Harvey, and had her undivided attention.

And Roy E. Berger of Des Moines recalls that when he went to enroll at the University of Iowa, he first had to get in line with about seventy-five other potential students to obtain a housing commitment. The line inched forward, until finally Berger got out of it, went to a phone booth, called the housing office, and was waited on immediately. No housing was available! So he enrolled at Iowa State and became an architect instead of an engineer.

I look at a lot of publications, but there is at least one that I always read from cover to cover, word for word. It is *Film Fan Monthly,* and you may think I'm a little old-fashioned, but when I take a trip, it's to Movieland. In the latest issue, for instance, is a fine profile of Wallace Beery and then a list of the 202 motion pictures he played in. I couldn't stop myself, reading all the titles and the names of the other members of the casts, trying to remember which ones I saw. *Film Fan Monthly* has provided me with the story of Thelma Todd, an interview with Eddie Bracken, a history of serials, and a special "Our Gang" issue. It's not all nostalgia, for there are reviews of current books and movies, and there is information on 8-mm and 16-mm films for home use.

The editor of the little magazine is Leonard Maltin, who is so knowledgeable about old movies and yet is a mere sixteen years of age! *Film Fan Monthly,* having passed its sixth anniversary in August, is published for grownups who still have that passion for old films that Leonard says he developed when he was fourteen. The address is 254 Merrison Street, Teaneck, New Jersey. Now go away while I study this list of how many different ways Brian Donlevy was killed on the screen. Let's see—shot, trampled, hanged, drowned, horsewhipped. . . .

Here are some more examples of actual testimony from the National Shorthand Reporters Association and these are to prove that sometimes lawyers ask one question too many. In a separation action, the husband was being grilled by the wife's attorney:

ATTORNEY: Do you mean to say you have always treated your wife with respect?

HUSBAND: I do. I have never spoken a harsh word to her.

ATTORNEY: Be careful how you answer and remember you are under oath.

HUSBAND: Well, I remember I did yell at her once.

ATTORNEY: Ah, now you remember. What did you say to her?

HUSBAND: I shouted: "Put down that poker!"

In the following instance, a young attorney was trying to discredit a witness:

Q: After you made your appraisal of the property, why did you consult with three other appraisers?

A: Just to confirm my judgment as to the value.

Q: Didn't you trust your own judgment?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Then why did you consult with three others?

A: I don't know, unless it's for the same reason that you have three other lawyers at the table with you there.

Sometimes, like Walter Mitty, a witness can be devastating, as in this cross examination:

Q: As a matter of fact, sir, you were so scared, you don't know whether it was a motor car or something resembling a motor car that hit you, isn't that true?

A: Well, it resembled one, all right. I was struck by the resemblance.

A few years ago a book of mine was translated into Japanese by an English

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professor, Yoichiro Kobori. Recently he and his wife, Yoko, visited the United States, and I was pleased to discover that Mr. Kobori has a fine sense of humor; so my book probably was more entertaining in Japanese than in English. Mr. Kobori is here gathering information about suburban life, a subject he will write about in a newspaper column when he returns to Kamakura, where he lives.

I asked Yoko, who was in her native dress, about the quaint customs in her native land. The Oriental way of life is so different. In the morning Yoko telephones the store and they deliver the groceries. As for the laundry, she quaintly puts it in the automatic washer and then in the electric dryer. In the afternoon the housewives gather in someone's parlor for a tea klatch, where they discuss clothes, hair, and compare *haiku*.

Her husband drives the car to the station for a sixty-minute ride on the commuter train to Tokyo. "It's like washing potatoes," he told me, describing the crowded trains. "Sometimes I make the whole trip and my feet never touch the floor."

East is East and West is West and never the—*crash!*

Sharps and Flats: Somehow a review copy of *The Stitches of Creative Embroidery* was sent to *MD*, the medical news magazine. *MD* sent it back to Reinhold, the publishers, saying its a subject of no interest to doctors. Reinhold is disappointed, claiming that a little fancy looping and knotting would liven up surgery.

► A flower vendor at 45th and Broadway calls out to passers-by: "I've got some of yesterday's flowers to match your faded look."

► June Rosenthal says: Show me a drunk hypochondriac and I'll show you a person who's had too much sham pain.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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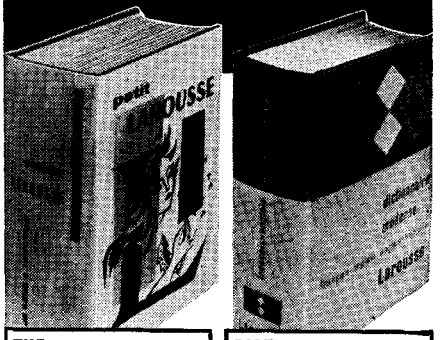

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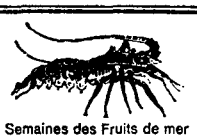

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Musik: Rolf Langnese

15–17.50 h und 20–22.50 h — **Was ihr wollt**
Komödie von William Shakespeare

15 h und 20 h — **Der Unbesonnene**
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20 h — **Der Unbesonnene**
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La Traviata
Oper von Giuseppe Verdi
Egermann, Duggelin, Zimmermann, Eriesmann
Sgouroa, Kunz, Gassmann, Peterson, Hemsley, van Vroman, Ernst, Telasko, Rohr, Barbasini, Mann

20–22.30 h — **Romeo und Julia**
Ballett nach William Shakespeare
Musik von Serge Prokofieff
Jordan, Beriozoff, Businger
Fulton, Keller, Heimolainen, Muri, Cerf, Le Comte, Reid, Bare, Doering, Dyal, Fluhrer, Leclerc, Tobias, Kelly, Mondino, Popescu, Saka, Schuller, de Pauspierre, von Koschek, Natinz, Serrano, Frey und das Corps de Ballet

20.00 h ○ — Sondervorstellung für das linke Ufer-Sargans. Einsiedeln. In italienischer Sprache
Don Carlos
Oper von Giuseppe Verdi

20.00 h — **Don Giovanni**
Oper von Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

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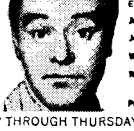

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CORK ON LOCATION. By Macdonald Hastings. Walker. $3.95.

THE DOUBLE AGENT. By John Bingham. Dutton. $3.95.

A PARADE OF COCKEYED CREATURES: Or, Did Someone Murder Our Wandering Boy? By George Baxt. Random House. $4.50.

SOMETHING WRONG. By Elizabeth Linington. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE VEIL OF DEATH. By Roger Simons. Roy. $3.50.

Economics

THE DOLLAR AND WORLD LIQUIDITY. By Robert V. Roosa. Random House. $7.50.

PAPERS ON CAPITALISM, DEVELOPMENT AND PLANNING. By Maurice Dobb. International. $5.95.

Fiction

ACHILLES HIS ARMOUR: A Biographical Novel About Alcibiades of Athens. By Peter Green. Doubleday. $6.95.

ALL THE ABANDONED CHILDREN. By George Constable. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

ANGEL PAVEMENT. By J. B. Priestley. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.95. (Reissue.)

THE CAMERA ALWAYS LIES. By Hugh Hood. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE CATS OF BENARES. By Geraldine Halls. Harper & Row. $4.95.

A HAPPY ENDING. By Jean Detre. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

HARRY MARTIN'S WIFE. By Elizabeth Corbett. Meredith. $4.95.

A KILLING FROST. By Sylvia Wilkinson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE LAST FATHOM. By Martin Caidin. Meredith. $5.95.

LOGAN'S RUN. By William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson. Dial. $3.95.

NO MAN'S TIME. By V. S. Yanovsky. Weybright & Talley. $5.

POIL DE CAROTTE. By Jules Renard. Walker. $4.95.

THE SEASONS OF HEROES. By Paxton Davis. Morrow. $4.95.

SHADOW OF GOD. By Frank Rooney. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

TATTOO THE WICKED CROSS. By Floyd Salas. Grove. $5.95.

Government, Politics

THE CANADIAN POLITICAL NATIONALITY. By Donald V. Smiley. Barnes & Noble. $6.

MALRAUX: An Essay in Political Criticism. By David Wilkinson. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

THE ROAD TO CITY HALL: How J. V. Lindsay Became Mayor. By Barbara Carter. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

SPRINGBOARD TO THE WHITE HOUSE: Presidential Primaries. By James W. Davis. Crowell. $5.95.

History

THE BATTLE FOR ITALY. By W. G. F. Jackson. Harper & Row. $8.50.

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY. By Louis J. Halle. Harper & Row. $6.95.

THE FRONTIERSMEN: A Narrative. By Allan W. Eckert. Little, Brown. $8.95.

THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION OF 1688. By Maurice Ashley. Scribners. $4.95.

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JUTLAND: An Eye-Witness Account of a Great Battle. Edited by Stuart Legg. John Day. $4.50.

MADOC AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: Some New Light on an Old Controversy. By Richard Deacon. Braziller. $5.

TEN FLAGS IN THE WIND: The Story of Louisiana. By Charles L. Dufour. Harper & Row. $6.95.

THEY CAME FROM THE SKY. By E. H. Cookridge. Crowell. $6.95.

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO. By Jac Weller. Crowell. $6.95.

International Affairs

CADRES, BUREAUCRACY, AND POLITICAL POWER IN COMMUNIST CHINA. By A. Doak Barnett. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.

FRANCO'S SPAIN. By Stanley G. Payne. Crowell. $4.95.

REVOLUTION IN THE REVOLUTION?: Armed Struggle and Political Struggle in Latin America. By Régis Debray. Monthly Review. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.50.

THE SOUTHEAST ASIAN WORLD. By Keith Buchanan. Taplinger. $5.95.

THE UNITED STATES AND EASTERN EUROPE. Edited by Robert F. Byrnes. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Literary Criticism

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: The Evolution of Genius. By Winifred Gérin. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50.

(Continued on page 100)

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"The Compleat Angler"

By KENNETH REXROTH

"SWEETNESS and light" may be a catch phrase used in our time only sarcastically, but it applies with the greatest accuracy to Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*. Estheticians have quarreled for years over the question, "Can a thoroughly bad man write thoroughly good books?" The reason, of course, is that most writers are not very nice and the number who owe their artistic pre-eminence to their personal morality are very few indeed. Izaak Walton, above all other writers in English, owes his enormous popularity to his virtues as a man, and these virtues are what condition his style and give his work its fundamental meaning.

Millions have read him with joy who have never caught a fish since childhood, if at all. Indeed, he is not a terribly good guide to the art of fishing and, in America at least, most of the kinds of fish he talks about are left to small boys. The second half of the *Compleat Angler* was added in late editions and written by Charles Cotton as a guide to trout fishing in rough water. Those who want to know how to catch fish can learn most from Cotton's additions. In fact, many people on first acquaintance skim through the main body of the book in considerable puzzlement and much prefer the later part. Then, as they keep the book about, and idle through it in the winter months, Izaak Walton overtakes them and captivates them for life.

We do not read *The Compleat Angler* for the fish, nor for instruction in how to catch them. There are hundreds of more efficient books for such purposes, whether manuals or ichthyologies. We read Izaak Walton for a special quality of soul. Other books, mostly religious or mystical treatises, may describe such a quality and may even provide the reader with onerous instructions on how to obtain it. Walton simply embodies it unawares, and his example is possibly the most convincing argument that this is the only way it can be embodied. It would be easy to claim that Walton is the most Chinese of all Western writers—he and his companions wandering by flowing waters and reciting poems to each other. We know nothing of Lao Tzu, or even if he existed. The book that goes by his name is certainly a compilation made over a long period of time, but it has a recurrent symbolism which, although extremely simple, is a revelation of a definite personality. Whoever wrote the little psalms of the *Tao Te Ching* believed that the long, calm regard of moving water was one of the highest forms of prayer.

Westerners miss the point of the later Taoist saint who fished with a straight pin and a single filament of silk. It's not that he did not catch fish, but that he caught them with ease because he was so perfectly attuned to the rhythms of water and of life. We read Izaak Walton for his tone, for his perfect attunement to the quiet streams and flowered meadows and bosky hills of the Thames valley long ago.

Ben Jonson, Shakespeare—in fact all the writers of Elizabethan and Jacobean comedy except Thomas Dekker—portray life in the English countryside as robust and comic enough but also as harsh, brutal, and unclean, for so they saw it. Not Walton. His landscapes are enamelled like the meadows about the feet of medieval saints. His innkeepers are both gentle and jovial. His barmaids are as wholesale as the ale they serve.

WHAT a luminous world it is—delicious fish, 20 inches long, caught in clear, sweet streams that now are gone or flow underground, laden with filth. England was unspoiled and unpolluted then, but the landscape of *The Compleat Angler* is so clean and bright because it is bathed in a light which comes from a lucid heart. So he saw life and he would have pictured it thus whatever he had written about. Had his subject been the most squalid, modern slums of London and his judgments of the life there an arraignment and denunciation of their evils, his conclusion surely would have been: "There springs the dearest freshness deep down things."

Many sports are actually forms of contemplative activity. Fishing in quiet waters is especially so. Countless men who would burst out laughing if presented with a popular vulgarization of Zen Buddhism, and who would certainly find it utterly incomprehensible, practice the contemplative life by flowing water, rod in hand, at least for a few days each year. As the great mystics have said, they, too, know it is the illumination of these few days which give meaning to the rest of their lives.

The Compleat Angler has often been compared with the *Idyls* of Theocritus. The ancient Greek may have written great poetry, but his pastorals are not meant to convince. Nobody has ever supposed that Sicilian shepherds and shepherdesses talked like that, however golden the age in which they lived. The *Idyls* are written literature; the diction is a courtly literary convention. *The Compleat Angler* is a country idyll made of talk. The rhythms of speech and turns of thought, however quaint to us 300 and more years away, are completely convincing. We believe that this is the way gentlemen talked on an outing in those days—learned, peaceable gentlemen in a time of troubles, whose speech had been formed by the gentler passages of the *Book of Common Prayer*—"hear what comfortable words. . . ."

It has been said of Izaak Walton that he was scarcely a literary man and that his style is a perfect example of complete naïveté. It may be, although there is manuscript evidence to the contrary. But it is this quality which the greatest literary men have sought in pain and conflict and countless revisions in sleepless nights. Like the transparent narratives of those Chinese novels which do not seem to be written at all, Izaak Walton's style is completely lucid. Everything is there that should be there. Nothing is obscure or troubled. Once we have accepted the archaic diction, nothing stands between us and the subject—except the personality of Izaak Walton, and that is as transparent as crystal, with an innate clarity achieved without effort. This may be called naïveté but a better word is innocence.

Baron von Hügel loved to repeat that an abiding sweetness of temper was one of the prerequisites for sanctity in the canonization process by which the Vatican decides a person is a saint. It may sound outrageous to say that Izaak Walton wrote one of the Great Books—and that about catching fish—because he was a saint, but so it is. It is important to realize that he is not alone in English literature. He is, in fact, an unusual embodiment of a quietly powerful tradition, that of the contemplative laymen, St. Thomas More, Nicholas Ferrer, William Law, Gilbert White. After the eighteenth century this type is more commonly found in the sciences than in religion. And like Gilbert White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Walton's *The Compleat Angler* is, in a sense, a scientific work, an outstanding example of the piety of science.

Kant, following Ptolemy, contemplated the starry heavens above and the moral law within. Izaak Walton contemplated fish and flowing water, the streams and banks of the beautiful landscape which is now deep in the slums of greater London. He was more the contemplative because he was the more unaware and modest in his methods.

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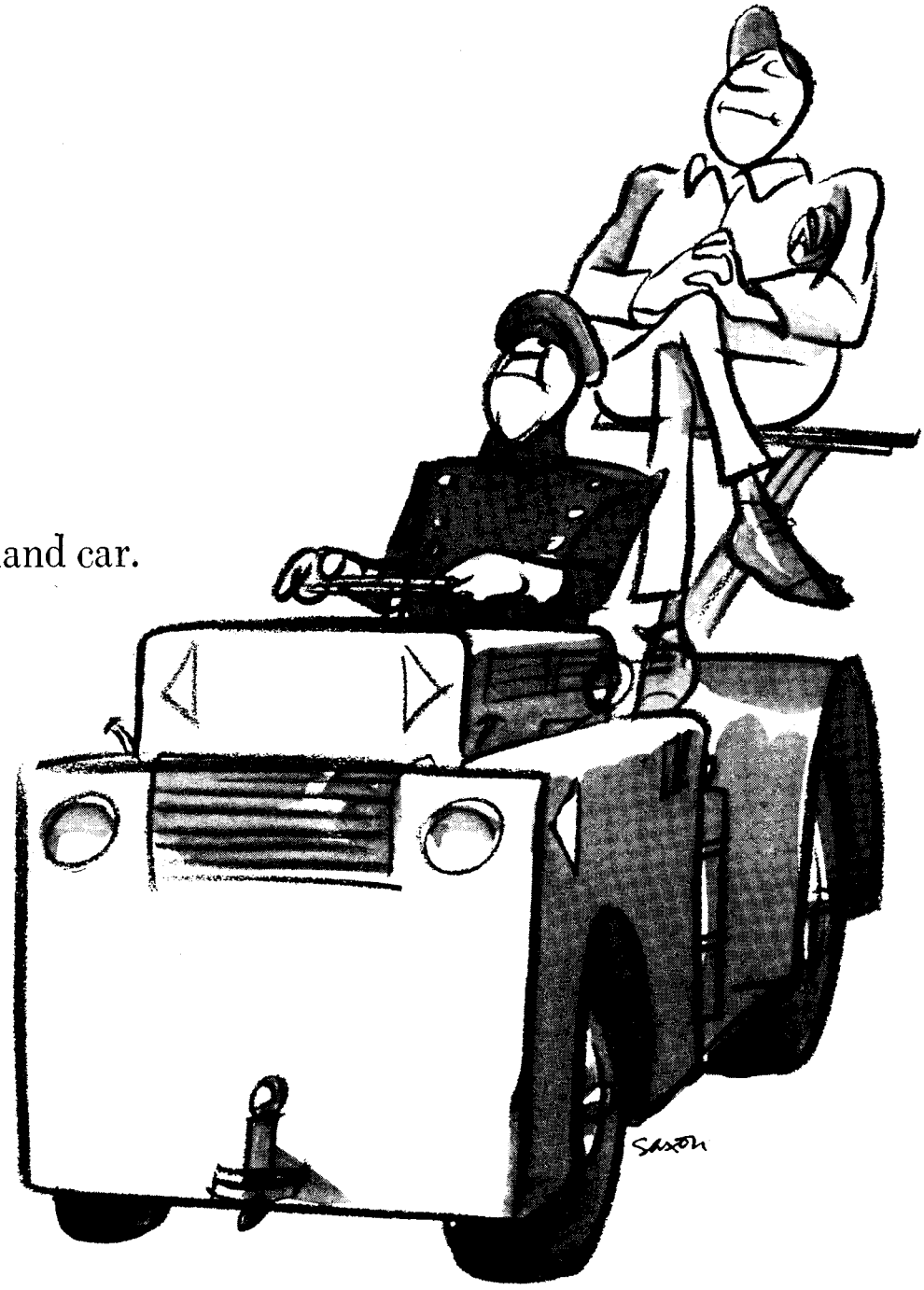

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Saturday Review
September 16, 1967

Report on the "Geosocial Revolution"

Dwarfing all of history's transformations, an era of which only a few are aware already has begun. A shaper of the future charts its genesis and its spectacular promise.

By BUCKMINSTER FULLER

A HALF-CENTURY of subconsciously developing world revolution is now crossing the threshold into human consciousness and ultimate popular support. Though dwarfing all history's revolutions in relative magnitude of its transformation, this twentieth-century revolution has been unapprehended for fifty years. So vast and historically unfamiliar are its ramifications that the narrow foci of contemporary specializations have failed to perceive and integrate its components. It is the one revolution which is politically welcome the world around. It is the Geosocial Revolution.

Human myths and self-deceptive rationalizations have, historically, prevented the social scientist from seeing the larger patterns of human behavior which were not consciously premeditated by man. While recognizing the individual's subconsciously controlled behavior, they do not extend this to subconscious coordination of man's ecological behavior. Yet these human-ecology-transforming forces are as real, as important to life, as are the Van Allen radiation-inhibiting belts surrounding earth. Both have been unknown to man in all but the last decades of human history.

This is a tentative inventory of those hitherto invisible technoeconomic world-social-force fields now looming into view. These invisible evolutionary systems, once discovered and studied, apparently disclose nature's scheme, not only for successfully sustaining human life but also for permitting man henceforth to participate consciously in his prosperous continuance on earth.

FIRST, it should be stated that this greatest single revolution in human affairs has been the sum of a series of human inadvertencies. The inadvertent actions were executed separately and unbeknown to one another by approximately 100,000 of the world's industrial complexes—both private corporations and state undertakings. These, during the past fifty years, have been largely contracted to supply the world's powerful nations with the multitrillion-dollar flow of technological goods which constitutes the swiftly evolving weaponry systems of those nations. Priority of access to man's highest capability has thus far always gone to weaponry; the home front has always been the anti-priority area. From man's personal home and family life the reserves of effort and capability to meet crisis have always been commandeered to meet the commonly seeming enemy. The inadvertencies occurred as various separate contracts were terminated by the world nations' defense departments as a consequence of progressive obsoleting of weaponry components. These obsoleted weaponry systems' tool capabilities were then secondhanded onto the "home front" by the contractors.

A typical focus of such "secondhand" manufacture for the home market has been the building industry. Because all that the ex-weaponry contractors ever attempted to produce were those domestic items most easily suited to profitable processing with their unique tools, it was in such areas that they were usually successful. Giant electric generators, steam boilers, electric lights, radios, oil burners, refrigerators, and air conditioners were originally developed and used only as battleship equipment. Such items were easily converted to domestic use—as were marginal products such as improved wall panels, partitions, stoves, window hardware, and aluminum shingles. But many of the potentially useful domestic capabilities were originally not so obvious.

THE ex-weaponry prime contractors, as the cast-off "kept mistresses" of the sovereign nations, had never had to risk their own judgment on the selection of weaponry to be produced. That was the often "top-secret" prerogative of national defense authorities. The contractors, therefore, naïvely assumed that their new masters, e.g., the U.S. building industry, like the "defense" master, must have a grand, logically coordinate strategy. They didn't know that the building industry was so inefficient and uncoordinated that it went bankrupt in 1929; and that anarchic plunging in real estate

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R. Buckminster Fuller—scientist, mathematician, writer, philosopher, inventor of the geodesic dome and other design-science innovations, and lecturer at many universities—is on the faculty of Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois. His most publicized assignment recently was to design the U.S. Pavilion at Expo 67.

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since then has been subsidized by the several hundred billion dollars of U.S. Government mortgage-guarantee underwriting. The prime contractors also accepted the so-called building industries' product categories as having been scientifically conceived. But no Ph.D. scientist has been retained to consider a general-systems theory governing establishment of the potentially successful life of all men on earth—let alone look at a toilet. No architect or builder knows what buildings weigh; they have never heard of performance per pound.

Unlike the homebuilding industry, both the communications and the transportation industries have benefited by the general systems controls adapted to weaponry systems—simply because mails, telephones, telegraphs, wireless, railroads, ships, autos, and trucks were and are themselves vital parts of the operational weapons-delivery and support systems.

In further contrast to the ex-weaponry contractors' piecemeal ventures in homebuilding is the most forward development in man's ecological capability—again, as yet little recognized for its "geosocial revolutionary" nature. This is the rocket capsule that will keep man living successfully in space for protracted periods, entirely remote from sewer and other service mains—the first "scientific dwelling" in history. The prototype of a little 300-pound black box which will reduce the metabolic regenerative system, as now operative on earth, from an ecologically accomplished chemical-energy exchange complex one mile in diameter to a four-foot-diameter rocket-capsule, energy-regenerating accessory, will cost about $7 billion. Once produced and successfully "operative," it may be mass-reproduced for $2 per pound—$600. With such an integrated chemical-energy regenerator taking care of all sanitary and energy-generating requirements of family living, men may deploy almost invisibly to remote beauty spots about the earth in air-delivered, geodesicly enclosed dwelling machines, and survive with only helicopter and TV communication at luxuriously simplified high standards of living—operative at negligible land-anchorage cost similar to telephone-service charges.

BECAUSE of the dawning awareness which accompanies such an advance—that the weaponry phase and its quarter-century lag can now be eliminated—this second half of the tool-invention revolution may be described as the consciously undertaken continuance of the accelerated doing-more-with-less by world society. We now can see that man's comprehensive physical success can be accomplished only through design-science competence. We can also see that design science now emergent in university research activities and encouraged by the International Cooperation Year (1965) will first develop the comprehensive, computerized programing of these general living systems. World coordination of such developments will progressively displace the sovereign nation's political authorities who, until recently, have administered the regeneratively self-improving *more-with-less* system exclusively on behalf of their respective separate national defenses, on the assumption that there were not enough world resources to take care of even half of humanity, and, therefore, that war for survival was and would forever be a necessary characteristic of mankind.

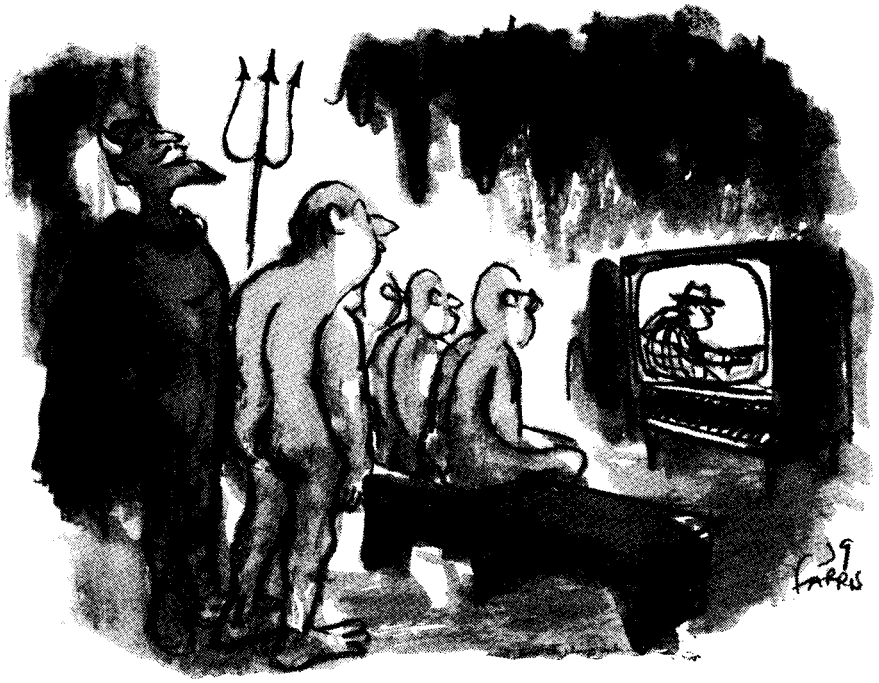
This, the ultimate revolution—now to be resolved only by scientific inventing and engineering competence instead of by now outmoded political initiatives—will swiftly bring about a high standard of survival for all, and thereby eliminate the former political recourse only to weaponry, and to the now-untenable assumption that survival can be justified by elimination—on the battlefield, or in the slums' lower-velocity rot-rate—of the "unsupportable excess" of human population.

Responsibility for development of scientific-invention competence has been spontaneously assumed, in ever-increasing degree since 1961, by students in the professions—at first in architecture, engineering, and science, and now by university students of all kinds. The students see that the world's *prime, vital* problem bears repeating a million times. It is: how to triple—swiftly, safely, and satisfyingly—the overall performance realizations, per pound, kilowatt, and man-hour, of the world's comprehensive resources. To do so will render those resources—which at the present design level can support only 44 per cent of humanity—capable of supporting 100 per cent of humanity's increasing population at higher standards of living than any human minority or individual has ever known or dreamed of.

To thus concentrate on the mastery of the physical service of man will also have its inadvertent profit increment, for to master the physical—intellectually—will bring into human intercourse a level of integrity of exploration of the metaphysical capabilities of man and the metaphysical ramifications of universe also heretofore undreamed of by man. Science and engineering say this is eminently feasible.

The students comprehend, first, that any invention can be realized; second, that the majority of the world's people are faced with starvation, ignorance, and suffering; and third, that there is an ideological struggle of the world's major political systems which, in idealistically convinced self-righteousness, exploits to the limit men's lethal dilemmas by every manner of subversive and guerrilla warring. Each assumes that the poverty-stricken peoples' problems can be solved only by political organization. Each seeks to prove its respective political system to be superior to the others. Each hopes to gain the largest world support for its equally lopsided and mutually obsolete political biases. Each spends far more to frustrate the other side than it spends in developing any realistic plans to make the world work. Each distributes lethal weapons en masse.

Take the technological tools of industrialization away from the United



"Before you become overjoyed with the facilities, let me point out that it plays only reruns and the sound is turned up for commercials."

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States, Russia, France, China, England, West Germany, Japan, and Italy, and leave them all their respective ideologies and, within six months, two billion world humans would die of starvation. Contrawise, take away from those eight sovereign states all their political ideologies and political leaders, and leave them their industrial tools and human operators and habitual daily production and distribution systems, and no more will starve than are starving now. New gap-filling pro tem leaders would spring up everywhere, with emergency authority that would make things work as well and probably better.

ONLY as a consequence of such politically transcendental and industrially informed observation is it now apparent that the only difference between all of the unsuccessful yesterdays and the half-successful today is the presence of a world-wide industrial network and its regeneratively multiplying scientific and technical know-how. Due, however, to the inordinately low level of mechanical efficiency of the world's production and distribution system as now designed and operative, not even half of humanity can now survive for half its potential life span. The problem is primarily one of performance-upgrading by scientific invention; of doing more with less; of extracting progressively higher performance per unit of invested energy.

This progressive "ephemeralization" of the industrial process may be viewed in the return of all the world's metallic scrap into reuse. Up to 1940, recirculation of this scrap, released by progressive obsolescence of earlier inventions, was utterly unrecognized by economists, businessmen, or politicians as constituting a fundamental factor in the doing-more-with-less process. It is virtually unknown even today that the world's total mined metals resources recirculate every twenty-two-and-one-half years. Employing this "recirculation yardstick," we may safely predict that from July 1967 to 1976, the world's recirculating, scrap-derived metals resources, coming uninvited onto the world's metal markets, will be more than doubled again. This massive metals supply will make easy the design-science conversion of the world's resources from the service of only 44 per cent of humanity to service of 100 per cent of the world's population.

We may swiftly review several other major economic world trends which are as surprising as they are vast—and which also are heading full speed to integrate with and compound the "big economic surprise" that overnight will render man on earth a total physical success.

Of top importance among these trends is that of big business's moving operations permanently out of its home country—out of the United States, out of any one sovereign nation. So powerful is this trend that *in 1964, $4 out of every $5 that the 100 largest U.S. corporations put into new capital equipment investments went into their foreign operations.* Quite clearly, as IBM's international operations chairman, Arthur Watson, says, "The trend is already a reality, and big business is no longer 'national' in character but is identifiable only as a 'world' phenomenon."

"Yes, but how do I know it is a true, affectionate, loving embrace and not just a bear hug?"

THE effect of this on labor will become more important as there are progressive increases in foreign wage rates and time-payment financing to accelerate world-buying. Organized labor's inadvertent contribution to world industrialization success was that its widely distributed, stepped-up wage rates made possible mass purchasing—which made mass production an economic success. It will now have to consolidate its gains by welcoming automation to further advance the general energy-wealth capability. Organized labor in this country will have to persuade Congress to underwrite 50,000,000 university scholarships, with life benefits of every type, to persuade its rank and file to fully mandate automation. In turn, in order to make universities capable of accommodating such an avalanche, a revolution in use of television in education will have to take place. All this, and more, is possible because the true wealth of World Man is mathematically inventoriable as his physically organized intellectual ability to protect and satisfy his forward regenerative needs.

It is an inherent characteristic of Man's intellect-organized energy-wealth that the larger the numbers served, the more swiftly the apparatus is amortized and becomes replaceable. The larger the energy-wealth system, the more efficiently does it operate. Conversely, as energy systems grow larger they lose energy more slowly. The combined energy and intellect-wealth may be distributed from natural energy sources which are remote from where energy is needed. We know, for example, that electrical energy delivered today by wire (and tomorrow, possibly, by radio or light or laser beams) is by far the most efficient, profuse, and speedy wealth-distributing system. And within such an increase in energy-transmission capacities there is a further large-scale economic-trend "surprise." Costs go down and profits go up rapidly with transmission network integrations.

Technological improvements now permit transmission-voltage step-ups of importantly improved magnitude – to 380,000, to 500,000, and to 1,000,000 volts. This new era of transmission is spoken of in the electrical industry as UHV—ultrahigh voltage. Contracted UHV installations are now underway throughout the United States which,

(*Continued on page* 63)

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American Tragedy, 1967

NEWARK . . . Detroit . . . Minneapolis . . . Milwaukee . . . South Bend . . . New Haven. These are only a few of the synonyms for the American Tragedy, 1967. The enormity and suddenness of the summer's devastation almost defy rational comprehension—in one week alone, 164 dead, 2,100 injured, more than $200 million in property damage.

What should be said of such violence? That, in view of the long history of ghetto frustration and deprivation, it was predictable? That better-trained, genuinely integrated, and truly impartial police and National Guardsmen could have contained the first-stage incidents? That Congress callously contributed by its intransigence on proposals to alleviate core metropolitan problems? That small bands of ghetto extremists and incorrigibles fanned the flames?

All of these things are in some degree true. It is only partially accurate, however, to call these disturbances "race riots." Our society, like others, functions on two levels, one of image, one of reality; and despite the image of American dedication to the proposition that "all men are created equal and endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights," the reality for millions of nonwhite Americans is one of almost indescribable hardship, injustice, even unrelenting physical danger. Nonwhite Americans are forced to comprehend this viscerally as no white man can.

Yet these were not so much race riots as "place riots": anguished acts of frustration from an isolated, nihilistic, Dickensian backwater of our affluent, urbanized, computerized society. Here, masses of essentially penniless and powerless residents—Negro, Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, and "mountain white"—in growing numbers have been compelled to endure such indignities as hearing the screams of their children being bitten by rats at night while city and state governments look away and Congress, as Vice President Humphrey put it, "cynically laughs" a $20,000,000-a-year rat control bill off Capitol Hill.

IN urban ghettoes, rightly or wrongly, to many, "law" means oppression; "health" and "safety" are ephemeral concepts known only by hearsay; and any connotations of "school" beyond a high dropout rate or preparation for a lifetime of unskilled work at low pay seem the private prerogative of residents of quiet, comfortable, closed suburban enclaves. Unemployment among nonwhite ghetto youth, according to U.S. Department of Labor statistics, now exceeds the critical ratio reached by the nation as a whole during the Great Depression.

Is it any wonder that an increasingly desperate and alienated minority of ghetto residents riot?

What must be done?

First, responsible Americans must insure that the riots are recognized for what they are: harsh symptoms of a social malaise so deep and multirooted that no easy "cures"—especially the beguilingly "simple" approach of police suppression—will work. Violence must be put down, but, as John A. McCone, former director of the Central Intelligence Agency and head of a California commission that investigated the Watts riots, warned in Senate hearings on a federal antiriot bill, any inclination to settle for simplistic, purely repressive solutions "would be tragic."

Beyond this, Americans must realize that Dr. James B. Conant spoke without exaggeration six years ago when he described inner-city conditions as "social dynamite." Each year the fuse has burned shorter. Yet most Americans in positions of power have failed to demonstrate any real sense of urgency about the problem, with the result that remedial efforts have, in the words of Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh, been "too small, too narrow, too pedestrian. . . ."

Evidence is all about—not only in the ashes of devastated neighborhoods but in the bleak statistics of wasted lives—that this shortcoming is a luxury this nation can no longer afford. Thus it was heartening that, in the wake of the riots, a group of prominent Americans were moved to form an organization called the Urban Coalition, specifically to overcome inertia in this field. Andrew Heiskell, chairman of Time, Inc., and A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, are cochairmen, and its steering committee includes Henry Ford II, David Rockefeller, George Meany, Walter Reuther, and John V. Lindsay of New York and other mayors.

Meeting in Washington, D.C., on August 24, the Coalition challenged "the American people and Congress [to] reorder national priorities" to deal with the urban crisis, and appointed five emergency task forces. Among its initial recommendations: an "Emergency Work and Reconstruction Program" that will provide at least 1,000,000 "meaningful" and "socially useful" jobs immediately "in parks, streets, slums, countryside, schools, colleges, libraries, and hospitals." Perhaps most significantly, it also urged private and commercial interests to "directly and vigorously involve [themselves] in the crisis of the cities by a commitment to investment, job training, and hiring," and it pledged "to proceed immediately to promote 'Earn and Learn Centers' in the cities of the country."

The Urban Coalition has within it the power to move the nation down a necessary new course of aggressive action. Indeed, the Coalition may be the most hopeful portent to emerge from a calamitous summer. For if, at last, progressive leaders of powerful nongovernmental sectors of our affluent society can, by example, compound their influence, it may be possible to avoid another summer of tragedy on the scale of this past one. But the time for action is short. The sickness of our cities is not only acute but infectious, and the well-being of the nation is directly at stake.

—Alfred Balk.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poplore and the Young

MARSHALL FISHWICK has written a perceptive, stimulating article, "Folklore, Fakelore, and Poplore" [*SR*, Aug. 26], and I agree with most of his judgments.

In my opinion, the young never come back wholly to the position of their elders. They have never accepted entirely the old values which they protested. If they did, the world would not change, and, as Mr. Fishwick says, it has changed.

The hippies and the poplore artists represent a curious but fascinating set of values. I hope that a few—a very few—of their values prevail. Custom and tradition in the next generation will change a little; but when these far-out love children discover how their own children regard them, they will revise some of their values in the directions of tradition and acceptance.

CLAUDE COLEMAN,
Southern Illinois University.
Carbondale, Ill.

I THOUGHT Marshall Fishwick's description of Poplore to be the closest of any I have either heard or read to what I feel it to be.

Mr. Fishwick has outlined the purpose of our music, when he says that it is to be absorbed. Those of the generation before us delighted in Bach, Brahms, and the other masters. This is the same thing that has taken my generation in force. We are part of the music, though we may have no actual part in its production.

Our music expresses our world in a way which bypasses the limitations of words and lyrics; it is total communication of our soul and mind.

JOHN HELBLING.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

FROM HIS VISITS to the folk fair, Marshall Fishwick brings us fairings for the new lore of folk collections. And not the least of these is the naming of Florence Elberta Barns as the contriver of Strap Buckner.

What Miss Barns did was make a study of Strap Buckner and his legend, which was published in Volume VIII (1930) of the Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, Austin, Texas. Strap Buckner was already a legend of considerable age in 1876 when it was heard and later related by H. F. McDanield and N. A. Taylor, two men who had contracted for work on the Texas Western Railway and rode "Two Thousand Miles in Texas on Horseback."

IRIS VINTON.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Fishwick comments, "What I meant to imply was not that Miss Barns invented Strap, but that her inflated, romanticized Strap had little to do with the historic Captain Aylett C. Buckner. Her passing the ersatz tales off as genuine makes her work Fakelore."*

Complementary Articles

THE AUGUST 19 issue of *SR* was especially stimulating, particularly Roy Pearson's "A Patriotism for All Seasons," Kenneth Rexroth's "The *Kalevala*," and "Who Was Henry Thoreau?" by Joseph Wood Krutch.

Mr. Rexroth is right in asserting that "national consciousness . . . is an acquired intellectual notion, born with the nation-state . . ." And Mr. Pearson is correct in his analysis of the other acquired habit, so hard to define: patriotism. A wise man once said, "Patriotism is selfishness multiplied by population." I feel Henry Thoreau would have agreed with this dictum.

ENRICO SELLEY MOLNAR,
Canon Theologian,
Bloy House Theological School.
Pasadena, Calif.

I AM EDITOR of the *Howling Gale*, the official Cadet magazine of the United States Coast Guard Academy. As a Cadet, I know friends who are conscientious objectors. I am constantly facing the question: Does my friend's refusal to serve in the military reflect in any way upon his inner courage? Is it merely a subterfuge to avoid conflict and perhaps death? Dr. Pearson's article answers this question.

I would like to reprint "A Patriotism for All Seasons" in the *Howling Gale*. There are two sides to every question, and a man dedicated to the military way of life must be able to see both sides. Dr. Pearson throws light upon pacifism as a form of patriotism, and his words merit reading here.

D. D. RYAN,
Cadet, USCG.
New London, Conn.

Unions and Health Insurance

IN HIS OTHERWISE excellent article, "Why Not Compulsory Hospital Insurance?" [*SR*, July 8], Roul Tunley erroneously lumps together labor unions with employers and organized medicine as opposed to compulsory insurance. To the contrary, organized labor is now, and has been for many years, convinced that comprehensive national health insurance is the only effective way of assuring quality care to the American people.

The AFL-CIO only last February reaffirmed the long-standing support of the American labor movement for a program of national health insurance.

BERT SEIDMAN,
Director, Department of Social Security, AFL-CIO.
Washington, D.C.

"Why don't you offer this Stokely Carmichael a good job?"

Movies at Expo

ARTHUR KNIGHT, in his interesting article about Expo's movies [*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, Aug. 12] has brought up a serious question: Which way are movies going?

Recently two new genre have sprung up. One is the drama, written by a major playwright and performed superbly by experienced actors. The movies at Expo's films are the other form. Their big attraction is the unconventional way in which they are shown. The question is, can the two merge into something that is both excellent in dramatic content and technically fascinating? Will we live to see Hamlet cavorting on six screens, or George and Martha screaming at each other from right angles?

We are trying to mix psychedelic art with theater art, and the two cannot mix satisfactorily. The result would be sensuous and not intellectual entertainment. Aldous Huxley predicted this in his novel, *Brave New World*, where everyone went to the "feelies." As Arthur Knight said, "the new film techniques at Expo 67 would seem to be ideally suited only for education in a totalitarian state."

LINDA SPERLING.
Houston, Tex.

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Living Under the Sea: A report from General Dynamics

The public address speaker screams, "Dive, dive!" In the flickering light of a dank interior, sweaty bearded sailors tumble to battle stations. . . .

This Hollywood image of a submariner's life was, even during World War II, largely stereotype. It is a far cry from life in today's United States Navy nuclear submarines.

Even though about three-fourths of the ship's interior is taken up by machinery, weapons and stores, there's also room for up to 136 men to eat, sleep, relax, work efficiently and remain alert. The sailors who man these submarines on continuously submerged patrols for two months at a time lead a surprisingly comfortable life.

Here's a fairly typical day for nuclear submariner Bill Reilly, Electronic Technician Third-Class.

0700 hours. ET/3 Reilly is awakened by a shipmate. Along his bunk's 6'6" length—long, wide and deep enough for comfortable sleep—recessed fluorescent fixtures dispel the night. Another "day" has begun.

30,000 meals:

0715 hours. Reilly's baritone bounces around the private stall shower. He need not worry about quick sudsing and rinsing; nuclear submarines can distill an ample supply of fresh water.

0730 hours. Breakfast time. More than 30,000 individual meals will be served during the ship's extended patrol—prepared in a galley smaller than the kitchen of an average suburban home. The galley has been laid out to a careful time-space-motion plan. Provisions are stored for easy accessibility in planned sequence. Meat is pre-trimmed; chicken deboned to save precious space. Ice cream cones—by the thousands—are tucked into odd crannies.

0800 hours. Reilly's first four-hour watch begins. His job: monitoring a navigation computer.

All around him the ship stirs with action as crew members go about daily chores (just as Reilly will between his regular watches)—inspecting, cleaning, maintaining.

"Scrub, burn and filter":

Nuclear submarines do not need to surface to get air for their engines, but Reilly's still a deep breather. Carbon dioxide, exhaled by the crew at the rate of 110 cubic feet each hour, is removed by "scrubbers" before it can build into a dangerous concentration. Oxygen, manufactured by water electrolysis, is fed back to the ship's atmosphere. Over 300 potential contaminants are removed by filtration, electrostatic precipitation or catalytic burning.

Revitalized air, purer than that breathed by city dwellers, is recirculated throughout the submarine, conditioned to a comfortable humidity and 70° temperature.

1200 hours. Lunch. On today's menu: chicken cacciatore.

Off-watch:

1250 hours. At the ship's laundromat, Reilly drops off his coveralls, made of lint-free polyester to eliminate one potential irritant from the atmosphere; he stops at the 2,000-volume library to pick up an electronics textbook he's studying for college credit.

1315 hours. Alarm signal! Reilly double-times to his duty station. This time it's a fire drill. It might have indicated a potential enemy's presence or a dozen other contingencies. Alarms are sounded at unscheduled times, day or night, throughout the patrol to keep the crew on its toes.

1415 hours. He routinely checks one of his alternate drill stations, then works off some lunch calories with a session on the exercise bicycle.

1600 hours. Reilly spends the next hour making some minor adjustments to one navigation computer that is temporarily "down." Each man on a nuclear submarine is responsible for the performance and maintenance of the equipment that he operates.

As he moves about the ship he continues to study its 110 miles of complex wiring, a requirement for many crew members so a fault can be quickly traced if necessary.

Versatile mess:

1700 hours. At one end of the mess, a checkers tournament is going on. At the other, Reilly—with one shipmate posing and two others kibitzing—is finishing off a watercolor.

The mess is the most versatile room on the submarine. At various times it becomes movie theater, gym, game room, lecture hall and music room. Two days from now, Sunday, it will become a chapel.

1800 hours. Dinner; lobster—a reminder that today is Friday. Last night the cooks surprised everyone with a Hawaiian luau. The night before, it was roast beef. Food on a submarine is a major morale factor for the crew.

Leftovers are inevitable. Garbage is compacted into a container, weighted, and blown into the sea, where it sinks to the bottom.

1900 hours. The mess has now become a movie theater—tonight Reilly and some of his shipmates enjoy a new James Bond picture, well before it's been released to the general public.

In the unseen world above the surface it is dusk. On extended submerged patrol, every effort is made to make life as comparable as possible to surface duty. The control room is "rigged for red," that is, switched to a dull red illumination; ordinary lights are dimmed to remind the crew that another day is passing into night.

Shhh!:

Despite 007's noisy battles—or later the sound of hi-fi music—nuclear submariners live in a quiet world. Sounds are muted by vinyl tile decks and acoustic tile overheads. Vibrations are minimized. Turbines, fans and other moving equipment are surrounded by special sound-deadening material.

2000 hours. Bill Reilly begins his second four-hour watch. Others, who are now off-watch, are relaxing, reading, getting ready to bunk down—and some are still sleeping before being awakened later.

2400 hours. Midnight. The ship is quiet. His watch over, Reilly bunks down, draws the curtains for privacy, turns on the overhead fluorescent and reads for a while. He yawns, adjusts the air vent at the head of his bunk, switches off the light. He is asleep.

In building almost 300 submersibles—including the prototypes of most American nuclear submarines—habitability has been a prime concern of General Dynamics designers and engineers since 1900 when the company delivered the United States Navy's first.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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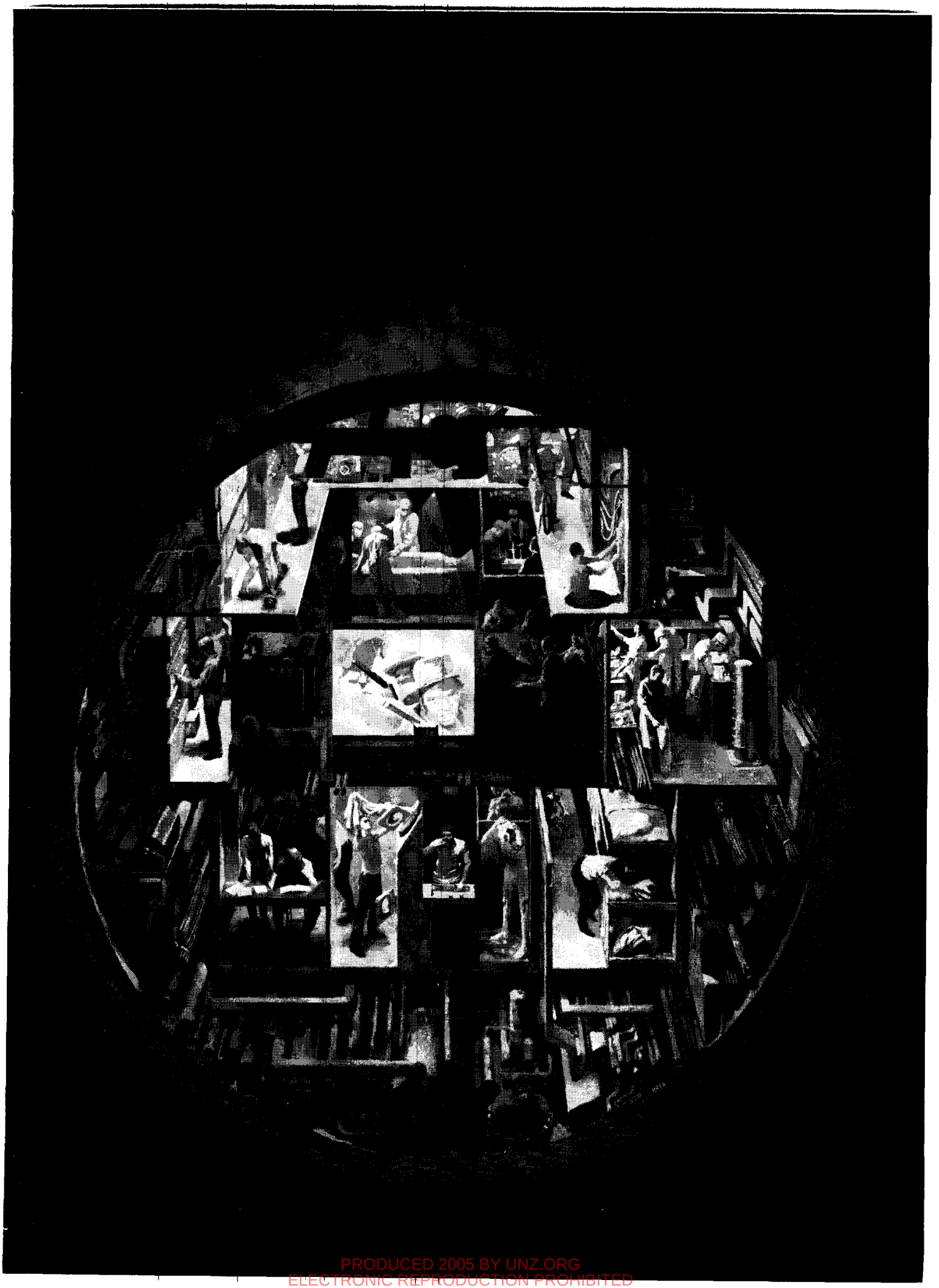

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Lark in Race for Presidency

IN HIS introduction to *Advertisements for Myself*, a miscellany published in 1959, Norman Mailer wrote: "Like many another vain, empty, and bullying body of our time, I have been running for President these last ten years in the privacy of my mind, and it occurs to me that I am less close now than when I began. . . . The sour truth is that I am imprisoned with a perception which will settle for nothing less than making a revolution in the consciousness of our time. Whether rightly or wrongly, it is then obvious that I would go so far as to think it is my present and future work which will have the deepest influence of any work being done by an American novelist in these years."

These are lines that I reread at the present moment with wry amusement. Mailer was deliberately echoing the remark that Stephen Dedalus makes at the end of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "I go forth . . . to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated consciousness of my race." Stephen Dedalus, insofar as he is to be identified with James Joyce, did this. Norman Mailer hasn't done it, so far. He hasn't been able to write the kind of novel that would have the influence he desires, and that is probably why he has spent such a large part of his enormous energies in commenting on everything under the sun. He has produced two volumes of such commentaries since *Advertisements for Myself*, as well as a collection of what purport to be poems and a dramatic version of *The Deer Park*. He has also published two novels, *An American Dream* and now *Why Are We in Vietnam?* (Dial, $4.50). Opinions differ about both books, but I wonder whether Mailer's most bedazzled admirers would argue that either of them is likely to have a deep and enduring influence on American fiction.

I suggested (*SR*, March 20, 1965) that *An American Dream* was a hoax, and, in view of what is known about Mailer's boisterous sense of humor, that seems to me a reasonable and even friendly way of explaining why he published such an absurd and badly written book. Mailer, however, rejects this interpretation, preferring to describe the novel as a potboiler. *Why Are We in Vietnam?* strikes me not as a hoax but as a lark, a book that Mailer, in his perhaps perverse way, got a kick out of writing.

It is a portrait of a Texas millionaire, Rusty Jethroe, who is, I gather from the title, to be regarded as typical of other Texas millionaires, including the President of the United States. We are shown Rusty while he is on a hunt for grizzly bears in Alaska, an expedition that displays his extravagance, his domineering nature, his intense competitiveness, and his basic dishonesty.

The story is told by Rusty's son, Ranald, who usually refers to himself as D. J. D. J., who was sixteen when he accompanied his father on the bear hunt, is supposed to be eighteen at the time he sets the story down. He is in some ways a precocious youth, well acquainted with the works of James Joyce and William Burroughs, and in his own mind an authority on the psychology and psychopathology of sex.

D.J.'s style is an attempt not so much to imitate as to outdo the writing of the men he admires. If the scholars with computers ever get around to doing a word count on this book they will conclude, I am confident, that the proportion of the once forbidden Anglo-Saxon monosyllables to other and more conventional words sets a record. If I didn't hesitate to insult Mailer by imputing to him a moral purpose, I might suggest that he had set out to put an end to the literary use of four-letter words by making the reader everlastingly tired of them.

When, after wallowing through too many pages of D.J.'s adolescent reflections, we come to the hunt itself, interest picks up a little. Mailer, who at this point seems to be competing with Hemingway, writes in a knowing fashion about guns, the Alaskan terrain, and the value of helicopters to rich sportsmen. The killing of a bear by Rusty and D. J. is effectively described, and Rusty's seizure of the credit exposes his character at its lowest. It is after that that D.J. and his friend Tex run away from the expedition. D.J. tells about Tex's father, a man Dr. Kinsey should have known, and then describes, of all things, a mystical experience enjoyed by the boys under the Northern sky. (This is probably to show that he can do a Faulkner bit; *cf.* "The Bear.") Then D.J. and Tex, two years later, are at a big dinner party in Dallas, being given in their honor because they are leaving for Vietnam.

How much of this we are supposed to take seriously I haven't the least idea. Certainly Rusty is a heel—to use a word Mailer would scorn—and he is exposed as such in the eyes of his son, who may previously have had some lingering admiration for his old man. If such men rule the country, Mailer seems to be intimating, it is no wonder we are involved in a stupid and evil war. As for D.J., he suggests at some point that he is an uninhibited Holden Caulfield. To me he is a curious specimen of non-

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reality that Mailer dreamed up in the interest of what he considers good dirty fun.

Why do we—why do I—go on bothering with Norman Mailer? Not merely because he once had talent, but because he still has it. There are passages in this book that nobody else could have written—as well as passages that, I hope, nobody else would have written. It is true that there is an air of extemporization about even the good passages, but sometimes, when his Joycean puns are going well or he is taking off the idiom of business and government, Mailer is brilliant. The descriptive passages, too, though some of them are satirically purple, at times come off remarkably well. Mailer has grown a great deal in power of language since he wrote *The Naked and the Dead*.

Why, then, has he been writing trivia and tripe for the past ten years or more? The answer seems to be implied in the passage I quoted at the beginning. After the success, critical and financial, of *The Naked and the Dead*, he felt that he had been, so to speak, nominated for the presidency. He wanted to be and believed that he could be not only the best novelist of his generation but a decisive influence on generations to come. He didn't make it with *Barbary Shore* or *The Deer Park*, and he wasn't able to complete the major novel that he talked about and gave extracts from in *Advertisement for Myself*. So he has devoted himself to nonliterary matters and to fiction that can hardly be taken seriously. If he had been able and willing to do the best he could, without worrying about being President, he might have made a contribution to American letters commensurate with his abilities.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1258

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1258 will be found in the next issue.

LMJ CFYDBOJ WHS'Y OJTVJD-

LUCSY WHE FJ HY IUYJ HY LMJ

OUDM DMJJYJ-WHRJO'Y, CS

JNJOELMUSQ FBL DMJJYJ.

—MJSOE Y. MHYRUSY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1257

It is far better to be silent than merely to increase the quantity of bad books.

—Voltaire.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Fatherless Psychiatry

In his review of Carl Binger's *The Two Faces of Medicine* [*SR*, Aug. 12] David Woods gives the erroneous impression that psychiatry is flourishing in Soviet Russia, with many women practicing it.

How in the world is psychiatry possible without Sigmund Freud? Soviet Russia frowns on Freud, and not a single work of the father of psychoanalysis and psychiatry has been allowed to appear in print. As far as Soviet Russia is concerned, Sigmund Freud does not exist. Is it therefore not fallacious, to put it mildly, to speak of psychiatry in that land, and in such eulogistic manner?

Theodore N. Lewis.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ironic Triumph

What Saul K. Padover has to say in *SR* Aug. 19 about three books on the American Revolution recalls a rather more concise summary of the same point made years ago by that eminent Canadian economist Professor Stephen Leacock, not all whose writings were funny. He said: "The American Revolution was the triumph of British liberty on American soil."

C. N. Senior.

Victoria, B.C.

Self-Styled Savior

In Martin E. Marty's review of Samuel Sandmel's *Herod: Profile of a Tyrant* [*SR*, Aug. 19], as well in the book itself, I miss any discussion or appraisal of W. W. Tarn's observation that Herod's rule was an imitation of Hellenistic kingship. Hellenistic kings were self-styled saviors and demigods, and this concept applied to Herod the Great will clear some of the confusion about his personality and history.

A. Shalit believes, from a strictly Jewish point of view, to have found that at certain instances Herod assumed the attitude of a messiah. The Hellenistic concept of the savior and the Jewish one of the messiah, though similar in many respects, have the basic difference in that the Hellenistic savior was self-appointed whereas the messiah is conceived as the emissary of the Divine Providence. Needless to say that the Jews of whatever faction refused to cooperate with a Jew posing as savior, while Herod's endeavor to introduce himself as a messiah could only arouse general contempt.

This most probably generated feelings of frustration in the king and increased his innate inclination to cruelty. It should be recognized that Herod handled this tragic situation with mastery and, although to casual observers he was only a petty client-king, he was a great statesman and was accepted as such by his Roman overlords. True, he was cruel as only a "god" could be, but this was not an impediment to being "the Great," simply a trait he shared with others who received the same distinction.

Wolf Wirgin.

Bronxville, N.Y.

Dr. Martin E. Marty implies that Byron's reference to Herod's "frenzy's jealous raving" made Herod proverbial! This is simply not so. Even before Shakespeare spoke (in *Hamlet*, III: ii) of "out-heroding Herod," the medieval miracle plays employed the character of King Herod to represent an excess of violent, outrageous anger, usually coupled with a vituperative bombastic style of speaking. With the decline of religious drama, the phrase lost currency, and Shakespeare is credited by many lexicographers (including the editors of the OED) with reviving the metaphor, and implanting the image in English literature. The medieval plays in which Herod figured were usually concerned with the Slaughter of the Innocents, and were performed on Childermas (Dec. 28). This simplistic view of Herod is unhistorical, of course, but popular attitudes rarely have so close a relation to the truth as historians would prefer.

Thomas J. Cummins.

Oakland, Calif.

More for Readers' Forum

I would like to commend Mrs. Elizabeth W. Walter's suggestion in *SR*, Aug. 19. While I enjoy reading the criticism and reviews of the "brains," I would also like to know the reaction of just everyday, middle-class ordinary readers.

Lorena Z. Painter.

Beverly, N.J.

One of the pleasures received from reading is not only silent discussion with the author, but discussion with someone else who's read the same book.

Rosemary Weber.

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Editor's note: *In response to subscriber support of Mrs. Walter's suggestion, SR will start a monthly forum in October wherein readers may discuss books new and old that they particularly like or deplore. Comments must be limited to 200 words exclusive of the author's full name, the book's title and publisher. Because they may be the only people to have heard of otherwise neglected books, relatives and friends of the author, even the author himself, are not automatically disqualified. However, the foregoing are on their honor to state their relationship to him. SR hopes that anyone else connected with the book's publication or sale will refrain from subterfuge to publicize it. Letters must contain complete street addresses and be typed double-space or be legibly written. The pithiest observations will receive preference.*

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Thoughts on Getting Older

SURVIVAL in publishing follows the general law of living organisms—the first 100 years are the stickiest. After that, momentum and a good backlist keep a publisher in business. The attention that has been given to Harper & Row's sesquicentennial year [*SR*, July 8] has obscured the fact that another publisher is even older—by a quarter of a century. This is J. B. Lippincott & Co., or, as the firm likes to think of itself, the Lippincotts of Philadelphia.

Admittedly, in recent years it has become increasingly difficult to determine just how old a publisher really is. The urge to merge has loused up the normal arithmetic: do you base your figures on the parent firm or the sum of the companies? On a cumulative basis, Appleton-Century-Crofts is the Methuselah of publishers: 282 years old (142 plus ninety-seven plus forty-three). The truly independent big publisher is a dying phenomenon, giving way to the hyphen and the electronic future.

That is why we would like to take a few minutes this week to speak of J. B. Lippincott & Co., whose 175th anniversary this year is being celebrated proudly and with little fanfare. The Philadelphia influence? Very likely.

The official line of descent goes back to 1792, when a man named Jacob Johnson opened a printing plant in downtown Philadelphia. Like a good many newcomers in the business today, Johnson was probably undercapitalized; at any rate, there was a whole series of name-changes as partners came and went, and by 1849 the firm was known as Grigg, Elliott & Co. Now jump back to 1836. A young man of twenty-three, J. (for Joshua) B. (for Ballinger) Lippincott, started a publishing company of his own. By 1849 he was successful enough to take over Grigg, Elliot. We thus have one of the first mergers in American publishing. The resulting firm was known as Lippincott, Grambo & Co. (and don't ask us who Grambo was). Anyway, by 1855 the company had unmerged itself and was just J. B. Lippincott. Purists might insist that the continuity really dates back to 1836 when Lippincott went into business for himself. The present owners don't see it that way: they want to add Grigg, Elliott, Grambo, and Johnson, and get back to 1792. We concede the point.

Until the Civil War the company thrived on religious books, medical texts, reference works (a 2,000-page *Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World* came out in 1855) and imported editions of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope. Mr. L. was personally acquainted with these authors, and from what evidence is available it appears that he actually paid them royalties! It was not always done in those days (there was no international copyright convention), and some of Lippincott's competitors thought he would go broke.

Not at all. As the century wore on the Victorian "sets" got longer and longer, the Lippincott edition of Bulwer-Lytton running to forty-seven volumes. The books got bigger, too. It took ten years to put together a 2,300-page *Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*. In 1868 *Lippincott's Magazine* was founded, and became in time a household name. The claim was made that it was "fresh, clever, original,

clean," and among the contributors was the author of *The Choir Invisible*, James Lane Allen (clean), Swinburne (fresh), Bret Harte (clever), and Oscar Wilde (original). The magazine was discontinued in 1914.

Joshua Lippincott died in 1886. He was survived by three sons, one of whom, Joshua B. (for Bertram) Lippincott, eventually became president. At the turn of the century, when the company was wondering how to commemorate that occasion, a disastrous fire destroyed both the offices and printing plant, along with most of the records. Some Lippincott executives considered this a boon; at any rate, it discouraged anyone from writing a company history by having eliminated most of the source material. What has taken the place of such a history, on the present anniversary, is a small, commemorative volume written by Vice President and Managing Editor George Stevens, and called *The Author and His Audience* ($2.95).

This is a view from the inner sanctum by one of the deans of the profession, and it is a splendid introduction to what publishing is all about. Stevens traces the evolution of a manuscript from larva to pupa to duodecimo. He deplores the relatively skimpy market for books in a country of 200 million persons, and is amazed at the incomputable number of writers who try to fill it. "Perhaps the reason why the USA lags behind other nations in book reading is that so many people are trying to write and have no time left over for reading." (Stevens doesn't say so, but I can tell him that it's the writer, not the reader, who needs a book.) For every one of the 20,000 new titles published yearly in this country, many times this number are rejected, and as a result more of an editor's time is spent in turning down than turning out. There are, of course, occasional happy endings: Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, rejected by twelve publishers in 1941, was rewritten and finally published in 1947; it was reissued in 1965 by Lippincott, one of the companies that had turned it down twenty-four years earlier.

Publishing is *sui generis*. "What other business welcomes, even invites, criticism of its products?" Mr. Stevens asks. It is unique, too, in that publishers do not even wholly control their product; every author is a partner, usually holding the copyright and frequently negotiating such rights as serialization, foreign publication, movie and TV adaptation. Finally, there is the public library. "In what other business is the customer able to go and borrow the product—for nothing, or at most for a small rental fee?"

Lippincott has survived the vicissitudes without driving its major claimstake in the world of New York publishing. A strong medical book department—managed by a former professor of philosophy, Walter Kahoe—is pre-eminent in its field. Educational material and children's books buttress a diversified trade division that has ranged from *The Egg and I* to Leon Edel's prize-winning biography of Henry James.

Lippincott has done its share of merging during the past twenty-five years or so, but in all cases the acquired company has been quietly grafted onto the parent stock—Carrick & Evans in 1940, Frederick A. Stokes in 1941, and A. J. Holman, Bible publishers, in 1961. Perhaps one reason for this is that Lippincott is a predominately family-owned business, proud of its lineage and reputation. Five of the six presidents have been Lippincotts, the present chair-holder being J. (for Joseph) W. (for Wharton) Jr., great-grandson of the founder. Not only the name but the books go on; you can still buy *The United States Dispensatory* (a medical book), which first appeared in 1849 and has never been out of print, although it has undergone numerous revisions.

"Publishers who stay in business know their business, and their judgment of a book's possibilities is usually sound," Mr. Stevens remarks. *The Author and His Audience* is a lively testament to this creed.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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All They Need to Know and More

Privacy and Freedom, *by Alan F. Westin (Atheneum, 487 pp. $10), concludes that the outer world is gaining in its persistent invasion of the inner man. James J. Kilpatrick, former editor of The Richmond News Leader, is now a Washington-based conservative columnist.*

By JAMES J. KILPATRICK

FIVE years in the writing, Alan F. Westin's massive study of privacy in the United States—what it was meant to be, and what is happening to it—may well rank among the most important books of this decade. His theme is the continuing conflict between the outer world and the inner man; his conclusion is that the outer world is winning. The tools already exist for an Orwellian triumph of science over personal privacy. These tools cannot be obliterated, as *Saturday Review* once suggested, by tucking them into a test bomb. The imperative demand upon Congress, the courts, and the states is rather that they be brought under strict control.

Other voices have sounded these same warnings, notably Samuel Dash in *The Eavesdroppers* (1959) and Missouri's Senator Edward Long in his recent book, *The Intruders*. In two significant cases this past term the U. S. Supreme Court voiced its own deep concern at the threat to freedom posed by new devices of technology. The Senate Judiciary Committee, responding to the mounting apprehension, recently approved a bill to protect the privacy of federal employees. Manufacturers of data processing equipment, to their great credit, have themselves spoken soberly of the Frankenstein's monster now stirring in their gleaming cradles.

What Professor Westin has done in this brilliantly executed work is to tie all the threads together. He begins slowly, with a reflective look at a common need evidenced both by animals and by all mankind—the need to be left alone. Man is also, to be sure, a social being; he needs companionship as well as solitude; at times he needs the catharsis that comes with disclosure of some part of his private self. Yet it has been a characteristic of all societies, until now, to grant every man his secret pool of utter confidence. It is this unspoken contract, Professor Westin suggests, that now stands terribly endangered. With chilling effectiveness he describes the proliferating means by which the state (but not the state only) may destroy man's aloneness. The ugly art has advanced much further than most Americans probably realize.

> A technological breakthrough in techniques of physical surveillance now makes it possible for government agents and private persons to penetrate the privacy of homes, offices, and vehicles; to survey individuals moving about in public places; and to monitor the basic channels of communication by telephone, telegraph, radio, television, and data line. Most of the "hardware" for this physical surveillance is cheap, readily available to the general public, relatively easy to install, and not presently illegal to own.

Yet the devices of surveillance, marvels of fiendish invention in themselves, promise to be outstripped by the devices of data preservation and retrieval. A California precision instrument company has demonstrated a new machine that relies upon a laser memory process. Professor Westin describes its potential:

> One small unit, containing one 4,800-foot reel of one-inch plastic tape, will be able to store in digital form about twenty pages of information (250 words of typing to the page) for every person in the United States, including women and children. Specific information from a person's twenty-page dossier on this reel could be retrieved in a maximum search time of four minutes, and the entire dossier could be printed out for dispatch to an inquiring source in a matter of a few more minutes. . . . Ten such reels would make possible 200-page dossiers on every American, and a mere 100 reels would begin to offer real possibilities of a progressive life-record dossier of each American from birth to death.

There are forces in American society—and not all of them sinister—that are eager to put these glittering tools to use. Law enforcement agencies, struggling against crime rates now soaring out of sight, plead that electronic surveillance devices are vital to their work. Reputable social and political planners, promoting a "Federal Data Bank," deny that they wish to intrude upon man's privacy; they wish merely to serve society more efficiently. The scientists now tinkering with brain-wave scanners defend their research as scientists always have: their quest to know is boundless. Businessmen see only the convenience and not the perils of computerized trade and banking, in which the consumer becomes a number on magnetized tape.

Professor Westin sensibly rejects the doctrinaire view which would prohibit every action that might be described as an invasion of privacy. The right to privacy, he agrees, is not an absolute right; it is subject, as the Fourth Amendment tells us, to reasonable abridgment in the common good. He is skeptical of the need professed by police for bugs and wiretaps, but he does not propose that these devices be denied to law enforcement altogether; he asks only for the tight controls and strict accountability defined by the Supreme Court this past June in *Berger vs. New York*. Neither

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ON WINGS OF SONG

It doesn't matter which was better, the play or the musical. Arthur E. Danese of Mount Morris, N.Y., just wants you to recall which play in Column Two inspired each musical in Column One. Refunds on page 50.

The Boys from Syracuse ( )	1. *Ah, Wilderness!*
Carousel ( )	2. *Anna Christie*
The Chocolate Soldier ( )	3. *Arms and the Man*
Kiss Me Kate ( )	4. *The Comedy of Errors*
Hello, Dolly! ( )	5. *Green Grow the Lilacs*
The Most Happy Fella ( )	6. *Liliom*
New Girl in Town ( )	7. *The Man Who Came to Dinner*
Oklahoma! ( )	8. *The Matchmaker*
Sherry ( )	9. *My Sister Eileen*
Take Me Along ( )	10. *Romeo and Juliet*
West Side Story ( )	11. *The Taming of the Shrew*
Wonderful Town ( )	12. *They Knew What They Wanted*

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does he reject the idea of a federal data center, though he regards it with grave misgivings; in one of the best sections of his book Professor Westin suggests specific steps that might be taken to prevent misuse of the silent, omnipotent reels.

In the tart dissenting opinion he wrote last month in the Berger case, Justice Byron White defended the use of electronic surveillance devices by law enforcement officers. He accused his colleagues of failing utterly to deal with "facts of the real world." Professor Westin has avoided this pitfall. Man is a complex being, anxious to preserve his own privacy but not above a little voyeurism when someone has left a curtain raised. The wise governance of society is equally complex; it demands that the state know its people's wants and needs, and plan effectively in terms of dealing with them—and perhaps it is part of the zealous bureaucrat's nature to want to know more than he really needs to know.

The conflicting forces have to be reconciled. It is absurd to deny the police the use of a wiretap to catch a kidnapper. It is equally absurd to permit a federal agency to inquire through personality tests into the sex dreams of a clerk-typist. Doubtless it should be made a criminal offense, as Professor Westin recommends, for an inquisitive person to bug his neighbor's bedroom; but it would be foolish to pass anti-snooping laws of such sweeping effect that protective TV cameras were banned from apartment house elevators.

The task of accommodating man's need for personal privacy with his need for public security is not impossible. It demands of our policy-makers primarily an awareness that the invading forces are so well equipped, and so far advanced along the Orwellian road.

Seeing All the Evil

The Spy in the Corporate Structure: And the Right to Privacy, *by Edward Engberg (World. 274 pp. $5.95), reveals the ways in which private lives are being made matters of governmental record. Nicholas Samstag was for twenty years an executive of Time Incorporated.*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

THERE are a great many puzzling things about this book. Why is its table of contents so uninformative? Why does it lack an index? A work so full of names, places, and facts would be expected to help its readers find what they want in it. Or is the frustration intentional? (A useful device, well known to journalists, is to "unalphabetize" any long list from which several important factors have had to be omitted so that anyone suspecting such omissions will have to check every entry to make sure.) And why is the real subject hidden behind a title that pretends to present a book for businessmen when it could more accurately have been given a name appealing to the public, thus vastly widening its audience and sale? For the real message here is not addressed to the corporation man but to you and me—and the book's subject is not corporate secrets but the way our private lives are being systematically exposed and made matters of governmental (and ultimately public) record.

Not that Edward Engberg's efforts fail to cover exhaustively (even exhaustingly) the shady, infinitely complicated business of how secrets are stolen from one firm by another. The volume is, in fact, a how-to-do-it handbook on the subject, complete with overdetailed case histories and the names, addresses, and fees of the most accomplished operators in the field. Six thousand seven hundred dollars is the current price for stealing a commercial secret, and for $125 they will check your office for bugs and wire taps. (But you'd better have it done every day because there are thousands of ways of getting what they want, not all electronic: see Chapter 31, entitled "Broads.")

Yet something bigger runs through

and behind all these pages on how corporations are like nations and must have their armies and their espionage systems; on the unforeseeable ingenuities of electronic devices and the all too predictable baseness of human turncoats; on the babblers who spill information accidentally and the agents disguised as cleaning women who seek it laboriously as they sift the contents of executive wastebaskets; on the "tails" and "ears" who shadow and eavesdrop for $25 a week plus expenses; on the "headhunting" or executive placement firms who will find for you not merely executives but corporate secrets wrapped up in executive tailoring.

That bigger something behind all this ephemera shows up in two statements quoted by the author—one by a Professor Beaney who, in testifying before the Gallagher Committee, gave the opinion that "the only people in the future who may really enjoy privacy are those who do absolutely nothing important"; the other by a New York lawyer who, with excellent reason, incessantly requests that the telephone company check his line for taps, and who proclaims to all who will listen, "I wouldn't say anything over a telephone wire that I wouldn't be willing to shout over a megaphone in Grand Central Station."

It steadily becomes apparent, as one reads on through this heavy, jumbled, spicy fruitcake of a book, that the villains of the piece are not the corporations who hire the spies, but what Mr. Justice Brandeis calls "men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding," who are steadily encroaching on our most precious liberties, those insured by the Fourth Amendment in which the people are guaranteed the right to be safe "in their persons."

These men, says the author (a former *Fortune* writer and managing editor of *Business International* whose background bristles with other evidence that he knows what he is talking about), abound in government, science, education, and corporate business life. They are, he asserts, steadily sucking the privacy out of our lives in the names of national security, science, progress, and several other almost unassailable causes, with the declared aim of fattening a huge proposed information retrieval system called a National Data Center "to contain all the information in the Federal Government's files covering every citizen." This means that there will shortly be available in the cybernetic bowels of this monster more information about you than you ought to be willing to make known to anyone (especially as you will not be able to find out what is in your file to correct errors or expunge slanders by your personal enemies or business competitors).

Things, says the often obscure and

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always ominous Mr. Engberg, have already reached what can only be called an extremely ugly pass. And he proves his thesis from A through and beyond Izzard with a combination of erudition, journalism, and personal comment that is often lurid and confused but which, all in all, makes a valuable and frightening book. Between the tale of childish, tragic gallantry on page 5 describing how Henry Stimson refused to believe the pre-Pearl Harbor Japanese were anything but Groton gentlemen to the horror story on page 269 about a man who bought a new car with a built-in defect and was thus, all unknowing, blackballed for a government job, reader and author wander hand in hand through a sort of hell—populated by lying parents and workers, prying agents and government agencies, timid legislators and arrogant corporation heads. Don't miss the story of how Sam Slater single-handedly smuggled the Industrial Revolution out of England into America, or the description of the Light-Signal Denial Index that helped determine what U.S. cities are most susceptible to crime, or the lunatic logic holding that a man seated or on foot need not incriminate himself with spoken testimony but must, as a motorist, yield his telltale blood on demand for an alcohol test, or the long debate on whether there is any difference between the right of property and the right of privacy.

IT all adds up to Mr. Engberg's statement near the book's end that he is inclined "to suspect that privacy, conceived as a right, may end without so much as a whimper . . . tsk-tsked to death in the course of some . . . investigation." The author's last chapter, just four pages long, made what seemed for a moment to this puzzled, wearied, and discouraged reader a sound suggestion for a way out of the dilemma. But I'll bet it wouldn't work—not in a world like *that*.

England's Secret War

Set Europe Ablaze, *by E. H. Cookridge (Crowell. 410 pp. $7.95), recounts the work of Britain's Special Operations Executive for sabotage, espionage, and subversion in Nazi-occupied territory during World War II. Harry Howe Ransom teaches international politics at Vanderbilt University. His books include "Central Intelligence and National Security."*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

TODAY we risk inundation by a flood of tales about espionage and secret political warfare, most of it only remotely related to the real world of secret agents. Yet during World War II the American Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and the British Special Operations Executive (SOE) were involved in countless adventures, some of which, if told as fiction, would strain credulity.

The British, who continue to operate one of the world's most secret Secret Services, have recently permitted historical accounts to be published revealing in rather full detail SOE's European record. During the war few even knew of SOE's existence, and until very recently it has received far less publicity than OSS. Yet, ironically, nothing resembling an adequate, authentic history of the OSS exists.

"E. H. Cookridge" (Edward Spiro) is a writer of popular books on espionage. In *Set Europe Ablaze* he shows how SOE grew out of the conviction held by a few British leaders that secret agents and paramilitary forces could aid greatly in the defeat of Hitler, particularly in those subjugated nations where German presence was deeply resented. Some even believed that Germany might be defeated by economic pressure, air bombardment of vital targets, and revolt in Nazi-occupied areas. In the early stages of the war Britain's ability to inflict direct military damage on Germany was severely limited; but plenty of recruits were available for underground resistance if they could be efficiently mobilized and supplied. Prime Minister Churchill in particular was enthusiastic about this method of fighting the enemy.

On July 16, 1940, Churchill appointed Hugh Dalton to take charge of SOE, a new organization independent of existing intelligence, propaganda, and political warfare units, whose mission was, in Churchill's colorful language, "to set Europe ablaze." Yet the role of SOE was initially defined in very general terms. Its basic assignment was to carry on espionage, sabotage, and guerrilla warfare in Nazi-occupied territories. By 1943 SOE had come under the control of General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander, and it became closely affiliated with the American OSS, an organization with similar aims. British experience was exchanged for American supplies.

What were the results? Mr. Cookridge does not give a clear answer, although he implies throughout that the net effect of SOE's work was of great importance to the Allied victory. The book is essentially an episodic account of SOE's many efforts, including its initial organizational difficulties, its exploits on the Continent, particularly in France, and its leading personalities, as well as its tragic failures. SOE agents were initially and inevitably amateurs at secret warfare. They were recruited mainly from the armed services and had to learn quickly a new and dangerous profession. Many died in action.

In this loosely knit account we read of Francis Cammaerts, a London schoolmaster and originally a conscientious objector, who became an organizer of resistance groups in southeast France. Another SOE agent persuaded Rudolphe Peugeot to cooperate in the sabotage of his own automobile works, which were manufacturing tank parts for the Wehrmacht. There are stories of the SOE's constant difficulties with the intelligence agencies of the many governments in exile in London, as well as with various factions of the political Left and Right in Continental resistance groups, and of how German agents succeeded in impersonating SOE officers. Cookridge has obviously searched many records and interviewed many participants, Allied and German. He brings together some fascinating details of major and sometimes confusing secret operations.

MUCH of the story has previously been told. The book's main fault, however, is its failure to put the events into a coherent pattern, or to describe episodes within the context of Allied grand strategy. *Set Europe Ablaze* is little more than a series of vignettes, never approaching in quality M. R. D. Foot's outstanding history, *SOE in France,* published in 1966 in the British Government series "History of the Second World War." No attempt is made to evaluate SOE's work, to generalize about secret warfare as an instrument of policy, or to discuss any lessons that may be learned from the experiences the author depicts.

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God Is Evolving, Not Dead

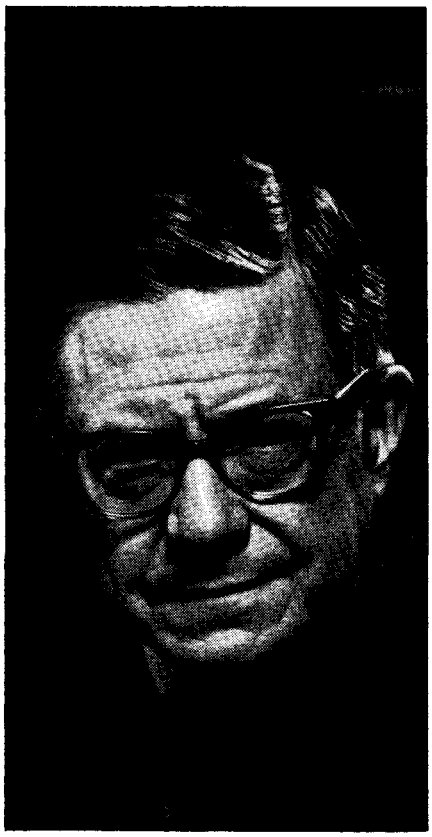
The Bishop Pike Affair, *by William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne (Harper & Row. 266 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.25), and* ***If This Be Heresy,*** *by James A. Pike (Harper & Row. 205 pp. $4.95), provide a revealing picture of the Episcopal Church and its most controversial dissenter. Kenneth Scott Latourette, who is the author, among other books, of "A Short History of Christianity," is Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History, Emeritus, in Yale University.*

By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

HERE are two books, important as a phase in a perennial debate that has been given much publicity. The first, written by two Episcopalians at the request of the publishers, begins with a brief and informing biography, chiefly an account of the religious and ecclesiastical history of James A. Pike. The major part of the work concerns the prolonged controversy aroused by Bishop Pike's utterances on doctrine and other topics. Particular attention is devoted to the charges leveled at him for heresy, the appointment by the presiding bishop of a committee to deal with the issues, the report of the committee, and the action of the bishops on that report. As is well known, the committee did not treat the question of heresy but recommended censure, not for his doctrinal position but for the fashion in which Bishop Pike had repeatedly stated his convictions on various questions. The action was taken at a meeting of the bishops at Wheeling, West Virginia, in October 1966. William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne have interviewed the chief figures of that conclave and have corresponded widely with such of the episcopate as would be willing to express their views.

The authors have attempted to be objective, but admit the impossibility of maintaining that attitude. Although they concede that the language of Bishop Pike has laid him open to censure, their sympathies are manifestly with him. More prominent is the picture that emerges of the Episcopal Church, its episcopate, and its official procedures. Stringfellow and Towne found themselves "alternately outraged and ashamed, amused and bewildered, admiring and cynical, proud and repelled, grateful and chastened. There is much in this account fraught with irony, some that documents stupidity, some which discloses malice, some which glimpses tragedy, some which displays pomposity, some that is filled with humor, some that demonstrates betrayal, and a little which witnesses the power, as well as the need, of forgiveness."

If This Be Heresy is a frank statement of Bishop Pike's theology. It, too, is partly biographical—or, rather, autobiographical—in its outline of the events that led to his present position. He addresses the book primarily to the rank and file among those who are troubled about accepting traditional Christian beliefs, and to the clergy in many churches who, challenged by similar doubts, are seeking to aid wrestlers among the laity. He gives his reasons for questioning as authoritative the canon of the New Testament, the historic creeds, and imposed standards of conduct. But he tells why—by a combin-



Bishop Pike: "Two-thirds of faith is hope."

THE GOD-BELIEVERS are shown to be more unethical in direct proportion to their orthodoxy. But an obvious explanation comes to mind: It is not that the firmness of belief in God is the *cause* of closed, judgmental, hating personality deformity. Rather, persons like that are the ones more likely to believe in God, more likely to cling to the supports belief in God represents. This is more starkly evident at the extreme end of the spectrum in orthodoxy: here we have a high proportion of insecure, exclusivist, xenophobic, in-group types who are internally frightened about the removal, or even the shifting, of any of their small props. These are the ones whose characteristic view of God is displayed as they sing in plaintive tones,

> I need thee, O I need thee
> Every hour I need thee . . .

and

> Rock of ages, cleft for me
> Let me hide myself in thee; . . .

and hymns and prayers about bulwarks and fortresses. Dr. Alan Watts says that man needs these less than learning to float and swim. But these people can't float and swim (though in the subculture into which many of them have climbed, the home swimming pool is one of the status symbols: for a while it looked as though the home air raid shelter would achieve the same popularity—it would have been a better symbol of the mentality). Church attendance and literal Biblical orthodoxy is highest among those who have genericized into a "Communist plot" the objects of all their anti's—the U.N., the N.C.C., racial integration, mental health, fluoridation, "pornography," etc., etc., and who, when grouped in communities or clubs (sometimes ecclesiastical ones) of similar types, nourish in each other a mass paranoia. Fearful of being other than simplistic, they have black-and-white answers for everything; any grays are threatening to them as persons. This is not overstated about members of the religious "radical right"; there are many more to be found a few inches to the left of the right, for whom it is true in lesser degree—but true. —*From "If This Be Heresy."*

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ation of faith and reason (reflection on and inference from the data of experience)—he adheres to the servant image of Jesus as seen in a few of its great exemplars across the ages, whom he describes. Bishop Pike also explains his belief in the continuation of human personality after physical death. But he rejects the God is Dead theologians; his own creed is based on a personal God who is *becoming* rather than *being*, a God whose Hebrew designation in Exodus 4:14 is, he holds, best translated as "I will be what I will be." Furthermore, "we are living and can relate to God and share with Him in His ongoing creative process." Two-thirds of faith, he remarks, is hope; "we can focus toward the future—conjoining our energies, capacities and insights (to whatever degree we have become whole and fulfilled)."

The contemporary scene has in it nothing that is basically new. With variations, Stringfellow and Towne's reactions to the bishops of the Episcopal Church are those of historians to ecclesiastical procedures in the past. Much that the authors describe was apparent in the first century of the Christian Church—as the letters of Paul to the Corinthians and the Galatians abundantly show. The records of the Ecumenical Councils from Nicea in 325 to Vatican II also show that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels," a New Testament phrase which Bishop Pike finds suggestive.

The questions raised by serious contemporaries about the validity of the Christian faith have again and again stimulated those who sought to hold to it to grapple with the dogma. These, to mention only a few of the most notable, include Origen's reply to the thoughtful pagan Celsus; the massive *Summa Theologiae* of Aquinas, provoked by an interpretation of Aristotle widely current in his day; Paley's *View of the Evidences of Christianity*, an answer to the Deists, and Schleiermacher's *Discourses on Religion to the Cultured Among Its Despisers* (to give the English translation of the German title), in response to the skepticism of the intellectuals of his generation.

Bishop Pike rightly calls attention to the fact that those who bear the Christian name are a smaller proportion of the world's population than they were fifty or a hundred years ago. He also, properly, notes that many who have inherited that designation have departed from the faith or in practice regard it as irrelevant. Yet what can be substantiated by incontrovertible evidence is that adherents of Christianity are more widely distributed geographically than ever before, and, present in every cultural environment, are seeking to share that experience with others and to cooperate with them in all that it implies.

Naturalistic View of Nazarene

The Life of Jesus, *by Marcello Craveri, translated from the Italian by Charles Lam Markmann (Grove. 520 pp. $7.95), and* ***The Shining Stranger: An Unorthodox Interpretation of Jesus and His Mission,*** *by Preston Harold (Wayfarer Press/ Dodd, Mead. 443 pp. $7.50), illustrate the paradoxes and puzzles that still surround the man of Nazareth. Martin E. Marty is on the faculty of the University of Chicago Divinity School and the staff of The Christian Century. Among his books is "Varieties of Unbelief."*

By MARTIN E. MARTY

ON THE file folders in its biographical morgue *The Washington Post* identifies famous people with a single vocational notation ("home run king," "motion picture star"). One of these, a staff member informs us, is marked "Jesus Christ (martyr)." How *do* you classify him? A *Who's Who* of his era would have had difficulty locating him, since the conventional marks of status were not evident. Of low estate, he had no degrees, no club memberships, no publications, no offspring, no institutional ties, no honors. Marcello Craveri quotes Paul Louis Couchoud: "He was an obscure person who died in Jerusalem, it is not known how, in an ill-planned attempt at insurrection, and who had the incredible luck to be deified."

Craveri leans toward such an interpretation in his biography of a man regarded by Christians as the Son of God, whose birth is marked on our calendars in the movement from B.C. to A.D., and who left his stamp on much of subsequent world culture. We are dependent for virtually all we can know about Jesus on the accounts in the four Gospels, written by followers who were moved by faith; secular historians of the time were silent. His words and work nestle in enigma. No wonder that attempts at writing the life of Jesus have attracted geniuses, fools, pedants, scholars, and men and women possessed of a thesis.

Craveri is in the last group. A professor at Turin, he has equipped himself with some scholarly tools, but critical Italian biblical study is far behind its northwest European and Anglo-American counterparts, and Craveri makes scant reference to the dominating trends of research in the past fifteen years. His scholarly apparatus reveals signs of great industry—but don't show it to an academician in this field! He would be driven mad by its arbitrariness and chronological disarray. Craveri will refer to works from 1806, 1828, and 1880 in one passage, for example, as "modern," whereas they are light-years removed from what now goes on.

LIKE most Italians who are not faithful to the Church, Craveri is anti-clerical and anti-Catholic, and this angle of vision gives his book much of its salt and fire. He is a protestant, not in the ecclesiastical sense but in his spirit of inquiry, skepticism, and anti-institutionalism. Just as most scholars will dismiss it, the orthodox who are nervous about their faith will be outraged by it, and those who promote the book can easily exploit such nervousness.

Actually, from the scholarly point of view, *The Life of Jesus* is not a shocker. Neo-orthodox Protestant and recent Catholic academic study of Jesus's life is much more skeptical of its detail than is Craveri. But the academicians content themselves with writing intricate and often dull essays on the impossibility of doing a life of Jesus. Craveri simply tells the story as he sees it, and this satisfies public curiosity.

If the semi-orthodox can get used to the idea that from their point of view

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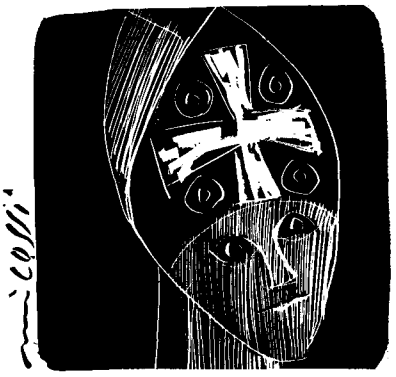
Craveri's every sentence leans toward the heretical, they might profit by reading him. He shows what Jesus's life would look like if one viewed it from a consistently naturalistic standpoint, tossing in conjecture about its details based on what is now known of the world that surrounded him. Craveri's thesis implies not only that orthodox Catholicism has perverted the picture of Jesus because of dogmatic bias, but that rationalist critics have tried to find natural explanations for the miracles and wonders associated with his life. This is nonsense, says Craveri; they overlook the character of the Gospels, books written like catechisms to build up faith in one whom the writers regarded as exceptional and even divine. In that thesis Craveri is accidentally very close to a main line of Gospel interpretation employed by conventional academic and seminary circles.

Though it is less reverent, Craveri's book may remind one of Pier Paolo Pasolini and his film *Il Vangelo Secondo Matteo*. Both are stark, realistic, cinematographic; both seem to say: "If you want your miracle, here is how it looks!" Craveri also refuses to see Jesus as a programmatic social reformer. He was an upsetter, an anarchist of sorts. "He was poor, and in the humble world in which he lived, he had certainly known all the bitterness and privation of the



poor. He said what was in all their hearts, but it was there only in that inchoate, obscure shape that abstract concepts always take in untrained minds." That Jesus attracts Craveri. But the Jesus of the Gospels and of the Church he sees as appealing to paradox-based faith alone: "*Credo quia absurdum* [I believe because it is absurd] is the cry of the true Christian." Craveri uses that prism to view Jesus's every move, and his consistency gives a strength to his book which his burdened scholarship could never have imparted.

The Shining Stranger is not a life of Jesus but an interpretation, and it is informed not by one but by many themes. The pseudonymous author has read, marked, learned, but not inwardly digested an astonishing range of writings. He has the good grace to dedicate the book to the people he quotes in what amounts to an anthology of strangely juxtaposed brief excerpts. Everything he reads reminds him of the Jesus who said that "the kingdom of God is within you." (This is his fundamental text; many scholars contend that in the Greek it means "the kingdom of God is in your midst," *i.e.*, in the presence of Jesus and his activity.)

Gerald Heard, who contributed the introduction, expresses enthusiasm from a Southern Californian point of view, and critics of the book will identify its many ideas with the religiousness reputed to infuse that region. Here are thoughts about physics and psychics, natural law and self-development; ideas that verge on theosophy and esoterism, all loosely related to other concepts which the author suggests are inspired by Jesus's career.

The Shining Stranger is as radically different from the Gospel portrait as is Craveri's Jesus. The two books illustrate the paradoxes and puzzles that still enfold the man of Nazareth to whom the Gospels bore witness as the Son of God among men. Debate about Him and His role will not end with these volumes, but it may take on new heat.

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One World for Youth

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

IN THAT durable classic of children's literature, *Children and Books* (Scott, Foresman, $14.50), May Hill Arbuthnot says, "Children's books have always reflected the predominant interests of the adult world. Cataclysmic wars, intimate acquaintance with many countries, and interest in their relationships to each other have recently widened the horizons of adults and made them world-conscious, people-conscious, and history-conscious as never before. It is only natural that their reading should follow these absorbing new interests and that they should encourage their children to undertake similar reading. Teachers include historical fiction and books about other lands on their preferred reading lists; librarians promote such books with children, and parents approve heartily of these books. Committees of educators even approach publishers with the new subject matter needs of the schools and ask for books which reflect these national trends. Whether the latest slogan is 'Hands Across the Border' or 'Racial Tolerance' or 'One World' there is a flourishing crop of new juveniles devoted to the current theme."

That statement was in the 1957 edition; ten years later the trend seems even clearer. We have a proliferation of individual titles as well as such series as Children of the World, Let's Read About . . . , Let's Visit . . . , Meet the World Books, Getting to Know . . . , My Village in . . . , Portraits of the Nations, Major Cultures of the World, The Land and People of . . . , the *Life* World Library, and others.

Bookbird, the information bulletin of the International Board on Books for Young People, reviews titles from all over the world which it recommends for translation. The Hans Christian Andersen Medal is an international prize for a children's author.

An excellent example of the sort of material received with enthusiasm is Miriam Morton's *A Harvest of Russian Children's Literature* (University of California Press, $12.50), a distinguished and comprehensive anthology that reflects Russian life past and present. The author, in a CBS radio interview, said there is in Russia ". . . a new trend towards greater liberalization in child culture. I think, in a sense, my book reflects this trend." She noted that a children's literature club "was formed for the purpose of reading and performing satirical pieces that rib familiar types in Soviet society."

Two years ago Elvajean Hall, librarian and author of an excellent book, *The Volga: Lifeline of Russia* (Rand-McNally, $3.95), wrote an article entitled "Got Anything New on Russia?" (*School Library Journal*, November 1965), in which she listed eighteen good books, all nonfiction, published between 1960 and '65.

For two reasons, I'd like to add some titles that have been published since then; first, as one example of the proliferation of books about—or translations from—other countries and, second, in response to queries from readers. It is, alas, impossible to fulfill all such requests, but there have been many letters asking about books on the USSR.

The largest segment is the informational book, and one of the best over-all views is in Alexander Nazaroff's *The Land and People of Russia* (Revised Edition, Lippincott, $3.25). Other good background books are Robert Wallace's *Rise of Russia* (Time-Life, $3.95), a beautifully illustrated book in the Great Ages of Man series; Kaye M. Teall's *From Tsars to Commissars* (Messner, $3.95), and Benjamin Appel's *Why the Russians Are the Way They Are* (Little, Brown, $4.50), in which the author comments on answers given in a questionnaire submitted to schoolchildren in the United States. Among books on the Russian Revolution are Robert Goldston's *The Russian Revolution* (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50) and Irving Werstein's *Ten Days in November* (Macrae Smith, $4.25). In *Last Stand at Stalingrad* (Macmillan, $2.95) Edward Sammis presents a vivid documentary of a major battle of World War II.

—From "The White Archer."

Four interesting biographies have appeared: Morris Philipson's *Life of Tolstoy* (Pantheon, $3.95), E. M. Almedingen's *Katia* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.50), Iris Noble's *Empress of All Russia* (Messner, $3.25), and Alfred Apsler's *Prophet of Revolution, Karl Marx* (Messner, $3.25). Charming books about nature and animals are G. A. Skrebitski's *In the Forest and on the Marsh* and *Forest Echo* (Braziller, $3.95 each.), and Vera Chaplina's *Kinuli* (Walck, $3), the true story of a lion cub raised in a Moscow apartment.

Fiction for older readers includes Leo Tolstoy's *Russian Stories and Legends* (Pantheon, $3.95), Kira Michailovskaya's My *Name Is Asya* (McGraw-Hill, $3.50), Marie Halun Bloch's *The Two Worlds of Damyan* (Atheneum, $3.95), and Mikhail Sholokhov's *Fierce and Gentle Warriors* (Morrow, $3.50).

There are so many tales for younger children that the following half dozen are just a sampling. Moura Budberg's *Russian Fairy Tales* (Warne, $4.95) comprises thirty-two traditional tales, P. Yershov's *Humpy* (Harcourt, $3.25) is the story of a clever fool, and V. M. Garshin's *The Traveling Frog* (McGraw-Hill, $2.95) is the story of a not-so-clever frog. A little book by Yulya, *Bears Are Sleeping* (Scribners, $2.95), sets the words and music of a lullaby against a background of soft, wintery illustrations. Margaret Cooper's *The Ice Palace* (Macmillan, $2.95), which has a historical basis, tells a humorous tale about an obstreperous little princess. Last, but not at all least, a Russian-language edition of A. A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh and The House at Pooh Corner* (Dutton, $4.95) has been published for readers of Russian wherever they are.

Joanjo. *Written and illustrated by Jan Balet. Delacorte.* 27 *pp.* $4.50. Small Joanjo is tired of fish, tired of the taste of fish and the smell of fish in Nazaré, the Portuguese fishing village where he lives. He does not like the idea of eventually having to lead the grueling, sometimes hazardous life of a fisherman. Then he has a don't-count-your-chicks dream in which he is more and more powerful, until his king, jealous of Joanjo's might, has him shot from a cannon. When he wakes, Joanjo turns with relief to his homely surroundings and the succulent smell of fish soup. The story line isn't strong, but the illustrations are delightful in this dreams-of-glory picture book; the colors are wonderfully vivid, the design bold and effective. Ages 5-8.

Mr. Miacca. *By Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 26 *pp.* $3.75. A story from one of the several collections of folk and fairy tales com-

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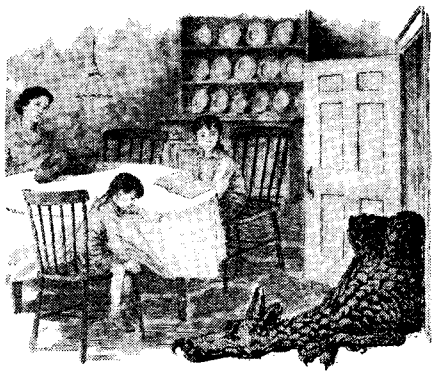
piled by the British scholar and folklore specialist Joseph Jacobs is engagingly illustrated here by Evaline Ness, recipient of the 1967 Caldecott Award. Mr. Miacca, whose name is used by London mothers to threaten their errant young, is a cannibalistic gentleman in a top hat and spectacles with an insatiable appetite for little boys. Tommy Grimes, a very naughty boy indeed, is caught by Mr. Miacca but outwits him by giving him a table leg to cook instead of his own, and then escapes. "So Tommy Grimes ran home, and he never went around the corner again until he was old enough to go alone." The delightful scenes of London streets and the details of Victorian costume are in warm browns and greens. Ages 5-8.

Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers. *By Joan M. Lexau. Illustrated by Tomie de Paola. Lippincott.* 29 *pp.* $3.25. Max was supposed to take care of his little sister Amanda, but he was too busy playing ball to notice that she had strayed off; not only that: she'd lost Mama's frying pan, and Mama hadn't even given her permission to take it. Finder of the pan was the intractable Helen Ellen, who refused to return it unless she was given candy. Having negotiated the complicated arrangements, Max decided he'd rather play with Helen Ellen than take charge of Amanda again. The illustrations are amusing, the writing artfully simple. Max says to Amanda, " 'You have to get Mama out of the kitchen so I can put the frying pan back.' 'How?' Amanda asked. 'You can cry, can't you? You can always cry,' Max said." Although the book lends itself nicely to reading aloud to younger children, it is just right for the beginning reader of 6-8 years.

Tecwyn, the Last of the Welsh Dragons. *By Mary Dawson. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. Parents' Magazine Press.* 72 *pp.* $3.50. Not for hundreds of years had there been a living dragon in Wales, but in the small village of Pennyben a lake was drained in preparation for building an atomic power station, and in the sun's warmth a long-buried dragon's egg was hatched. Found by two delighted children, the baby dragon was named Tecwyn and became first a family pet, then the town's handydragon: Tecwyn functioned as a snow plow, a blowtorch, and a drier of laundry. When a coal strike cut off Tecwyn's food supply the Morgan children resourcefully raided the new power plant and fed their starving pet a few nourishing bars of uranium. The fanciful plot is nicely set off by a grave simplicity of style, and the Welsh setting adds color; the illustrations, showing a rosy-red, beguiling dragon against black and white, are most attractive. Ages 8-10.

The Fearsome Inn. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Scribners.* 43 *pp.* $4.50. On a lonely road in Poland stood an inn whose owners preyed upon those passersby unlucky enough to stumble within its doors, for Doboshova was a witch and her husband, Lapitut, was half human, half devil. They had three captive serving maids: Leitze, Neitze, and Reitze, and three new victims—young men who had wandered in separately but who quickly became allies when they realized



—*From "Tecwyn, the Last of the Welsh Dragons."*

their plight. The cleverest Leibel the cabala student, found a way to trap and outwit Doboshova and Lapitut, so the three young couples married and lived happily ever after, rich in worldly goods, in progeny, and in well-earned esteem. The Singer narration is superb, but the treatment is just a bit sophisticated for the folktale audience. The illustrations are smashing, in a delicate style that suits the pastel hues yet has a wonderful vitality. Ages 9-11.

The Hatching of Joshua Cobb. *By Margaret Hodges. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 135 *pp.* $3.25. Josh knew he wouldn't be good at any of the camp activities, and the prospect of two awful weeks seemed even surer when he learned that his cabin counselor was a bully. To the joy of everybody, the camp director fired the counselor, and, with the encouragement of the pleasant man who took over, Josh and the other boys learned the pleasure of making small progress and the fun of being part of a cohesive group. This is that unusual book, a good camping story for boys that doesn't depend on melodramatic events or exaggerated characterization. Josh gains confidence through modest achievements, not by becoming an instant athlete. Ages 9-11.

The Sculptured Image. *By Lamont Moore. Illustrated with photographs. Watts.* 100 *pp.* $2.65. Written by the former director of education at the National Gallery of Art, this is a quite good introduction to sculpture since, in a lucid discussion of artistic details and technical achievements, it considers a variety of material. Mr. Moore devotes a page or two to almost forty works of art, each of which is accompanied by a photograph. This is a book about beauty and creativity rather than an explanation of methods and tools; its geographical scope is broad, and the examples range from the Sphinx to Henry Moore. Ages 9-12.

Irving and Me. *By Syd Hoff. Harper & Row.* 226 *pp.* $3.95. Thirteen-year-old Artie Granick pours out his heart as he describes the trial-and-error process of adjusting to life in Sunny Beach, Florida, a difficult task when hampered by the help of his new friend, Irving. For example, Irving volunteered to play guitar duets with Artie at a party given by the latter's dream girl, Arlene; not only had the boys had just one lesson, but Irving was very, very late showing up—leaving Artie to stall in dismay. The ebullience of Hoff's cartoon style is apparent in this first junior novel; the antic capers and slangy, ingenuous comments verge on exaggeration but are tempered by wry humor. Artie's references to being Jewish are easy and unself-conscious: "I didn't want to take a chance on getting involved with Irving's mother. She likes to talk to me in Yiddish and all I know is a few words. . . ." Ages 10-12.

The White Archer: An Eskimo Legend. *Written and illustrated by James Houston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 95 *pp.* $3.50. For twelve years James Houston, a Canadian artist, lived and worked with the Eskimos of whom he writes, and both his writing and his pictures convey most effectively a sense of the vastness of space, the primitive struggle for subsistence, and the bleak, icy quiet of the Far North. Kungo, whose parents have been killed by an Indian band, vows that he will grow up to revenge them and to find the sister who has been taken captive. His years as a young man are given wholly to this goal, but when he comes to the Indians as the terrible White Archer he finds that his sister loves her Indian husband, Natawa, and is happy with her life. Kungo, who has lived alone on an island with an old couple, is drawn to the possibilities of warm friendship and fraternal affection. Relinquishing his burden of hatred, he discovers with joy that in being charitable he is the prime beneficiary. Ages 10-12.

The Police Lab at Work. *By Richard Deming. Illustrated with photographs. Bobbs-Merrill.* 125 *pp.* $3.95. With all the deadpan appeal of Jack Webb, Richard Deming uses actual cases to illustrate the techniques and methods used by police criminologists. Some of the procedures and instruments are familiar: ballistic tests, fingerprint files, microscopic magnification of hair, chemical analysis of ink or paint. Others are new or less familiar, such as the analysis of olfactory clues or the use of the sound spectograph. The writing is crisp and straightforward, the material dramatic. Ages 10-14.

Henry 3. *By Joseph Krumgold. Illustrated by Alvin Smith. Atheneum.* 268 *pp.* $4.75. Henry Lovering had just moved to a new town, and he fervently hoped that nobody in the eighth grade would find out that he had an I.Q. so high it was embarrassing. Every time the family moved, Henry had found himself an outcast; now they had reached the top, and he hoped that Fletch, who had discovered his secret, wouldn't tell. "The top" was an upper-class New York suburb, just the right setting for a successful young executive, and for the first time Henry 3 was part of a group. Until the bomb shelter, that is. Directed by the company president to install it, Mr. Lovering did, and thereby aroused a deep hostility in his neighbors. Strangely enough, it was the misfit and loner, Fletch, who proved to be Henry's one real friend when trouble came, and through him Henry learned to shed the strictures of conformity. This is a thoughtful and perceptive book, well written but just a bit slow of pace. Although the characterization is excellent, the story doesn't quite achieve the impact of Mr. Krumgold's two Newbery Award books. Ages 11-13.

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Captive of Mother Church

***Michel, Michel,** by Robert Lewis (Simon & Schuster. 735 pp. $7.50), narrates a post-World War II church-state fight in France, based on a cause célèbre involving Jews vs. Catholics. Thorpe Menn is book review editor of the Kansas City Star.*

By THORPE MENN

"NO ONE kicks a dog who shows his teeth," says the dogged protagonist of *Michel, Michel*, spelling out the message of this gigantic polemical first novel. "It is no longer the Jew against Hitler," Louis Konrad tells a friend. "It is the Jew against the world." He vows an unrelenting fight "against any person or power that harms a Jew, physically or otherwise." The power that Konrad takes on is formidable: the Catholic Church.

The 1967 edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia mentions the prototype for the story—the Finaly Case—in an article on the earlier Montara Case, in which the Church—under Canon Law which insisted that baptized Jewish children "shall be separated from their parents"—had resisted a Jewish family's efforts to reclaim a child who had been baptized without its parents' permission. The Encyclopedia, however, notes what the novel does not—that the "present Code makes no mention of this discipline and recent theological opinion has not favored it."

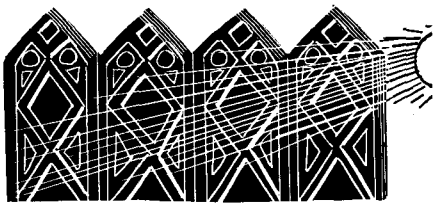
But perhaps Robert Lewis deliberately ignores the new Code. The Church, says one of his characters, is "geared to eternity [and] knows how to adapt itself and wait." It "has never abandoned its hope to 'save' Israel." And the bishops, he adds, will "not hesitate to lie in the name of a higher truth."

The dispute on which the novel is based was sketched in the 1955 edition of *The Bridge*, the first "Yearbook of Judaeo-Christian Studies." There Edward H. Flannery, an American Catholic journalist, wrote in compassion and sorrow at how his co-religionists in France had acted in the Finaly case. Let the basic facts come from there since the novel only embellishes them:

In World War II an Austrian Jewish doctor found refuge in France, but during the Nazi occupation was seized with his wife, and they died in a concentration camp. The heroic directress of a municipal nursery saved their infant children, taking them in as Catholics, and had them baptized. By old Canon Law they then became irrevocably the charges of Mother Church. After the war the doctor's sisters tried to reclaim the still small children, but were balked first by the directress and then by the Church itself. After eight years of litigation in civil courts, the directress was ordered to return the children; she accepted a prison term rather than comply. The children were hidden in a virtual labyrinth of convents, monasteries and Catholic schools, even smuggled into Spain. The case became a public scandal, a *cause célèbre* in the General Assembly, and the Church finally surrendered the children, who were taken to Israel, their spiritual health seriously impaired.

The novel piles flesh on these bare bones of fact, but hardly conceals them. There is only one child, Michel, an endearing little boy made distraught by the "knowledge" that *his* people had killed Jesus and that his unbaptized parents *must* be in hell. A wise priest does cure him of this secret terror, which is destroying his sanity, and makes him at ease in Christianity. (That chapter narrates the swiftest case of psychoanalysis ever!) At length Michel's Jewish relatives reclaim him and—but a review must not reveal the end of a suspense story.

Suspense story this is, the underlying facts notwithstanding. For *Michel, Michel* is a massive novel with hundreds of characters in movement. Often melodramatic, at times it takes on cloak-and-dagger aspects. The coincidences strain belief, and Michel occasionally thinks and acts with an incredible awareness of the adult world. Nevertheless the



author gives the whole a Dickensian stature. No character, however minor, is a mere name. Even an aged Spanish abbot who appears on the scene for only a few minutes becomes a distinct personality with "a musty smell like that of a cellar."

Robert Lewis, whose short stories have appeared in *The Atlantic, Esquire, The New Yorker*, and other publications, undertook a mountainous task in making corporeal all the facts of the Finaly case. The faults of a mountain are huge, and *Michel, Michel* is as big and as bad and as awesome as a novel by Dreiser. Lewis did not attempt to choose his facts for an artistic purpose as did Bernard Malamud in *The Fixer*. His canvas is splattered with people. He bombards with speeches in courts and parliament and in discussions outside. The focus is never clear. There's a vague inference that the boy might have fared better if his Jewish relatives (who had never seen him) had left him alone to become a priest. But the polemic overrides any such intent.

Polemic is always interesting. Lewis gives it to us live and on a wide screen.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4, 6, 3, 11, 8, 12, 2, 5, 7, 1, 10, 9.

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Middle Europe in Turmoil

***Night Falls on the City**, by Sarah Gainham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 572 pp. $6.95), and **Before the Glory Ended**, by Ursula Zilinsky (Lippincott. 413 pp. $6.50), deal respectively with the sufferings of some inhabitants of Vienna under Nazi rule and the adventures of a Franco-Hungarian secret agent. The latest book by Viennese-born Robert Pick is the biography "Empress Maria Theresa."*

By ROBERT PICK

VIENNA from the German *Anschluss* in 1938 to the arrival of the Soviet Army in 1945 is the scene of Sarah Gainham's *Night Falls on the City*. The central character—at least as far as the plot is concerned—is Julie Homburg, a beautiful and celebrated actress, married to the Jewish Socialist politician Franz Wedeker, who is on the Austrian Nazis' blacklist. Failing in an attempt to flee the country, Franz is hidden for awhile on a farm belonging to his cook's brother. When he is forced to leave because of the near presence of the *Wehrmacht*, Julie conceals her husband in their spacious Viennese apartment. Given her essential decency, so much seems almost a matter of course. It is her effort, ultimately futile, to save a young niece of Franz's whom she barely knows that sets her above the circle of her acquaintances.

The group consists of theatrical people, professional men, and civil servants. It is surprising how well this cast, which suggests the pre-1914 world of Arthur Schnitzler, serves Miss Gainham's purposes, exemplifying what used to be called "nonpolitical" people at the mercy of naked power. "All we can do is to survive," says one; and their passivity, while far from blunting their suffering, detracts from its poignancy.

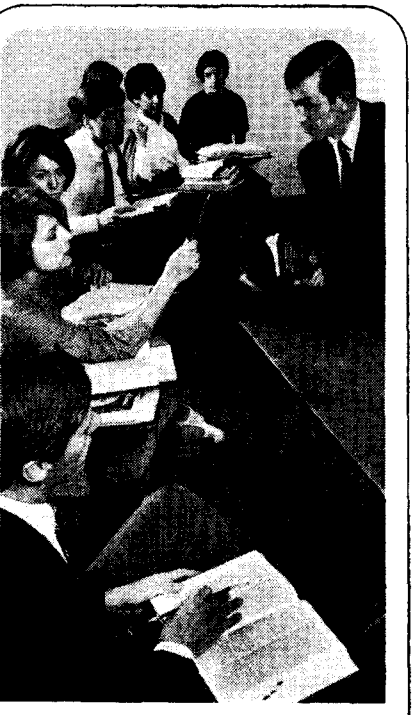
But the true protagonist of the novel, though outwardly a member of the group, is of an altogether different kidney. Georgy Kerenyi, a Hungarian-born World War I veteran, is Viennese only by choice. The editor of a politically independent newspaper, he is questioned about Wedeker's whereabouts shortly after his disappearance. He is not abused by the Gestapo subaltern, and is in fact invited to "be on the side of history as the Marxists say." While Kerenyi walked down the corridor, "controlling with a conscious effort his still-not-valid rush of joyful relief," a door was thrown open, and "out came two . . . tall uniformed men half dragging, half carrying a third man between them." They "carted him to the head of the stairs and gave him, both together, a strong push . . . "

Kerenyi, arriving at the bottom of the stairs, saw the beaten-up man groping for the spectacles the Gestapo bullies had torn from him and crushed. "Kerenyi hesitated for a second . . . then he walked past the seated man, closing his eyes for an instant. . . .With a sensation of moral horror at his own depravity he recognized that the anger he felt mingled with his shame was directed at the injured man for being the cause of his own shame."

OF all the people living under the lengthening shadow of "what it was already old-fashioned to call Evil," Kerenyi alone faces squarely the corruption that imperils them all. His subsequent story is told superbly, and seems to deepen the author's vision and steady her hand.

She does not handle the historical scene with equal assurance. Its complexity often escapes her. She scarcely touches on the domestic tensions that rent Austria before history came a-marching; internal Austrian Nazism plays only an awkward role. Swastika'd multitudes and low-class young sadists make their appearance, and there is no dearth of opportunistic small fry. But, whether face-

(*Continued on page* 101)



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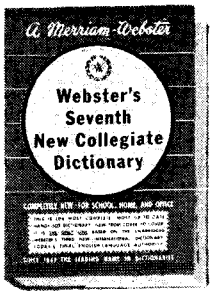

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Portugal in Africa: Angola and Mozambique

ANGOLA AND MOZAMBIQUE are the western and eastern flanks of an Africa holding back the flood of revolution and chaos from the north. At least this is how it looks to the Portuguese as well as to their southern African neighbors. To the rest of Africa the devil in the situation is colonialism. Officially, Angola and Mozambique, which together are about twenty-three times the size of Portugal, are considered by Portugal as overseas provinces—a part of that European nation itself.

A visit to both overseas provinces now is an unforgettable experience. Our African seminar tour started in northwest Africa and moved southward—Casablanca, Dakar, Lagos, Kinshasa (Leopoldville), and then to Angola and Mozambique. Coming from the almost unbelievable situation of political instability and anarchy prevailing in a suffering Congo (Kinshasa), we landed in Luanda, Angola, to encounter cleanliness, tranquillity, abundance, beauty, and, above all, political order. The contrast is truly amazing. But things seldom are entirely as they seem; this is especially true here.

The Portuguese presence dates back to 1482, when permanent contact was made near the Congo River. Luanda became a Portuguese settlement in 1575. The Portuguese coastal enclaves aided the further explorations of coastal Africa and, later, the Orient. The settlements in Africa's eastern coast (Mozambique) were also a part of the great genius of

African version of a pony tail.

Portuguese explorations and discoveries at this time. In the nineteenth century the Portuguese aspired to expand territorial holdings all the way across the south of Africa, only to have this blocked at the 1885 Conference of Berlin.

Angola, in the 300 years of its slave trade, was an important supplier of slaves for the New World. Today, particularly in the capital of Luanda, one witnesses considerable effort to achieve economic development, as exemplified in the construction of port facilities, factories, agricultural experiment stations, and low-income housing. Retail establishments in the city of Luanda, for instance, display everything from heavy-duty trucks to Japanese motorcycles. We saw the big Cambambe Dam on the Guanza River. The hydroelectric dam—now the second largest in all Africa—will figure as the heart of a new developing industrial center. Angola is one of the largest coffee producers in Africa.

The native population is of Bantu origin. The relatively slow population growth rate, estimated between 1.5 and 2 per cent, is a tremendous asset contributing to the possibilities of economic growth. One can travel for miles across the coastal belt seeing only small, primitive native villages. For a country twice the size of Texas, the population of slightly over 5,000,000 is indeed one of low density—especially if one considers Angola's rather significant resources.

The large areas of sparse native populations, hardly touched by Western influence and its commercializing tendency, have kept the yearly per capita income down to perhaps $130. Eighty-nine per cent of the people live in the rural areas or in towns of less than 2,000 population.

The authorities insist that there is no government racial discrimination to be found anywhere in the Portuguese overseas territories. Portuguese history does show a remarkable policy in this respect. The original Portuguese explorers, unlike most of those who came to the shores of North America, did not take their women with them. They found native wives quite acceptable. Some black Africans found their way into Portugal. It has been estimated that in the sixteenth century perhaps as high as 10 per cent of the Portuguese population was black. There are almost no whites or mulattoes in the very primitive country villages. In the more urbanized areas, however, one sees whites, mulattoes, and natives living, working, and playing side by side—in contrast to what is in evidence in South Africa. One sees evidence of government efforts to improve the housing conditions of the poor. We saw attractive new government housing equipped with playgrounds for low-income families. Urban renewal was achieved, according to the authorities, by making sure a new house was available before the family's old shanty was destroyed, and rent is $1.50 per month, with the title passing to the inhabitant after ten years. While one hesitates to accept these figures completely at face value, there is some visual evidence to support them.

A VISITOR from the United States finds the government very interesting. The Overseas Ministry in Prime Minister Salazar's government in Lisbon administers the various overseas provinces. The highest-ranking government official in these major overseas provinces is the Governor General, who is chosen by the Overseas Ministry and the Council of Ministers in Lisbon. A Legislative Council with limited home rule powers has been created. It is composed of three ex-officio members (the Governor General, the Attorney General, and the Director of Treasury), nineteen members elected by various corporate groups, and fifteen (one from each of the fifteen districts of Angola) elected directly by those qualified to vote in each district. There is also an Economic and Social Council, but it has an advisory role only.

The Salazar Government, through the Governor General, also exercises effective authority in the fifteen provinces by appointing the district governors. The military forces in Angola are commanded directly by Lisbon. The flow of political power from Angola to Lisbon is limited to seven elected representatives in the 130-member Portuguese National Assembly sitting in Lisbon. From our Anglo-American outlook, democracy is further restricted by the fact that there is only one legal political party, the

(Continued on page 57)

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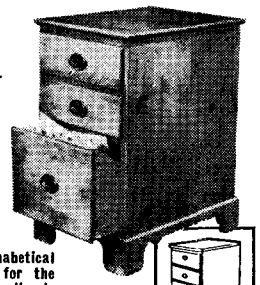

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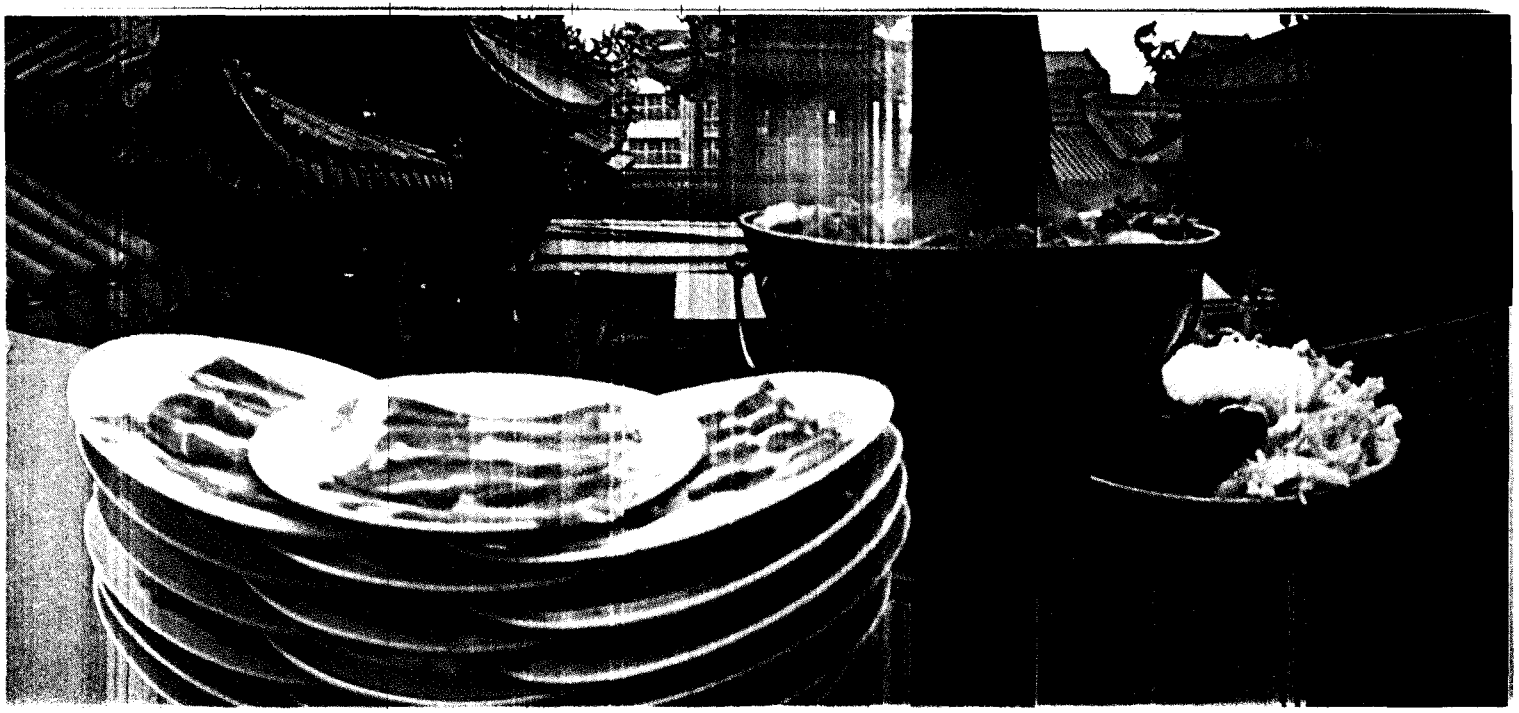

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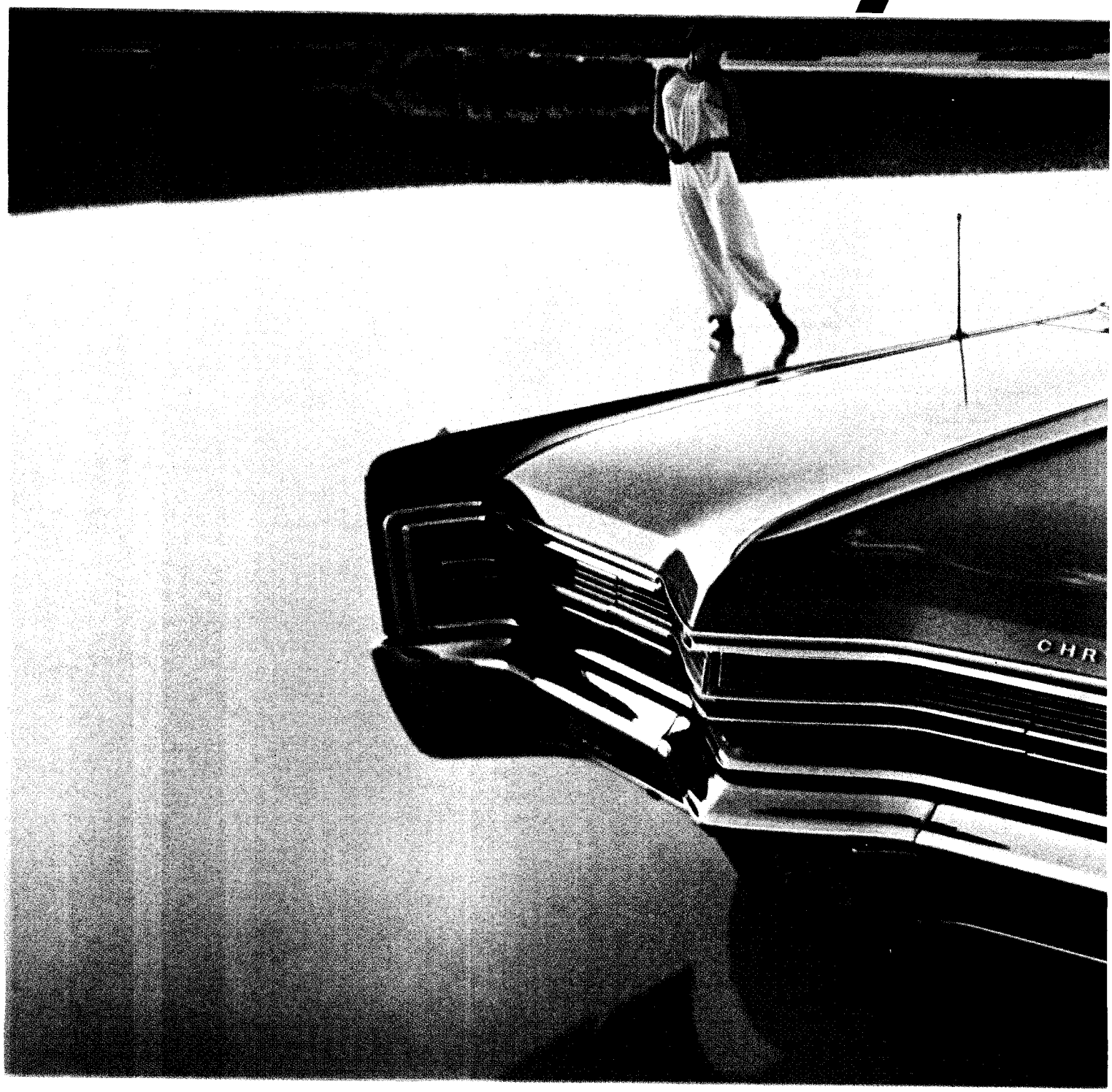

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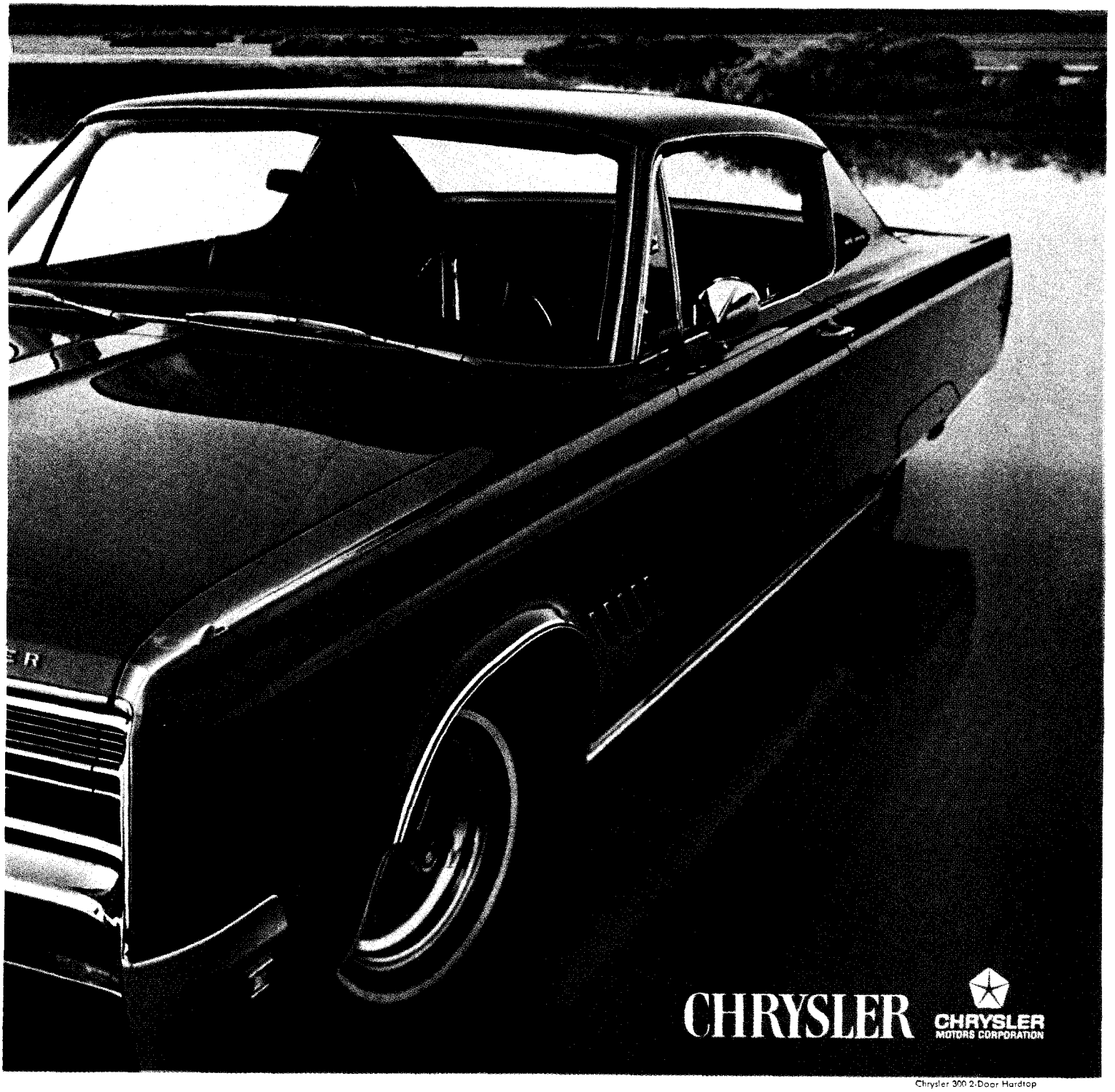

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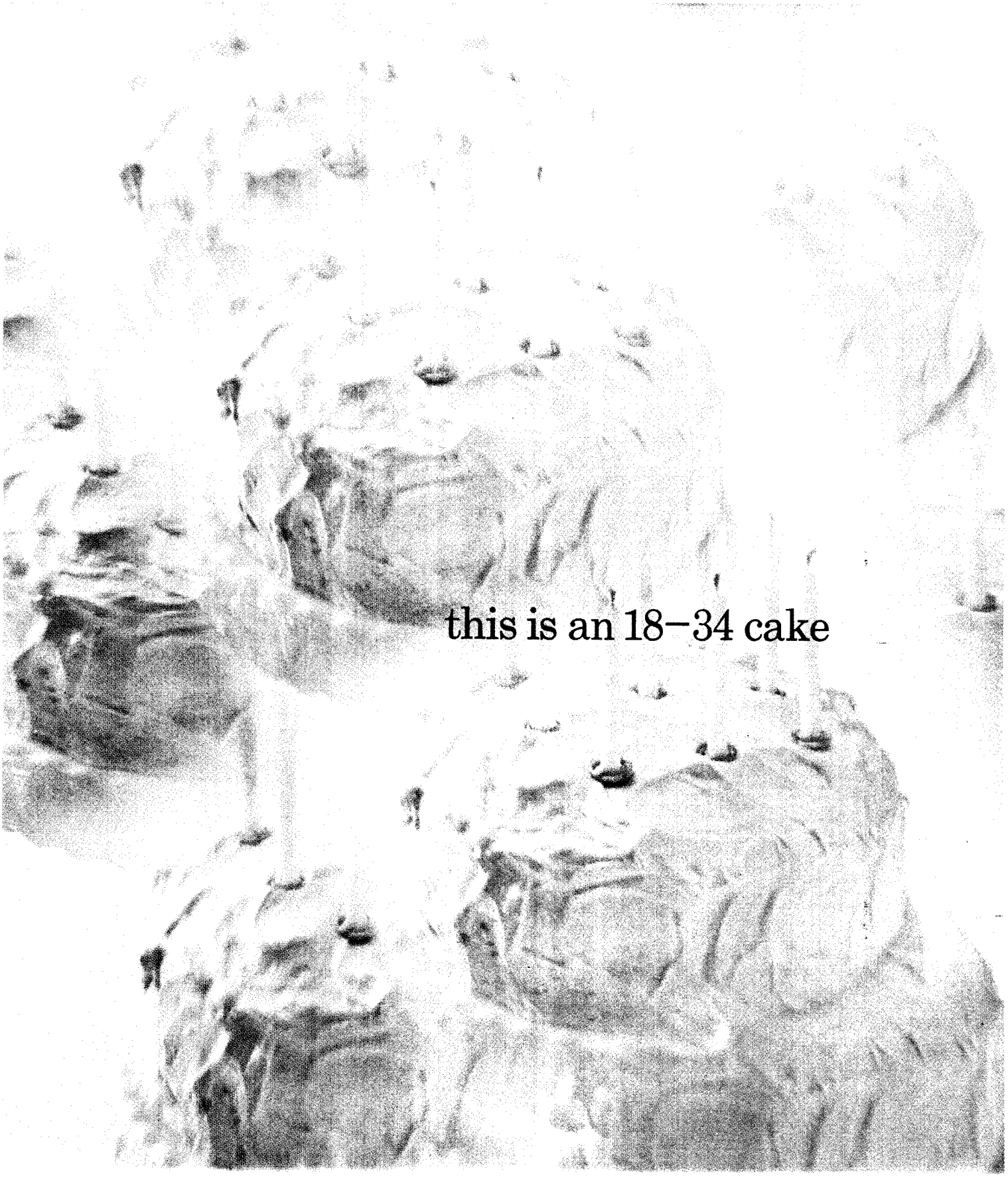

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Continued from page 52

Uniao Nacional (National Union) party. We of the Anglo-American tradition also are concerned about the impact upon democratic government when there is very little in the nature of a separate judiciary with procedural safeguards, rights of habeas corpus, and conviction on the basis of public evidence.

A major stimulus for economic development in recent years was the frightful insurrection and retaliation in north central Angola in 1961. This rebellion, led by the Leopoldville-based Union of Populations of Angola (UPA), was not Communist, but it does seem to have been Black Nationalist. Some 2,000 whites residing in the area were cut down, and it is estimated that perhaps 50,000 black Africans were killed—most of them in civilian reprisals. This event, plus considerable pressure on Portugal by the United Nations and the states of Africa, seems to have shocked the government into a program of economic development and a program designed to improve its image in the international community. The quip here is that "Angola should really erect a statue in honor of the rebels."

ACROSS the continent to the east lies the second major overseas province, Mozambique. Here the Portuguese presence dates from 1498, when Vasco da Gama explored the coast, but there was little penetration inland for another four centuries. The boundaries of Mozambique, like Angola's, were set at the Conference of Berlin in 1885. Its governmental structure is also similar to Angola: It has seven representatives in the 130-member Portuguese National Assembly in Lisbon, and its highest-ranking government official is the Governor General, assisted by a twenty-nine-member Legislative Council composed and functioning like its thirty-four-member counterpart in Angola. As in Angola, elections are not democratic as we think of the term: There is only one legal political party and voting qualifications include the ability to read and write Portuguese, payment of taxes, and, generally, a certain amount of property ownership. In the last election of December 1965, less than 1 per cent of the population voted. Of a population of 7,000,000, 97.5 per cent are black Africans; Europeans number about 150,000. There are perhaps 15,000 mulattoes.

The capital, Lourenço Marques, is a beautiful city located on the shores of the bay of the same name. We had the privilege of attending a meeting of the City Council, with the mayor presiding over six other elected council members, one a native African. The powers of a municipal government in an overseas province of Portugal are limited.

What does a city council in the capital of Mozambique discuss? We witnessed the following four agenda items: 1) a protest of the cruel ways in which stray dogs were being caught by the police (it was advocated that nets instead of hooks be used); 2) a criticism directed against the city engineer who was responsible for repairing a harbor road that had been washed out in a devastating storm and this time washed out again after a minor rain; 3) a proposal to remove certain city trees because liquid from them was falling on pedestrians, ruining their clothes (this entailed a criticism of the chief gardener of the city); and 4) a vote, by the use of an urn and black and white marbles, on the promotion of city firemen. According to Mozambique government officials, there has been considerable economic growth since about 1960, and this is being achieved with absolutely no legal discrimination of any kind and with little or no foreign aid.

While much of the countryside is still primitive "bush agriculture"—the most advanced plowing is done with a walking plow and a team of oxen—modern innovations are used in the production of bananas, sugarcane, and tomatoes in the river valleys. The Limpopo colony is a carefully planned series of villages along the river downstream from the big Limpopo River dam which provides the water for a huge irrigation complex. There we visited several of the standard three-bedroom houses built by the government for every family joining the colony. While there are many indications that the project might be an attempt to attract European Portuguese to Mozambique, it is also true that black, mulatto, and white children freely intermingled in neighborhood play. One of the houses we visited was inhabited by a native African family; another was the home of an Asian Portuguese. When the farmer joins the agricultural cooperative, he is given two oxen, five head of young stock, a pair of pigs, four acres of irrigated land and 24 acres not irrigated. A one-sixth share of the major crops is rent payment. Although the principal cash crops here are wheat, corn, and rice, the

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major ones for Mozambique in general are cashew nuts, sugar, cotton, copra, tea, and sisal.

Colonialism is the key issue in foreign relations. Outside of South Africa and Rhodesia (both of which send considerable freight through Mozambique for sea shipment through the ports of Lourenco Marques and Beira), the African states have long and loudly censored Portugal for its failure to give these colonies their independence. Liberation movements with African support are active in both provinces. Reports indicate that some of the 500 Cuban mercenaries in Brazzaville are on loan to train cadres of insurrectionists.

In Mozambique, serious guerrilla activity began in September 1964, through the initiative of the Mozambique Liberation Front, with headquarters in Tanzania. This group has succeeded in generally controlling the countryside in certain northwestern and northeastern areas along the Tanzanian border. On the Zambian frontier a second liberation movement is operating with headquarters in Lusaka. It calls itself the Revolutionary Committee of Mozambique.

One revolutionary leader, Eduardo Mondlane, stopped at Nairobi on his way from Brazzaville to Dar es Salaam. He met us in a private meeting in the New Stanley Hotel. Here was the young Mozambique native—a Ph.D. from Northwestern, a splendid embodiment of the charismatic charm of a leader, a former professor at Syracuse University—completely involved in what was to him a supreme cause. He had labored for four years in the United Nations Trusteeship Council to "decolonize" his own country, only to realize the limitations of General Assembly resolutions. To Mondlane, the history of Portuguese rule in Mozambique was nothing less than servitude—the exploitation of the people of Mozambique by a foreign power. Discrimination against black Africans was a conspicuous reality. According to him, not more than twelve native Africans have ever completed secondary school in a Portuguese-run educational institution—an example of grievous de facto discrimination against the natives.

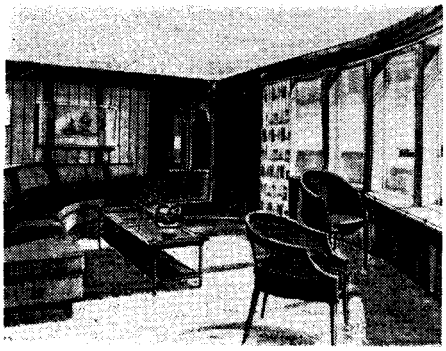
Mondlane was confident of victory. His organization, he said, was operating on a $2,500,000 cash budget with "committees of support" in the United States, France, the Soviet Union, mainland China, and elsewhere giving financial backing to this organization. African states were also making large cash contributions. He firmly believed it was only a question of time before Mozambique would be "freed."

AFTER Mondlane's departure for Dar es Salaam, we reflected on the drama of Mozambique—life and death already on stage but with the rest of the play still unwritten. Four days earlier, in another hotel conference room in Mozambique, we had heard another congenial young leader, also U.S. trained, outline "the problem"—rather similarly defining it, with the enemy label reversed. Both Mondlane and he effectively presented their positions in the conflict. Both were effective in eliciting a kind of camaraderie in terms of their cause.

How can one summarize the contemporary political dynamism in Portuguese Africa? I believe the outcome cannot yet be known. Whether or not the "liberation movements" will succeed depends upon the speed with which the Portuguese effect economic development and social progress for the presently disenfranchised and deprived masses. It will be a race involving primarily, but not exclusively, the forces of economic, social, and political progress. Yet the outcome depends also upon the relative determination of each side to win, the quality of leadership, and external developments such as the world political situation within which the future of Portuguese Africa must be worked out.

—ALDEN VOTH.

The author of this report, the third in a series of guest articles on Africa, is a visiting assistant professor of political science at American University in Cairo, on leave from San Jose State College.



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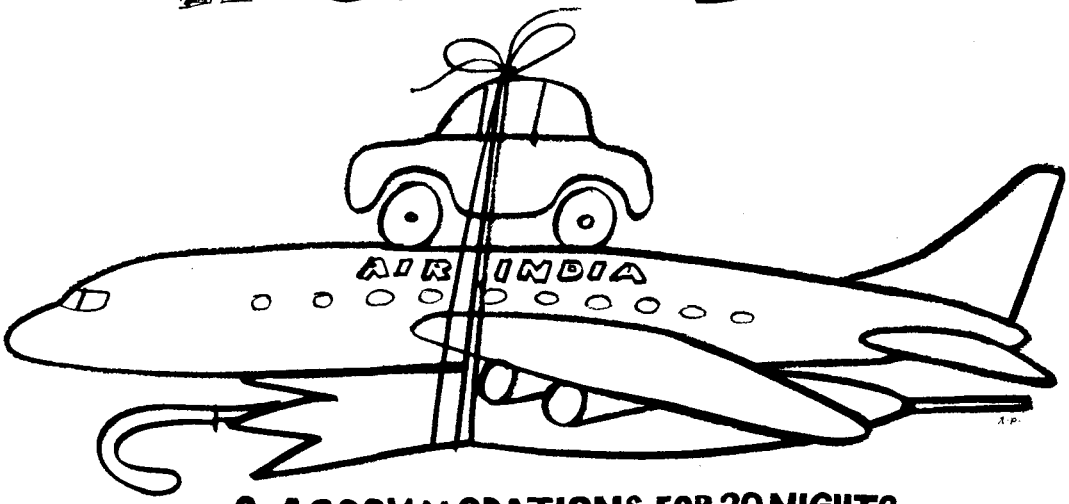

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The New Theater Season

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
DOMESTIC	JONAH!, T. J. Spencer	Laurens Moore, Charles Gaines	Thurs., Sept. 21 Stage 73
	DR. COOK'S GARDEN, Ira Lewin	Burl Ives, Keir Dullea, Bette Henritze	Mon., Sept. 25 Belasco
	THE NIGGERLOVERS, George Tabori (with music by Richard Peaslee)	Viveca Lindfors, Stacy Keach	Wed., Sept. 27 Orpheum
	THE TRIAL OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD, Amram Ducovney, Leo Friedman	Peter Masterson	Mon., Oct. 2 Brooks Atkinson
	FRAGMENTS, Murray Schisgal	Gene Hackman, Humbert Astrado, Tresa Hughes	Mon., Oct. 2 Cherry Lane
	BEYOND DESIRE, Constance Loux (from Pierre La Mure's novel)	Franchot Tone, Betsy von Furstenberg	Fri., Oct. 6 Theatre Four
	JOHNNY NO-TRUMP, Mary Mercier	Pat Hingle, Sada Thompson, Don Scardino	Sun., Oct. 8 Cort
	SCUBA DUBA, Bruce Jay Friedman	Jerry Orbach, Brenda Smiley	Sun., Oct. 8 New
	DAPHNE IN COTTAGE D, Stephen Levi	Sandy Dennis, William Daniels	Wed., Oct. 11 Longacre
	WHAT DID WE DO WRONG? Henry Denker	Paul Ford	Sun., Oct. 15 Helen Hayes
	THE BEARD, Michael McClure	Billie Dixon, Richard Bright	Tues., Oct. 24 Evergreen
	THE FREAKING OUT OF STEPHANIE BLAKE, Richard Chandler	Jean Arthur	Mon., Oct. 30 Eugene O'Neill
	MORE STATELY MANSIONS, Eugene O'Neill	Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Hill, Colleen Dewhurst	Tues., Oct. 31 Broadhurst
	NINETY DAY MISTRESS, J. J. Coyle	Walter Abel, Ruth Ford, Dyan Cannon	Mon., Nov. 6 Biltmore
	DUET FOR LISTENERS, Lawrence Holofcener	Marian Seldes, Gene Troobnick	Mon., Nov. 27
	SOMETHING DIFFERENT, Carl Reiner	Bob Dishy, Linda Lavin Claudia McNeil	Tues., Nov. 28 Cort
IMPORTED	THE POKER SESSION, Hugh Leonard	Al Settimio, Holland Taylor	Tues., Sept. 19 Martinique
	STEPHEN D, Hugh Leonard (James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*)	Stephen Joyce, William Prince, Flora Elkins, Joan White	Sun., Sept. 24 East 74th St.
	KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY, Bill Naughton	Patrick Magee, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Black	Wed., Sept. 27 Plymouth
	THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, Harold Pinter	Ruth White, Henderson Forsythe, Ed Flanders	Tues., Oct. 3 Booth
	SONG OF THE GRASSHOPPER, Alfred Paso	Alfred Drake, Diana Davila, Jan Farrand	Thurs., Oct. 5 ANTA
	A MINOR ADJUSTMENT, Eric Nicol	William Redfield, Joan Darling, Austin Willis	Fri., Oct. 6 Brooks Atkinson
	AFTER THE RAIN, John Bowen	Alec McCowen, Maureen Pryor, Alan McNaughton	Mon., Oct. 9 John Golden
	ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD, Tom Stoppard	Bryan Murray, John Wood, Robert Eddison	Tues., Oct. 10 Alvin
	BY GEORGE, Michael Voysey (from works of George Bernard Shaw)	Max Adrian	Thurs., Oct. 12 Lyceum
	THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Terence Frisby	Gig Young, Barbara Ferris, Rita Gam	Wed., Oct. 18 Music Box
	HALFWAY UP THE TREE, Peter Ustinov	Anthony Quayle	Tues., Nov. 7 Brooks Atkinson
	THE PROMISE, Alexei Arbuzov	Eileen Atkins, Ian McShane, Ian McKellen	Tues., Nov. 14 Henry Miller's
MUSICAL	NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN, Gretchen Cryer, Nancy Ford	Nils Hedrick, Dagne Crane, Steve Styles	Thurs., Sept. 28 De Lys
	MARLENE DIETRICH	Marlene Dietrich	Tues., Oct. 9 Lunt-Fontanne
	HENRY, SWEET HENRY, Robert Merrill (from Nora & Nunnally Johnson's *The World of Henry Orient*)	Don Ameche, Carole Bruce	Tues., Oct. 17 Palace
	HAIR, James Rado, Gerome Gagni, Galt McDermott		Tues., Oct. 17 Public
	How Now Dow Jones? Max J. Shulman, Elmer Bernstein, Carolyn Leigh	Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro	Sat., Nov. 25 Lunt-Fontanne

PERHAPS because there are ten Broadway musicals currently grossing more than $56,000 a week and therefore apt to keep the major musical comedy playhouses occupied for some time, the trend of the new season seems to be toward new plays. The twenty-eight of these listed on the left as opening before December represent a high for recent seasons. And this is especially so for those of American origin. Furthermore, there is promise of more new domestic plays to follow.

Scheduled are: Joseph Hayes's *The Deep End,* with Henry Fonda and Roddy McDowall (Dec. 6, ANTA); Seymour Vall's adaptation of Dan Greenberg's *How to Be a Jewish Mother,* with Molly Picon and Godfrey Cambridge (Dec. 26); Robert Anderson's latest, *I Never Sang for My Father* (Jan. 25); and Neil Simon's new comedy *Plaza Suite,* with Maureen Stapleton and George C. Scott (Feb. 14, Plymouth).

Other exciting possibilities are: Robert Alan Aurthur's *Carry Me Back to Morningside Heights;* Melvyn Douglas in Herman Shumlin's *I've Been Thinking* (adapted from Peter De Vries's novel); Jason Robards in Peter Barnes's comedy, *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie;* Samuel Taylor's *Avanti;* Edward Albee's adaptation of Giles Cooper's *Everything in the Garden;* Tennessee Williams's *The Kingdom of Earth;* and Arthur Miller's *The Price.*

Added to the imports is *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie,* with Zoe Caldwell. And forthcoming musicals include: *East of Eden, The Happy Time, Facade, The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P* L*A*N, The Golden Rainbow, Dumas and Son, Darling of the Day,* and *George M!* as well as a revised version of *The House of Flowers.*

In addition to the new works, there is an imposing list of ancient and modern classics planned. These include: *Life With Father,* with Dorothy Stickney and Leon Ames (Oct. 19, City Center); *Mirele Efros* and *Mother Courage* performed in Yiddish by Ida Kaminska and the Jewish State Theatre of Poland (Oct. 19 and 27, Billy Rose); Michael Cacoyannis's staging of *Iphigenia in Aulis,* with Irene Papas (late October, Circle in the Square); Mike Nichols's production of *The Little Foxes,* with Anne Bancroft, Margaret Leighton, George C. Scott, E. G. Marshall, and Geraldine Chaplin, (Oct. 26, Beaumont); *The Tenth Man,* with John Kerr and Maria Tucci (Nov. 8, City Center); *Pantagleize, The Show-Off,* and *The King Dies,* performed by the APA-Phoenix Repertory (Nov. 30, Dec. 5, and Jan. 10, Lyceum); John Hirsch's production of *Saint Joan* with Diana Sands (Jan. 4, Beaumont); and *Cyrano de Bergerac,* with Richard Basehart (Apr. 25, Beaumont).

—HENRY HEWES.

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Morley Safer's Sojourn

MORLEY SAFER, CBS News's perceptive, enterprising reporter, concluded his recent *Red China Diary* on television (a special program based on his twenty-day tour of Communist China in July) with a comment on the chasm that separates our society from that of the Chinese. The Red Guards whom he met in Peking, Sian, Yenan, Shanghai, and Canton, he said, displayed a tragic lack of curiosity about us. "And equally tragic to think," he added, "that for so long the reverse was true; that in the cool, unhurried world of democracy we could be equally oblivious, equally paranoiac."

An assumption that American interest in China might have modified the Marxist, Alice-in-Wonderland nonthink that he found on his trip, seems latent in Mr. Safer's reflection. A liberal thought—but it is not quite that simple. The history of China's relations with the West suggests an aggressive concern of Westerners to penetrate and disrupt ancient Confucian synthesis of values and institutions with modern technology and newfangled ideas. Safer chronicled his adventure as "a visit to another world." To the sixteenth-century Chinese, Jesuit missionaries who made landfalls on China's coast must have also seemed, in Toynbee's phrase, "uncanny visitants from some other planet."

China's modern history may be viewed, in the last century, as a series of desperate attempts to reconcile the divisive Western penetration with the stable unity of an older time. The Communists have chucked overboard entirely the ancient harmony, and have substituted the way of "struggle" for the new-old utopia. The CBS newsmen's exploit in getting behind the Bamboo Curtain is, as a matter of fact, directly in the tradition of Western cultural aggression. Safer traveled legitimately on a Canadian passport with a British cameraman. Their visas were issued in Paris; one of the pair reportedly represented himself as an amateur archeologist. Ultimately, their sound tapes and film became an American TV network's competitive "beat." In Western eyes this is exemplary, daring journalism, serving the public's "right to know."

Once "inside" Red China, the reporter and his partner, John Peters, obtained sound-on-film footage of actual conversations with Red Guards and Communist officials, all under formal auspices. This distinguishes the Safer report from previous televised glimpses of life inside Mao Tse-tung's perturbed fortress, which were able to deliver only silent footage with Western commentary. Since the journey was a standard, guided-tourist affair, there were no surprises. Safer was scrupulous in calling attention to improved living conditions of the people who hold the Mao thought in this "chaos of conformity"—no flies, litter, child prostitution, begging, and the food is apparently plentiful, with production climbing.

The reporter wanted to visit trouble centers, but the authorities declared them off-limits. Occasionally, through the censor's wall there was a furtive look at signs of opposition to the government. Safer was frightened most by the "hooliganism and blind faith" of the children. If Communist societies can be penetrated, the true thoughts of their fledglings are impervious, in China as in Russia. Safer wondered, as others have done before him, whether the adoration of Mao by the youngsters could be mere lip service.

Dismaying, indeed, was the anti-intellectualism of the young, their contempt for formal education and scholars. Features of Mao's supremacy have much in common with what Arthur Waley, in *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China,* calls the Realist philosophy of government, which dominated China around 221 B.C. Mr. Waley reported on the cunning and violence that ruled the time: "In the year 212, hundreds of scholars were executed or exiled, on the charge that they had criticized the regime." The people were to be kept dull and stupid, "incurious of all that lies beyond their own village and home. Mutual espionage, confession of crimes, punishment and reward by the state: force secures obedience, morality seldom. . . . 'What those above you consider right, you are all to consider right; what those above you consider wrong, you are all to consider wrong. . . . All talk of giving the people what they want is senseless because there is no limit to what they want.'"

The similarities are impressive—so much so, that one doubts one's own assumption that Western aggression alone is responsible for China's troubles. Mortal oppression predates Marx and Toynbee. The Realist rule in ancient China lasted only fifteen years. The questing human spirit tends, in the end, to repel as alien such rigidities. There is hope in this for the penetrated and the penetrators. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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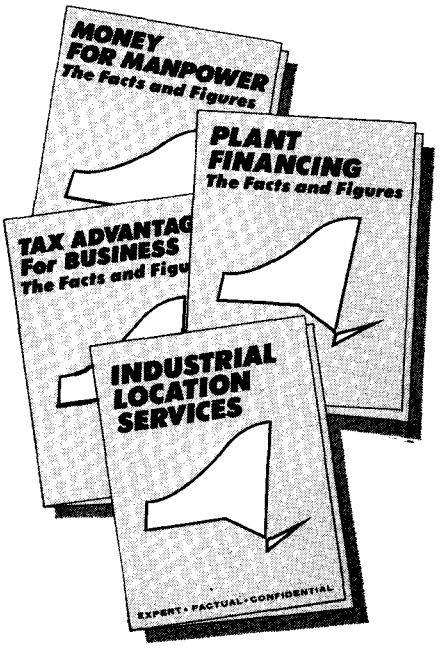

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Entertainment: "A Dividend"

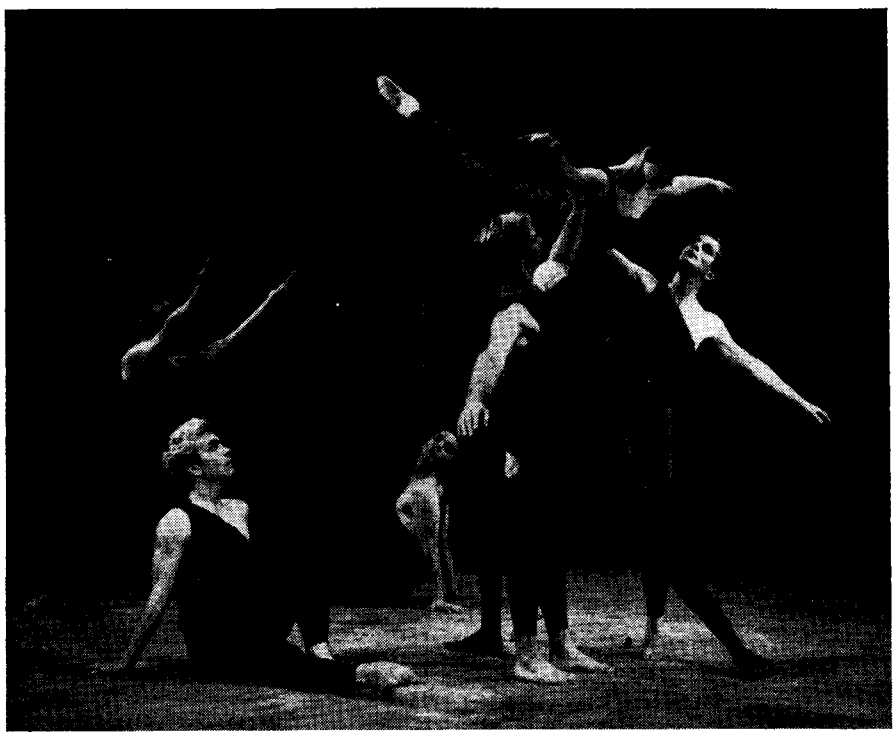
WATCH HILL, R.I.

DANCING in the summertime would seem to be inseparable from festival performances, or, at least, festive occasions. It may be so for vacationing dance buffs, but for young dancers and even teachers it is a time for work. Behind the scenes of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is its "University of the Dance," where, for nine weeks, students labor from early morning to the close of day. In fact, Ted Shawn, the Pillow's founder-director, tells the thousands of dancegoers who journey to his Berkshire hill that Jacob's Pillow is chartered as "an educational institution," that the festival performances are planned to supplement the students' training, and that "if you are entertained as well as educated, that is a dividend!"

Behind the American Dance Festival in New London is the Connecticut College School of the Dance, also a major enterprise in the field of dance education. Here in Watch Hill by the sea, there is no festival at all, but this, too, is a dance center where the Harkness Summer Workshop strives through an ambitious and carefully planned training program to build dancers of tomorrow.

Last summer, the Harkness Ballet was in residence, busy with classes and learning new ballets. This summer, the company had its headquarters in New York City at Harkness House for Ballet Arts, and the student program moved to Watch Hill, where youngsters from eighteen states and distant British Columbia took four, and sometimes five, classes each day plus rehearsing for a workshop demonstration. Most classes met in a two-story (two studios) converted firehouse, while others were held in the sprawling, handsome summer home of Rebekah Harkness, president of the Rebekah Harkness Foundation, which sponsors the Harkness Ballet and other major dance projects (free performances in New York's Central Park, public school lecture-demonstrations, urban and regional dance activities, and the like).

Jane Dudley returns to the stage in *The Brood* at Connecticut College.



Norman Walker's *Ceremonials* is danced by Jacob's Pillow students.

The culmination of this year's Harkness Summer Workshop was a program presented in the nearby Stonington, Connecticut, high school. The students, after a summer of training in ballet, modern dance, ethnic forms, dance composition, dance history, and music, were seen in twenty-one different dances, ranging from charming excerpts from the great classics of the ballet past to new creations by both professional and student choreographers, along with a successful leap into Afro-Caribbean and even African dance forms.

And what a joy it was to see these "dancers of tomorrow" and to indulge in predictions such as "She'll make it," "Wow! What a leap," "Look at that perfect ballet line," or "If there's a talent scout here, that boy and girl are set for the big time."

So successful was this season's Harkness Summer Workshop (a capacity enrollment) that Mrs. Harkness plans to extend it to two summer sessions next year. "I would like to have a six-week course for teachers to start off with, to show our training methods, and then have the regular six-week set of courses for the young students. I'd like the two, if possible, to overlap, so that the teachers who take the initial course not only learn our approach to training but later see how it is applied by our staff to our young students, our teen-agers."

In order to extend the program, Mrs. Harkness will have to expand the studio facilities at Watch Hill, and this she is prepared to do by obtaining extra housing and rehearsal facilities for a school which is already, in a brief span of time, making a major mark on the American dance scene.

The dance training aspects of the Harkness projects, however, are not centered exclusively in Watch Hill or in New York City. An exchange program—or perhaps it might be called "dance reciprocity"—has already been launched (the first of several), for a grant from the Rebekah Harkness Foundation has made it possible for a student from

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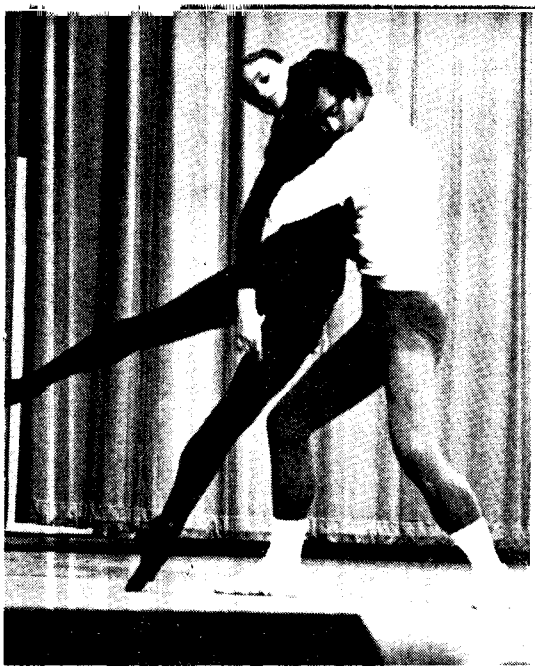

The Harkness Summer Workshop's George Hirano and Jeanette Vondersaar dance *Concierto de Aranjuez*.

Washington, D.C., to go to Calcutta where she will study Indian dance and teach ballet at the arts center headed by India's most famous dancer, Uday Shankar.

* * *

LEE, MASS.

THIS SUMMER at Jacob's Pillow students have also had their innings. The enrollees have danced on three separate and distinctly different programs. A Hawaiian, Edith McKinzie (her island name is "Evening Star"), used them delightfully in two smiling, swaying pieces; and Norman Walker, one of the most gifted of today's modern dance choreographers, created a modern dance work for them and also a ballet piece (he stages ballets, musicals, operas, and television performances, as well as modern-dance programs). The ballet work for Jacob's Pillow didn't come off too well—another ballet for the Harkness troupe is a big hit—but his other efforts on behalf of the students, as teacher and coach, have been wholly successful.

The Pillow also presented, along with great professionals from near and far, another student unit, the Indo-American Dance Group, all pupils at New York City's High School of the Performing Arts, trained in the ancient classical dances of India by Matteo, an ethnic dance expert. Did they make the grade? You should have heard the cheers echoing throughout the Ted Shawn Theater.

* * *

NEW LONDON, CONN.

THE LARGEST of all of New England's summertime dance schools was at Connecticut College, where 264 students gathered from thirty-nine states, the District of Columbia, and nine foreign lands. Ranging in age from fourteen to sixty-eight, they studied multiple approaches to modern dance, music for dance, Labanotation (the best of the dance scripts), critical writing for dance, and a wide range of supplementary courses.

There were a series of workshops where the dancers demonstrated what they had learned, what they felt, where they were going. The culmination of these workshops was "A Special Program of Dance," which saw José Limón's Advanced Studies Class perform "Variations and Conclusion" from the late Doris Humphrey's *New Dance*; a new and pictorially effective solo, choreographed and danced to strange sounds and in fascinating light pockets by Yuriko Kimura; and *The Brood*, a new and enormously powerful work created by Dick Kuch, this year's recipient of the Doris Humphrey Fellowship.

I was distressed that the staging in "Variations and Conclusion" did not employ the architectural levels, achieved by a series of platform-boxes, which Miss Humphrey had originated, for her great dance was designed for these three-dimensional forms. But I was deeply moved by *The Brood*, based on Berthold Brecht's play, *Mother Courage and Her Children*. The star was Jane Dudley, onetime soloist with Martha Graham and, of course, a member of the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio of two decades ago. Miss Dudley, made lame many years ago by a hip condition, performed on stage for the first time in fourteen years. Her characterization through movement of The Mother was brilliant—New York and, indeed, the whole United States should see it—and it wasn't just nostalgia that worked the magic. A new generation was seeing Miss Dudley for the first time. Said a young dancer as Miss Dudley finished uncountable curtain calls, "I didn't know she was lame. I thought she moved the way she did because she's an artist." He was right.

—WALTER TERRY.

Geosocial Revolution

Continued from page 33

within a decade, will for the first time completely interconnect the nation's electrical generation and transmission systems, bringing such important cost reductions and profit increases that both the public and private ownership sectors will be vastly advantaged.

Such UHV long-distance energy transmissions as from generators in Newfoundland to New York City will mean elimination of smog, not only from New York City but from the majority of all cities. Step-ups to 1,000,000 volts also will make economically feasible the intercontinental linkage not only of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but also of the American continents, and, in the not-too-distant future, of North America with Kamachatka (linked over or under the Bering Straits), and thence with both the Russian and Chinese networks. This will occur in time to greatly accelerate step-ups in the Eastern Siberian and, above all, the swift Oriental energy-intellect-wealth distribution. The energy-intellect-wealth advantage accruing to these last interlinkages will be the optimum because they will link low nighttime loads of one hemisphere with the high daytime loads of the other.

SUCH energy-wealth advantages will be so vast as to tend swiftly to cancel out ideological differences. "If that's Socialism—I'm a Socialist," and, "If that's Capitalism, it's ideal for the commonwealth augmentation of the masses," will be heard where dogmas to the contrary once prevailed.

Revolution by design and invention is the only revolution tolerable to all men, all societies, and all political systems anywhere. Every nation welcomed and employed the transistor. All will welcome technical-economic desalinization. All the world, properly informed of the significance of the design and invention revolution, will applaud it.

Before Marriage

By Norman Jackson

BEFORE marriage,
Her body seemed unnatural,
Distant, mysterious
And forbidden by her mother.
Yet all his dreams were of a marshy pool,
Warm with foolish lilys.
Awake and older,
When her finger took his ring,
Their flesh was too corruptible
To maintain the dream.
For while they hoped for love,
Their arms around each other's oak,
They felt the parting heat of paradise.

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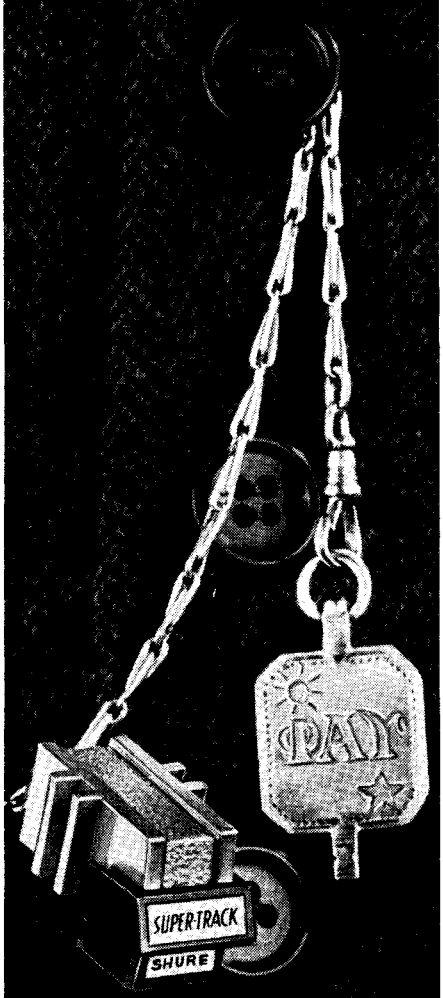

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V-15 TYPE II SUPER TRACK
high fidelity
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Moscow in Montreal

MONTREAL.

HOW the Bolshoi Opera presents works outside the Russian repertoire was not to be learned from the fifteen performances given in Montreal during August as part of the Expo 67 World Festival. But what was demonstrated by the first half hour of Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh* was that the troupe's intellectual and emotional belief in the artistic realities of the Russian operas offered would triumph easily over limitations that would cripple any non-Russian company. Those limitations included voices that (from a Western point of view) were very often pleasant only in the deeper ranges—and the relatively small area of the stage of Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier in the Place des Arts. Much of the scenery, and elements of the staging, had to be scaled down from their full grandeur on the stage of Moscow's Bolshoi (that is, "Big") Theater. One learned quickly not to concentrate on the limitations, but to be increasingly grateful for the rare special virtues.

Perhaps the most important contribution to the stylistic rightness comes from the staging—"realistic" even in fantasy, and therefore supporting both libretto and music (all nineteenth century, as I did not hear the Prokofiev *War and Peace*) rather than arguing with them, as "modern" staging would be almost certain to do. If simplicity is required, it is produced; if pictorial gorgeousness of throne room or ballroom is wanted, it is lavished in operatically full measure. The rightness extends to both the orchestral sound—"Russian" in the best, or appropriate, sense—and the conducting of Gennadi Rozhdestvensky and Boris Khaykyn, to whom the scores are native. It extends, too, to the singing and stage deportment of the singers, even when neither is, by Western measurements, "beautiful" or "up-to-date." Everything is of a piece, an entirety at the service of librettist and composer. The overall result is musical theater of complete conviction.

Kitezh is a three-act opera of mystic violence, with music that is less colorful-fairy-tale and more human-romantic than that of, say, *Le Coq d'or* or *Sadko*. Rozhdestvensky led a constantly engaging, breathing performance, in which he was excellently abetted by all of his large cast except the Fevronia (T. Tugarinova), whose acid-reedy voice came near to destroying the unity of the performance. *Kitezh* is no more Rimsky's *Magic Flute* than *Die Frau ohne Schatten* is Strauss's, though it has been called just that. It is, however, a serious score in which little of Rimsky's cynicism (music as a colorful deception) is evident, and it brims with attractive music once it passes an opening scene of crippling thematic poverty. In this staging, it is an opera I should like to hear again.

Then came *Boris Godunov* in what seemed to be an arrangement of the Rimsky-Korsakov refashioning (the programs give almost no information on editions and versions). Khaykyn conducted magnificently; the orchestra responded with propulsive precision and an astonishingly wide gamut of color. Under L. Baratov's stage direction, A. Ognievzev presented an imposing Czar, using his baritonish bass voice and his expressive body and face to create a suffering but reasonably restrained human being. The "Coronation Scene" and the Polish ball were handsome pageants; the chorus, as everywhere in these performances, was a totally responsive and accurate component of the ensemble. The other characterizations were superbly fitted into the totality, which ended with the death of Boris amid tolling bells and soft chanting. One really has not heard that great flawed opera completely until one has heard it sung in Russian by Russians. A large part of its almost hallucinatory power resides in the sounds of the Russian language and the way in which Mussorgsky's score responded to it. As ever (in my view), the Polish act was less impressive than its neighbors. But the theatrical reality of every scene was unquestionable.

To me, the happy surprise was the excellence of the *Queen of Spades*, which one early report had pictured as a catastrophe. Not at all. The production served Pushkin and both Tchaikovskys—Modest, the librettist, and Peter Ilyich, the composer—as I have not seen them served before in this opera. Not a condensation like that recently heard at the Metropolitan, this production is sure of itself from the excellently handled opening scene on the bank of the Neva (complete with children's chorus) to Gherman's pitiable suicide.

Gherman is conceived as unbalanced from the first. He becomes more and more monomaniacal. With a character so consecutively planned, the fact that Z. Andzshaparidze was not a very clever actor mattered little. As the old Countess, V. Levko was a clever actress indeed. The best singing (in our Western sense) was that of the Lisa—T. Milash-

(*Continued on page 73*)

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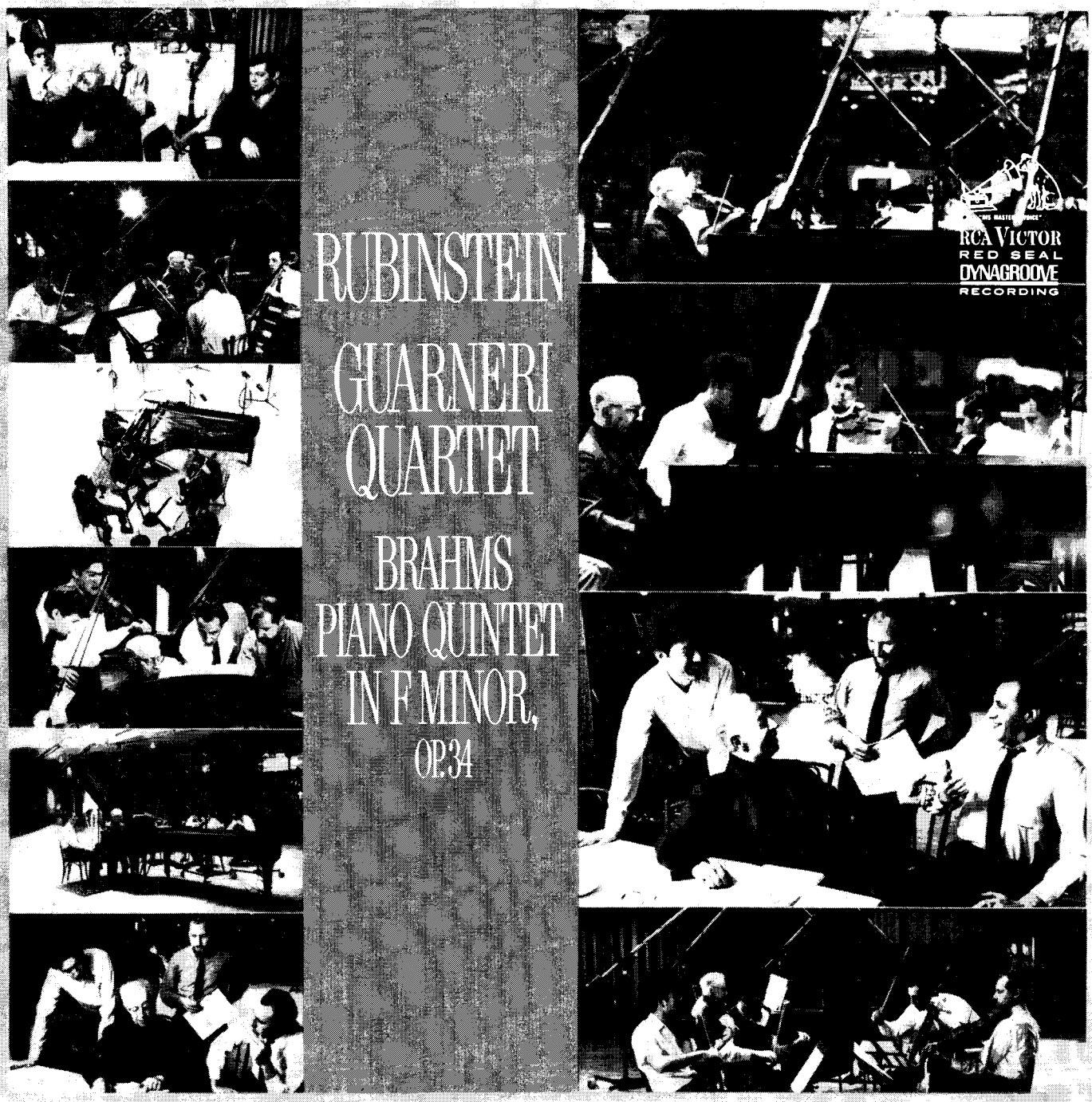

The beginning of an historic love affair.

Artur Rubinstein joins the Guarneri Quartet in one of the great quintets of chamber music literature: Brahms Piano Quintet in F Minor. And the results of this dazzling collaboration show what can happen when there is a total meeting of the minds and hearts of distinguished virtuosi. After this recording, everyone was so delighted that plans were immediately made for recording more repertoire. This is the first album in an important new series — a recording that every Rubinstein collector, Guarneri Quartet admirer and chamber music lover will want to own. Doesn't that include you?

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HI-FI IN THE HALLS OF HILTON

THE FALL focal point for those in the New York area shopping for new audio products has long been on or close by 34th Street and Eighth Avenue—either at the New Yorker Hotel or, more recently, in the New York Trade Show Building. This year introduces a third locale: the New York Statler Hilton Hotel (better known to some as the old Pennsylvania), on Seventh Avenue between 31st and 32nd Streets. Exhibits of the New York Hi-Fi Show will be divided between the second and third floors, in a time period a week earlier than has hitherto been customary. The dates are Thursday, September 21, to Sunday, September 24. On Thursday and Friday the show will be open to the public from 3:30 to 10 p.m. On Saturday, attendants will be welcome from noon to 10 p.m., and again on Sunday the show will open at noon, but will close at 6 p.m. The seminars and lectures that have been popular during the last two shows will also be presented in this one.

Of the many products on display, receivers (combining tuner, amplifier, and receiver on a single chassis) make up a faster-growing segment of today's audio market, and will consequently be more numerous than products of any other category (except, perhaps, speakers). KLH has produced a distinctively styled receiver, its Model 27, with separate vernier tuning dials and knobs for both AM and FM radio. Kenwood, a manufacturer of receivers but not of separate tuners, will have six new models on hand, three of them with Field Effect Transistor (FET) circuits for greater resistance to strong-signal overload. One of their receivers is also available with speakers to make a complete AM/FM stereo system for less than $250 (phono and tape deck may be added at the owner's convenience). Marantz will be showing its first first receiver, the Model 18, with 40 watts (rms) of power per channel, for $595. Like the Marantz tuner, the Model 18 has a built-in oscilloscope which not only displays signal strength and center of channel tuning, but also alerts the user to distortion due to antenna misalignment and multipath reflections. The tuner section incorporates a "passive" front end, claimed to eliminate strong-signal overload problems, and tape input and output jacks are duplicated on the front panel for convenience in tape dubbing.

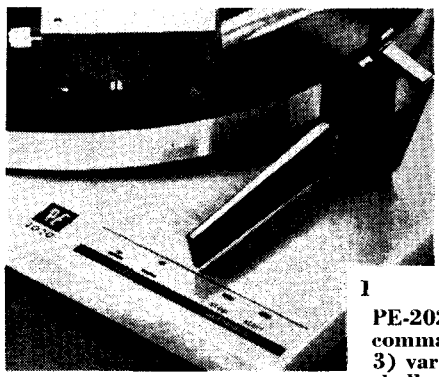
Harman-Kardon, now once again owned by co-founder Sid Harman, continues its Nocturne receiver series with the Model 520 FM and 530 AM-FM stereo 70-watt receivers. Both feature MOSFET (Metal-Oxide Silicon FET) front ends, and the "disappearing" dials introduced in last year's Nocturnes. Sherwood's new all-silicon S-7800 receiver also features both an FET front end and Integrated Circuit (IC) electronics; other features include a center-channel output for monophonic listening or filling the "hole-in-the-middle" when listening to stereo in large rooms.

Scott and Fisher, both with product lines among the most extensive in the industry, will feature receivers galore (as well, of course, as tuners, amplifiers, speakers, compact systems, and – in Scott's case, at least—console systems). Other receivers will be featured by Pioneer, Altec, Bogen, Sansui, Electro-Voice, Eico, and TEAC (about whom more will be said later).

Born of solid-state technology that could shoehorn a complete amplifier and tuner into a turntable base, receivers have become the second-fastest-growing component in audio popularity. Benjamin, importer of the ELAC/Miracord automatic turntables and now of the EMI "dangerous" loudspeakers as well, has combined both products with electronics of their own to produce two new compact systems. An optional module that fits under either of Benjamin's new systems adds recording and playback facilities for Philips cassettes to the system. Harman-Kardon's SC-2520 compact has cassette record/playback built in (their other two compacts do not). And Bogen's MSC-1, with integral playback for eight-track cartridges, now features Bogen's new Model 2520 speakers (as does Bogen's MSR-1, without Stereo-8).

Electro-Voice's entry in the complete-system race is their "starter set," combining two E-V 11 speakers with their 1277 FM only or 1278 FM/AM 65-watt stereo receivers. Compass Communications Corporation, a newcomer to the audio field, will show their "Triphonic 75" music system, designed by Paul Weathers (himself no newcomer). The "Triphonic" system consists of a "three-channel" FM receiver, one full-range speaker for each channel, and a separate speaker reinforcing the bass for both channels below 100 Hz (cycles per second). Each speaker is fed by its own 25-watt amplifier, and the entire system of receiver and three speakers weighs only 26.5 pounds (a portable carrying case is available). Scott, Fisher, and, presumably, KLH will also show compact systems.

With the rush to receivers, few new tuners have been announced, but at least two of them are of special interest: the new Acoustech VIII-K and the new Grundig. The VIII-K is the first tuner in Acoustech's Add-A-Kit line. To the basic



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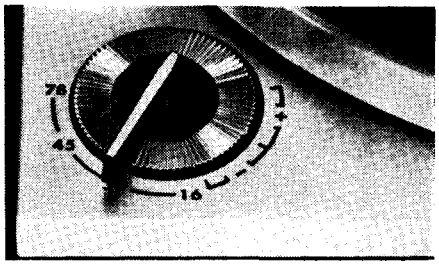
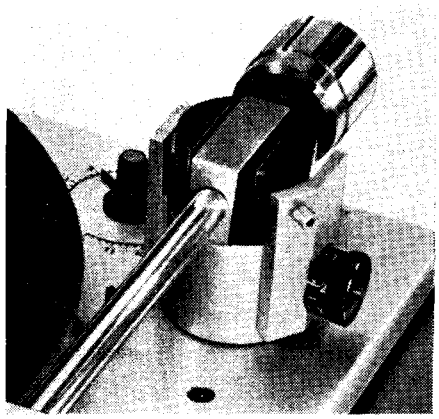


3

PE-2020 Automatic Turntable—1) simplified command center; 2) the robot tone-arm pivot; 3) variable speed and pitch control; 4) cartridge shell features the exclusive 15-degree stylus.



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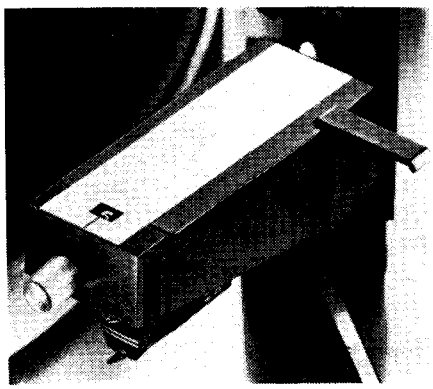

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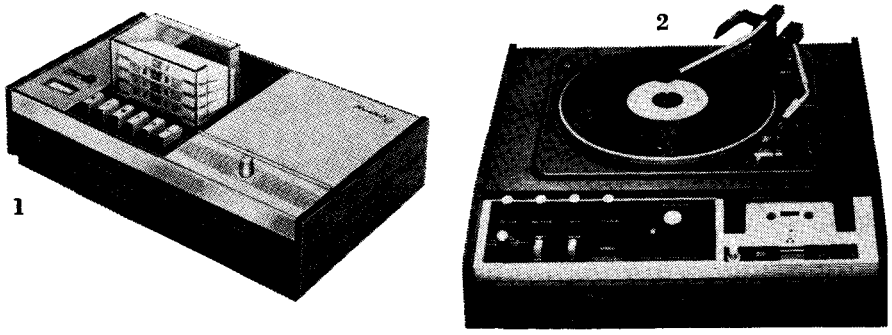

1) Norelco 2502 automatic stereo cassette changer; 2) SC 2520 solid-state compact music system, 30-watt AM/FM stereo receiver with Garrard record changer and record and playback tape cassette.

FM tuner kit, one can add AM reception and amplifier modules (the latter intended only to drive headphones or very high-efficiency speakers). Grundig's RT 40V tuner includes long-wave and two short-wave bands, in addition to the usual (for the United States) AM and FM bands. Like most European firms, Grundig (now making their debut on the U.S. component market) has had much experience with short-wave reception, and short-wave facilities will be included in their consoles as well as their tuner models. Among U.S. manufacturers, only Fisher makes a tuner with both short-wave and AM/FM facilities. EICO's Cortina series includes an FM tuner as well as a receiver and separate amplifier, all available in kit or wired form, and Scott has announced three new tuners (including one kit).

Now that they've proved themselves capable of tender record handling and good performance, automatic turntables are taking over the major share of the record-playing market. The automatic's rise to respectability after years of record-crunching ignominy is symbolized in part by the ubiquitousness of such deluxe features as antiskating (not needed in the days when the automatics' tone-arm bearing-friction was greater than the skating force that tends to pull the stylus toward the record center) and cueing that sets the tone arm down without manual help on any portion of the record.

New types of changer mechanisms have virtually eliminated wear of record center-holes. Tone arms now track easily at the lightest pressures recommended for today's best cartridges. Today's best automatics are every bit a match for their manual-play competitors – when played manually.

When used as automatics, there are at least four faults for the manual-play purist to deplore: The tone arm may be set down automatically on a rotating but recordless turntable (or on the portion of the table not covered by a seven-inch or 10-inch record), causing damage to the record stylus; record surface wear may be accelerated when a nonrotating record drops onto a rotating one; the angle of the stylus to the record (supposedly the standard 15 degrees) will vary as the height of the record stack grows; and on some units, the speed of play will vary according to the number of records on the platter. Of these problems, Garrard claims to have conquered one, and Elpa's new PE-2020 to have conquered one and a half.

Garrard's new Synchro-Lab motor claims to have ended the speed-constancy problem with its combination of synchronous and induction-motor characteristics. The "induction" section of the motor's armature supplies high starting torque and instant acceleration to the correct synchronous speed. The "synchronous" section then locks into the 60-cycle line current frequency to maintain speed accuracy.

Elpa's PE-2020 features a "Robot" tone-arm pivot that will not let the stylus set down where there is no record. If the record is smaller than the turntable platter, the arm will home in on it, with no need to preset the record size (and you can intermix discs of different sizes, too). If there is no record there at all, the arm won't leave its rest position. The half-solved problem is that of tracking angle. When playing a stack of records manually, you can set the stylus-angle control on the cartridge shell exactly the optimum 15 degrees for each record as you play it. Other automatics have their stylus angles optimized for about the second or third record on the stack, calculated for best results with record stacks of "average" size—with the PE-2020, you can optimize it for the middle record of the stack you're playing, no matter how few or many discs are in that stack.

Dual and ELAC/Miracord both will present new models at $89.50 incorporating the basic features of their top-of-the-line models, including antiskating and cueing. BSR's three automatics are all available as "total turntable systems," complete with cartridge, wood base, and dust cover, ready to plug in and use. United Audio's Dual exhibit will again feature the fluorescent Aniform puppets that chat with the audience; it may be the show's closest approach to a psychedelic experience.

Adherents of the manual turntable will nevertheless have their day. Marantz will show their SLT-12U turntable with straight-line tracking that totally eliminates tracking error; unlike the previous SLT-12 whose cartridge was built in, this version accepts most standard cartridges. Elpa will balance their PE-2020 with the Thorens TD150 turntable and Ortofon RS-212 arm. The two-speed TD150 has its tone-arm board and platter suspended together to minimize vibration and acoustic feedback; the tone-arm board is interchangeable to permit new tone arms to be mounted without leaving the unsightly mounting holes from previous arms. The Ortofon arm has its antiskating and tracking force controls cross-coupled; once the antiskating ratio has been set for the type and size of stylus in use, the antiskating force will automatically vary with the stylus pressure, with no resetting needed.

Sony's turntable and arm of uniquely elegant appearance will again be on hand, as presumably will be the Acoustic Research turntable, whose drive system has recently been redesigned. Another Elpa import, the Ortofon cartridge, is available in a new model designed for automatic use. Shure's new Hi-Track M75E and M756 cartridges may also be used in automatics (though the better changers can also accept Shure's higher-priced V-15 Type II).

Most expensive of the cartridges will probably be Kenwood's new Photo-Electric cartridge (under $120). The stylus arm moves a screen which controls the light reaching a pair of photodiodes, rather than directly controlling the cartridge's electrical output. A preamplifier is built into the cartridge. Pickering's new line will feature their "Dust-A-Matic" stylus assembly, as will Stanton's new Calibration Standard model. Empire is introducing a new Model 999 cartridge.

Automation rears its head in tape as well as disc fields: Norelco will show their 2502 cassette changer (also their 2600 stereo cassette player for the car and a reel-to-reel recorder); TEAC will make its first consumer appearance with a broad line of self-reversing, reel-to-reel recorders (a feature likely to be found on Sony and other recorders, too); and Superscope may have available the Sony reel-to-reel tape changer which enjoyed such success at the June Consumer Electronic Show.

Portables will be in the news, with Uher's 4400 stereo version of their well-known 4000-L portable, Concertone's 770 stereo portable that takes seven-inch tape reels, and the long-awaited appear-

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ance of Tandberg's Model 11 portable. Tandberg will also show two-track playback and record/playback decks for the Fidelipac-type, endless-loop tape cartridge, and both Dual and BSR will introduce new tape decks.

In a rare departure from its devotion to receivers, Kenwood will present its new Supreme 1 amplifier, actually two preamplifiers and six amplifiers on a single chassis. Each of the two stereo channels has separate amplifiers to feed woofer, midrange, and tweeter with the crossover frequency and level adjustable for each of the six resulting amplifier channels. Sony will also show a multichannel amplifier system.

Fisher's new TX1000 120-watt amplifier features a unique four-position tape monitor switch. In addition to the normal OFF and ON (stereo) positions, it permits monitoring of the tape recorder's left-channel or right-channel outputs individually. Front-panel headphone and tape jacks are provided, as is a switchable center-channel output on the rear panel.

Dynaco's new PAT-4 solid-state stereo preamp also features a front-panel output for tape or headphone use, plus a front-panel input for tape recorders or electrified musical instruments. Acoustic Research's new amplifier (their first electronic product, and their second nonspeaker) will make its debut, as will several new models from Scott, C/M and Bogen, Electro-Voice. TEAC, as befits a tape recorder manufacturer, has connections and switches on its new preamplifier for three tape recorders, and features built-in tape copy and sound-on-sound switching. Their matching stereo power amplifier has 100 watts dynamic power output per channel; TEAC appears to be the first manufacturer to apply the IHF's new dynamic power rating system.

The big speaker is making its comeback. Stereo's need for two speakers where one had formerly sufficed seemed at one time to sound the knell for all but bookshelf-sized speaker systems, but this year big speakers are back. Jensen's new "Ultimate" 1200XL, for instance, contains four of their 15-inch flexair woofers, plus midrange, super-tweeter, and ultra-tweeter speakers for a rated frequency response of 15-25,000 Hz. The 1200XL is available in a variety of cabinet styles, each about the size of a complete radio-phonograph console. The remainder of Jensen's new line is, of course, smaller. Hartley's Model V-A Concertmaster is the company's first three-way system. Its woofer is 24 inches in diameter, its midrange is a 10-inch speaker, with a 7-inch tweeter for the high end. The Concertmaster is also available in a two-way version, to which the third speaker and crossover can be added at any time.

Tannoy, long-time adherents to the big-speaker concept, announce their new "Monitor Told" series of 15-, 12-, and 10-inch coaxial speakers, utilizing a new crossover design. Neshaminy, whose JansZen designs seem to grow a little bit each year, announces their new Z900, using two of their 350D dynamic woofers and four of their 130 electrostatic radiator tweeters; rated frequency response is 20-30,000 Hz. More moderate in style are University's "Mediterranean" and "Sorrento" systems, Bozak's "Moorish" speaker and equipment cabinets, and the larger Wharfedales.

On the smaller side, we have Wharfedale's first acoustic-suspension speaker systems, the Empire "kitten" (available with cushion top for sitting or marble tops for end-table use), Bogen's new SS250 speaker systems, the "warm-toned" JBL 88, KLH's new Model 22, the four new additions to the YTC Maximus series, the Electro-Voice E-V 5-A and E-V 8, and some new speakers from TEAC. And on the smallest side, are the headphones, with new models announced by Sharpe, Superex, Koss, and David Clark. —IVAN BERGER.

Directory of the 1967 Hi-Fi Show

Acoustech. Solid-state amplifiers, preamplifiers and tuners, factory-wired and kit form. Electrostatic speaker/amplifier units. 312A, 314A.

Acoustic Research. Loudspeaker systems, turntables, new amplifier. 287, 289, 293.

Altec Lansing. Speakers, speaker systems, receivers. 340, 344.

Audio Dynamics. Phonograph cartridges, speaker systems, receivers. 214A, 216A.

Aztec. Loudspeaker systems. 271.

Benjamin. ELAC/Miracord automatic turntables and phono cartridges, EMI loudspeaker systems, Benjamin compact system. 280, 284.

Bogen. Receivers, amplifiers, tuners, compact music systems, speakers, turntables. 310A.

Bozak. Loudspeakers, speaker systems, speaker and equipment cabinets, public-address equipment. 210A, 212A.

British Industries. Garrard record-playing equipment, Wharfedale speakers. 231, 232, 236, 348.

BSR. BSR McDonald automatic turntables, tape recorder. 200, 201.

David Clark. Stereo headphones. 306.

C/M. Solid-state amplifiers and preamplifiers. 306A.

Compass. "Triphonic" receiver/speaker system. 219A.

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Electro-Voice. Loudspeakers and speaker systems, amplifiers, tuners, receivers, microphones. 309A, 313A.

Elpa. PE automatic turntables, Thorens manual turntables, Ortofon tone arms and cartridges; Beyer microphones, ReVox recorders, Editall splicing and editing equipment. 240, 244.

Empire. Loudspeakers, phono cartridges. 235, 239.

Fisher. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners, receivers, speakers, compact systems. 343, 339, 345.

Grado. Phono cartridges, tone arm, turntable. 203.

Grundig, Triumph, Adler. Grundig amplifiers, tuners, consoles, and tape recorders. 202.

Harman-Kardon. Receivers, compact systems, speakers, amplifiers, tuners. 331, 335.

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Jensen. Speakers and speaker systems. 359, 360.

Kenwood. Receivers, amplifier, speakers. 243.

KLH. Speakers, compact systems, receiver, amplifier, tuner. 203A, 206A, 209A.

Koss/Rek-O-Kut. Koss headphones, Rek-O-Kut tone arms and turntables. 227, 228.

James B. Lansing. Speakers and speaker systems, amplifiers, preamplifiers. 264, 266.

Marantz. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuner, receiver, turntable. 317A.

Martel. Uher tape recorders. Telmar amplifiers, and tape recorders, SJB tape cartridge units. 319A.

Neshaminy. JansZen speaker systems. 332.

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Legacy of John Coltrane

John Coltrane—"challenged himself."

THE SUDDEN, unexpected death in July of tenor and soprano saxophonist John Coltrane robbed the younger generation of jazz musicians of one of its most respected and influential figures. Even those of an older generation of fans and musicians who sometimes shook their heads in puzzled disapproval at his later work knew that he had followed his muse faithfully and honorably. And both generations knew that, cut off prematurely as it was, his music left behind many technical and esthetic problems for jazz—problems that perhaps only Coltrane himself could have resolved.

Most of us first heard him some twelve years ago as a member of the Miles Davis Quintet, and he was then already an original musician, original in the most important way for a jazz man, in rhythm. For, much as Charlie Parker subdivided the jazz that had preceded him rhythmically, Coltrane seemed to want to subdivide it even further. If one can say that, roughly, Charlie Parker thought rhythmically in eighth notes, Coltrane seemed to think in sixteenths.

Otherwise Coltrane was a kind of contemporary Coleman Hawkins. Most tenor saxophonists who had assayed Parker's idiom had admired Hawkins's big sound and harmonic precision, but they preferred Lester Young's linear inventiveness, and his dancing rhythmic variety, to Hawkins's more or less regularly delivered arpeggios. But Coltrane, like Hawkins, was a vertical player.

Coltrane was also an assertive player, with a strong and almost brittle edge to his saxophone sound, unlike anything that jazz had heard before him. But there was a shyness and reticence to him also that showed itself in his early solos in an occasional fumbling of notes, particularly in terminal phrases.

It was prophetic that one of Coltrane's best solos from his stay with Miles Davis should have been on Thelonious Monk's piece "'Round Midnight," for it was during a subsequent stay with Monk that all the powers implicit in the saxophonist's early work asserted themselves. He became a prodigious harmonicist, but, guided by Monk pieces like "Trinkle Tinkle," he was an orderly soloist at the same time. And the lessons learned while he was with Monk showed themselves on Coltrane's own LPs as well. The title piece on *Blue Train* has an eeriness and mystery that stayed with him in much of his subsequent work. "Locomotion," from the same LP, has his rhythmic sense at perhaps its fullest development.

But at this point, Coltrane was a leader only in recording studios. Otherwise he had rejoined Miles Davis, and one of his best solos with him was again on a Monk piece, the blues piece called "Straight, No Chaser."

"Coltrane," Davis said to him, "You don't have to play *every*thing!" The statement is perhaps apocryphal, but it is nevertheless indicative. For Coltrane was still thinking vertically, and he seemed prepared to gush out every conceivable note, run his way a step at a time through every complex chord, every extension, and every substitution, and go beyond that by reaching for sounds that no tenor saxophone had ever uttered before him.

Then came the Miles Davis "modal" pieces like "So What" and "All Blues," which virtually reversed the course of modern jazz and the techniques that had occupied its players since the mid-1940s. It was as if Davis had said, "Let's stop playing on complex chords and fancy harmonic substitutions. Let's see how interesting we can be on just a chord or two. Or let's forget about chords as such and just play around with a scale or two." On those pieces John Coltrane was interesting indeed, and the approach to jazz improvisation that they suggested occupied him in one sense or another for the rest of his life.

He left Miles Davis and went out on

(*Continued on page* 72)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS : JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Dave Brubeck: *Bravo! Brubeck!* Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums; Benjamin Correa, guitar; Salvador Aqueros, conga and bongos. Columbia stereo, CS 9495, $4.79; mono, CL 2695, $4.79.	The impending breakup of the famous Brubeck quartet would, in any case, lend additional significance to this set, but it also happens to have been recorded (well) in Mexico with the participation of two first-class Mexican musicians. "Jazz," Brubeck claims, "is a huge sponge," and in this case it has absorbed a number of traditional Mexican songs that he had studied intelligently before crossing the border. The material enhances both his variegated approach and Desmond's wistful delicacy. Aqueros, a brilliant jazz drummer in his own right, comes into his own on the up-tempo "La Bamba," where he and Morello duet with quick wit and remarkable expertise.
Jaki Byard: *Live! Vol. 2.* Byard, piano; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone, flute, and drums; George Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums and vibraphone. Prestige, mono and stereo, 7477, $4.79.	Byard always introduces strong elements of improvisation and surprise into any context in which he plays, but where many jazz "workshops" sound like the work of earnest, untutored amateurs, his always contain creative experiments on a professional level. "Bass-ment Blues," which runs for nearly twelve minutes, is an apparently completely spontaneous performance of astonishing variety. One of its peaks occurs when Byard tells Tucker to "Walk it!" This leads to a highly charged rhythmic passage that is followed by Byard's resorting unexpectedly—but effectively—to the "stride" idiom (he seems to be equally fluent in all the jazz piano idioms), by Farrell on flute, and by an unaccompanied bass solo from Tucker. Alan Dawson is a great source of strength throughout, not least on the up-tempo opener where he plays vibes. A wild "Ballad Medley" echoes the satirical content of Byard's preceding announcement.
Aretha Franklin: *Aretha Arrives.* Aretha Franklin, vocal and piano; with eleven-piece band, string section, and vocal groups. Atlantic stereo, SD 8150, $5.79; mono, 8150, $5.79.	Aretha Franklin, an exciting and immensely gifted singer, has finally won the popularity that was long her obvious due. This and her previous Atlantic album (*I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You,* 8139) are best sellers. The means by which the success was achieved are interesting to study. On earlier records she was less experienced, but she sang with comparable fire and conviction, so Atlantic's know-how in terms of recording balance, devising accompaniments, and selection of material must be given considerable credit. (The kind of sound and backgrounds the public now favors are deplorable, but with stereo the volume of the instrumentalists may profitably be reduced in relation to the voice.) Miss Franklin's two sisters assist her in some well-projected harmonizing. Her fervently swooping gospel style has great impact at bright tempos, and she can make something very moving of a slow blues like "Going Down Slow"; but Cecil Gant's "I Wonder," which has inspired several fine performances, is among the few disappointments here.
Lionel Hampton: *Jazz Man for All Seasons.* Hampton, vibraphone; with trio, quartet, and big band. Folkways, mono and stereo, FJ-2871, $5.79.	This record contains nine selections from previously issued Glad LPs, several of which were reviewed here. They show Hampton in different settings, in Europe and Japan, and they demonstrate his open-mindedness and ability to meet musical challenges. On the other three tracks he plays with members of his "Inner Circle," the small group with which he now usually appears. "The Price of Jazz" is trivial, but "C Minor Blues" is a lengthy, understated performance with pleasing solos by Hampton, Billy Mackel (guitar), Zeke Mullins (piano), and Lawrence Burgan (bass). "Tenderly," on which Mackel is replaced by Kenny Burrell, is one more example of how imaginatively Hampton can improvise on a ballad. The set has long and informative notes by Charles Edward Smith.
Lightnin' Hopkins: *Something Blue.* Hopkins, vocal and guitar; John Ewing, trombone; Jimmy Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums. Verve-Folkways stereo, FTS-3013, $4.79; mono, FT-3013, $3.79.	Hopkins has recorded prolifically in the last decade and now has more albums listed in Schwann than any other blues singer of repute. The fact that he has not compromised to the extent others have done has evidently been appreciated. This excellent collection is full of his unforced charm and relaxed swing. Palmer, who has good time, backs him firmly, and on two tracks Ewing contributes suitably earthy solos. The clear, ungimmicked recording is in marked contrast with that on *Super Blues* (Checker 3008), where Muddy Waters and Little Walter are unhappily allied with Bo Diddley. Contemporary though the big beat and reverberation may be, in this instance they mainly result in clumsiness and confusion.
Junior Mance: *Harlem Lullaby.* Mance, piano and harpsichord; Gene Taylor or Bob Cunningham, bass; Ray Lucas, Alan Dawson, or Bobby Thompson, drums. Atlantic stereo, SD 1479, $5.79; mono, 1479, $5.79.	Mance plays "The Uptown" and "St. James Infirmary" on the electric harpsichord with very satisfying results. His work should be compared with that of Hank Jones on a similar instrument in *Happenings* (Impulse 9132). Jones's approach is more sophisticated, but it is evident that the instrument lends itself extremely well to jazz, its tangy sound combining some of the better features of the electric guitar and Hammond organ. On piano, Mance is a no-frills, straight-ahead performer who infuses a blues feeling into everything he does. Gentle but unsentimental interpretations of "I'm Falling for You"—a worthy revival from 1940—and his own "Harlem Lullaby" make for a good change of pace.
Lonnie Smith: *Finger-Lickin' Good Soul Organ.* Smith, organ; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; King Curtis, tenor saxophone; Ron Cuber, baritone saxophone; George Benson, guitar; Melvin Sparks, drums. Columbia stereo, CS-9496, $4.79; mono, CL-2696, $4.79.	Smith is the organist previously heard on George Benson's Columbia albums, and here he is deservedly given more room to "stretch out." Although none of the performances is as long as those customary with such organists as his namesake Jimmy, he gets into his stride quickly and swings with a kind of joyous abandon. Indeed, he probably swings more than any of his predecessors on the instrument, and "Can't You Just Feel It," "Keep Talkin'," "My Babe," and "Our Miss Brooks" each provide good material for comparisons. Unlike most jazz organists, he was never a pianist, and this may account for the total identification with his instrument that emerges in the music.
Various Artists: *Classic Jazz Piano Styles.* Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Earl Hines, Jimmy Yancey, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons, piano. RCA Victor, mono only, LPV-543, $5.79.	The main currents in jazz piano playing before Bud Powell are shown attractively in this set. The gradual diminution of the ragtime influence is traced in solos by first Morton, then Waller, and thirdly Hines. Four titles by Yancey and the duo of Johnson and Ammons illustrate boogie woogie, a blues idiom supposedly closer to African dance rhythms and with few obvious European roots. Although the Armstrong-influenced "trumpet" style Hines developed now occupies a central position, the role of his left hand and its rhythmic implications were crucial in deciding future directions. He is not fully extended in any of the four numbers here, but they are gems nevertheless.
Various Artists: *Esquire's All-American Hot Jazz.* All-star groups featuring Louis Armstrong, Buck Clayton, Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, Jack Teagarden, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, piano; Red Callender, bass; Dave Tough, drums; and others. RCA Victor, mono only, LPV-544, $5.79.	Jazz polls were an annual feature of *Esquire* from 1944 to 1947, and the recordings in this set present some of the winners. Given the advent of bop, there are inevitable stylistic clashes, but these are compensated for by the pleasure of hearing, for example, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Johnny Hodges together. "Indian Summer" by Coleman Hawkins and "Just One More Chance" by Lucky Thompson are two masterful ballad performances by two masters of the tenor saxophone. The former's moody "Angel Face" and Thompson's "Boulevard Bounce" (featuring Benny Carter) were both issued in Europe before, but are now made available here for the first time. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Strayhorn and the Duke

DUKE ELLINGTON can be counted on. For more than four decades, a constant flow of material has issued forth from his pen, all of it interesting in one way or another. On occasion, however, Ellington sneaks up on you; he musically assaults the senses, reminding any and all of his strength, acuity of vision, and importance as a creator.

Far East Suite, released by RCA Victor (LSP-3782) early this summer, affords us this kind of experience. It is Ellington's best collection of pieces with a unifying theme since *Such Sweet Thunder*, the suite based on characters from Shakespeare's plays, recorded on Columbia a decade ago. With the exception of the album finale, "Ad Lib on Nippon," which Ellington composed alone, the atmospheric impressions of the Near, Middle, and Far East contained in this set are the product of two minds working as one.

This suite marks the final collaboration of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. From 1939 until his death in May of this year, Strayhorn was Ellington's chief arranger, associate composer, friend, and a member of his inner circle. Strayhorn found freedom and a sense of realization with Ellington. He was the one who had the key. The only composer-arranger truly tuned in on the maestro's wavelength, Strayhorn handily translated his own ideas into the Ellington orchestral language.

It mattered little to him that he worked in the enormous shadow cast by his friend; it was sufficient to function on an equal footing with Ellington. The rapport the two had was quite unique. One nourished the other; there was no thought of competition. It remains difficult to discern in any of their collaborations, including *Such Sweet Thunder* and this collection, who composed what. Because this last dual effort works so well and makes its point so vividly, it is fitting exit music for Strayhorn. A talent as major as his will be sorely missed; he brought to music a singular brand of melodic/harmonic sophistication and an inner-directed lyricism that is rare.

The impetus for writing eight of the nine pieces in *Far East Suite* was provided by the Ellington Orchestra's 1963 State Department-sponsored tour of Eastern countries. The ensemble performed in India, Ceylon, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Afghanistan, and Turkey before the trip was cut short by President Kennedy's assassination. "The tour was a great adventure for us on what is indeed the other side of the world," Ellington explained. "Sometimes I felt it was *this* world upside down. The look of the natural country is so unlike ours and the very contours of the earth seem different. The smell, the vastness, the birds, and the exotic beauty of all these countries make for a great inspiration." A swing through Japan the following year motivated the composer to bring into being the eleven-and-a-half-minute comment, "Ad Lib on Nippon."

In *Far East Suite*, Ellington and Strayhorn go far beyond mere impressionism. Their experiences are transcended by their interpretation of them. Of course, the composers suggest the East via color devices associated with that part of the world. But what one discovers after repeated listenings is one basic fact: these musical utterances are more Ellington than anything else. His markings are everywhere and, with each exposure to this recording, more become apparent.

The shape and length of each piece seemingly were determined by the weight and size of the story to be told. Each section is an entity, relating only in general coloration and feeling to the rest of the material. All sections have particularly strong thematic threads flowing through them which are developed and presented in numerous ways. The key actors in any Ellington offering are his soloists; here, they are as much a factor as in past works. Around them, Ellington spins a provocative web, varying its coloration and shifting tension by juggling instrument combinations and rhythmic emphases. This almost goes unnoticed until the listener suddenly realizes his increasing involvement.

From the opening track of the album, "Tourist Point of View," featuring tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves warmly and suggestively weaving in and out of off-center harmonies, it is clear that Ellington was unusually stimulated by the "upside down" aspects of the East. Proceeding from that take-off point, we discover "Bluebird of Delhi," an exercise in contrasting textures—the light sonorities of Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet against the dark blend of various elements of the orchestra. The rhythmic underpinning here, as on the rest of the pieces, intimates exotic origins without borrowing from native sources. Ellington mixed his own rhythmic flavoring, remaining within simple time signatures (4/4, 2/4). His

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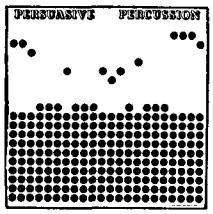

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secret lies in the placement of accents.

"Isfahan," a softly stated, reed-dominated salute to a Persian city, revealing alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges's lyric side, is an especially memorable entry. Particularly affecting in a melodic/romantic setting, the horn man outdoes himself. Subtly shifting backgrounds firmly cushion his sensual sound and add definition to the performance.

The most rhythmically propulsive item in the suite is titled "Depk." An ever-unfolding line first announced in a tight voicing, it keeps changing, the sound growing and diminishing over "cooking" rhythm. As one instrumental color is established, another is brought into view. The opus builds to a crescendo of excitement before dancing away, as Hamilton and Harry Carney play the line in the coda.

Throughout this and all Ellington works, baritone saxophonist Carney is an undeniable presence. His sound provides the foundation for the reed section, while figuring in a variety of Ellington voicings. But he is showcased all too rarely on recordings. On "Agra," a portrait of the Taj Mahal, he receives a welcome opportunity to play the key role. In doing so, he renders and embellishes the majestic and descriptive theme with touching simplicity, over an undercurrent of sound that simultaneously frames and enhances his statement.

AN unflagging source of energy for his sidemen, Ellington supplies direction and provocation from the piano. He kicks Hodges along on the original blues, "Blue Pepper," and provides the rhythmic thrust on "Amad," which calls up visions of dancing girls and features trombonist Lawrence Brown. He sets the tone and dominates the conspicuously melodic "Mount Harissa," and is central to the impact of "Ad Lib on Nippon."

The latter furnishes lessons in thematic development, jazz piano, tempo, and instrumental color variations. Ellington and bassist John Lamb define the melodic outlines in the opening portion; Ellington announces the basic theme, which the orchestra echoes and elaborates upon. The pianist then engages in interplay with his orchestra before embarking on a solo which reveals and mixes all the melodic and rhythmic elements previously called forth. Jimmy Hamilton solos extensively—alone, with orchestra, and with just rhythmic support—fleshing out Ellington's ideas to a vivid conclusion. All through this piece progressive evolution of its themes and motives takes place in solos and ensemble work.

Far East Suite, another page in Ellington's continuing autobiography, is further indication, if any is needed, of his capacity to produce important music.

—BURT KORALL.

Coltrane

Continued from page 69

his own, and a rather unexpected thing happened to him. He encountered a popular song which had the same sort of structure he was interested in, a folk-like simplicity and incantiveness, and very little harmonic motion. Coltrane recorded Richard Rodgers's "My Favorite Things," and it became a best seller.

SO John Coltrane found himself a success. But for the crowds who came to the jazz clubs to hear him, "My Favorite Things" was apt to occupy a half-hour of furious, unfamiliar interplay between the leader and his brilliant drummer, Elvin Jones. "Impressions," from a "live" recording session at the Village Vanguard in 1961, is a revisit to the same Dorian mode that Miles Davis had used on "So What"; and "Chasin' the Trane," from the same session, is basically blues and has become one of the most influential of Coltrane's recordings. Both performances show that changes were taking place in Coltrane's music. The knowledgeable vertical player had become a horizontal, linear improviser. Little melodic phrases, motives if you will, are not so much developed and resolved as they are repeated over and over. Coltrane's approach had become frankly incantatory.

Listeners are apt to be of two minds about such performances for the very basic reason that one man's incantation may turn out to be another man's monotony. But Coltrane did have moments of contemplation, relative serenity, and perhaps resolution. There is his admirably straightforward reading of Duke Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood," in a duet with the composer; there is his long devotional piece, "A Love Supreme," which became his second best seller; and there is the remarkable progression of pieces on the "A" side of the LP called *Crescent*—the title piece, followed by the "Wise One," and "Bessie's Blues."

Coltrane did, indeed, follow his muse faithfully and honorably, and if the changes in his music in the scant twelve years he had in the public eye are true signs of growth, then John Coltrane challenged himself and grew and developed perhaps more than any other hornman in jazz history. He already has his followers and imitators from each two- or three-year period of his work. Some of them, of course, merely decorate the middle portions of the latest release by our pop singers, but even they know the challenges of a superb saxophone technique. To the more talented and serious of his heirs, there are the challenges implicit in such later Coltrane LP's as *Ascension*.

For the rest of us, even if we find many of the later works frustrated and unresolved, we should acknowledge that the dangers and the frustrations and the torments were real, and that they were a part of the deeper frustration of the times which it was Coltrane's destiny to articulate musically. As I wrote of him in *SR* last year, "I think that a performance like *Ascension* might be heard, felt, and reflected upon by every politician, police official, psychologist, social worker, editorial writer—perhaps every American. . . . If a listener is at first confused or repelled by it, perhaps he should hear it again. . . . Coltrane's jazz, like much good jazz, looks deep into the inner beings of all men."

Coltrane's reading of "'Round Midnight" with Miles Davis is on Columbia CL 949. His stay as a Monk sideman is documented on Riverside 490, with "Trinkle Tinkle" and "Ruby My Dear," and the Miles Davis "Straight, No Chaser" is on Columbia CL 1193.

Coltrane's *Blue Train* LP, which also includes "Locomotion" and "Moment's Notice," is Blue Note 1577, and *Giant Steps* is Atlantic LP 1361. The original "My Favorite Things" is on Atlantic 1361, and a new version has recently appeared on Impulse A-9124.

Impulse A-10 has "Chasin' the Trane," but "Impressions," recorded at the same session, is on Impulse A-42. The Coltrane-Ellington recital, with "In a Sentimental Mood," is on Impulse A-30. The *Crescent* LP is Impulse A-66. And the successful *A Love Supreme* is Impulse A-77. The more recent *Meditations*, Impulse A-9110, is offered as a sequel to *A Love Supreme*. And *Ascension* occupies both sides of Impulse A-95.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

WIT TWISTER #25

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Now try this Wit Twister:

The — — — — toils for rice and beans.
For — — — — the simple plowmen sweat.
"Our daily bread"—how much it means!
With — — — — hand, Lord, feed us yet!

(*Answer on page 101*)

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Music to my Ears

Continued from page 64

kina—who had the power for Lisa's climactic phrases, the bearing of a minor aristocrat, and the stage powers of a prima donna. In B. Pokrovsky's direction, everything worked to make heart-in-the-mouth theater of Tchaikovsky's opera. Far from making the evening seem long, the company's respect for libretto and score gave the opera shape and development that it otherwise lacks. Here again was a lesson in stylistic conviction, and it was intensely enjoyable throughout.

The closing performance (August 30) of the Bolshoi season was very bad indeed. The company is not to be blamed, of course, for the fact that *Prince Igor* is a very rickety operatic structure. It consists of the best that Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov managed to do with the wilderness of complete, incomplete, sketched, and nonexistent manuscript pages that Borodin—who had been at work on the opera for sixteen years—left behind on his death in 1887. This performance omitted the third of its four acts, thus leaving gaps in the fabric of the libretto (incomplete) that Borodin had been constructing after a plan given him by V. V. Stassov. The boring, repetitive overture appears to be mostly Glazunov at his least inspired. Under the ambling, inconclusive baton of Mark Ermler, the performance began to seem endless as the clock approached and passed midnight.

After one had admired the magnificence of the settings and costumes, one could only marvel at the appalling badness of most of the singing. How can a company of the Bolshoi's stature permit so ill-equipped a performer as E. Raikov to hold the role of Igor's son? Or so comically inept a singer and actress as L. Avdeyeva to mistreat the part of Konchakovna, so recessive a performer as M. Kiselyev to diminish the opera's title role? When, at nearly 12:30 a.m., the entire company assembled on stage to applaud the audience, we really deserved that tribute for having remained in the theater for those four and a half hours of *Prince Igor*.

The total impression of the Bolshoi troupe nonetheless remained one of exciting theatrical excellence. Lavish expenditure on stage pictures, superior choral singing, stylistic empathy, and marvels of ensemble combine to give the better Bolshoi productions a character as rare as it is, at least in these nineteenth-century operas, apt and creative. One could not, in the late 1960s, be more agreeably remote from the sterile, antiseptic, mannered, and anti-operatic approach to opera now favored by too many impresarios, designers, costumers, and stage directors. "Bolshoi Opera" means tradition, Russian (not Soviet) in every fiber. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

Hi-Fi Show

Continued from page 68

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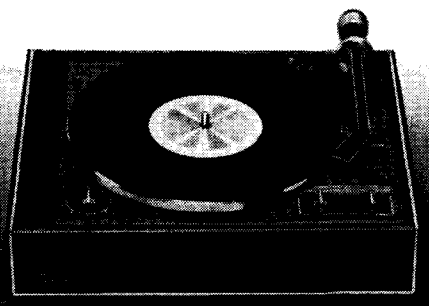

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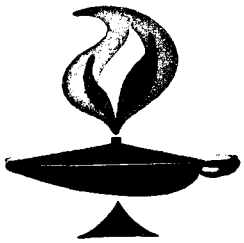

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The Schools as a Social Barometer

AS THE NEW academic year opens, after a summer of violence in our cities, we are reminded that the schools have often functioned as a barometer of public concern with the social issues of the time. When something seems to be wrong with our society, we are inclined to turn to the schools and say, "Fix it." Two or three generations ago, when our parents were coming to this continent from alien cultures abroad, it was the schools that were assigned the task of introducing their children to the American Way. When, early in this century, industry faced a critical shortage of skilled manpower, the responsibility for initiating vocational education programs was turned over to the schools. A decade ago, when Russia beat us into space, it was the schools that were ordered to remedy the nation's alleged deficiencies in the study of science and mathematics. And each time the schools assumed the new commitment and performed effectively.

More recently the schools were assigned the most difficult task of all—to overcome the cumulative effects of long-term deprivation among the nation's poor and disadvantaged. Our faith was strong that, given the necessary moral and financial support, they could do the job—and each September we looked forward, with varying degrees of optimism, to a report on the progress of desegregation and the success of the many special programs that have been instituted.

But this fall promises to be different. The social barometer has been falling. The more radical elements of the civil rights movement find education far too slow a process to minister to their impatience for change. The older organizations of the movement continue their efforts to further integration in the schools and to expand the special programs designed to help the disadvantaged—but even they have an air of disenchantment. And well they might. Some of our most cherished assumptions have been challenged by experience. Head Start programs do work—but, their effects are dissipated within a few months when the children move into standard classrooms. Many of the summer's riots occurred in our most forward-looking cities that have instituted "model" programs for the deprived. Not all of the rioters were dropouts—from school or society. And Congress appears more concerned with controlling violence in the ghetto than with coping with its causes. We have found that building the Great Society is far more difficult than we once conceived.

We have been reluctant to accept the obvious fact that the schools do not function in a vacuum. Education can be only half effective when the recipients remain locked in the ghetto. And motivation for learning comes hard when so many avenues to useful employment remain closed after the student emerges from the schoolhouse door. The schools alone cannot do the job.

But our disenchantment should not lead us to the conviction that education can wait until other social ills are cured. Rather we should face the reality that there isn't any recipe for instant success. We should accept the fact that the scale of our effort to date hasn't begun to approach the

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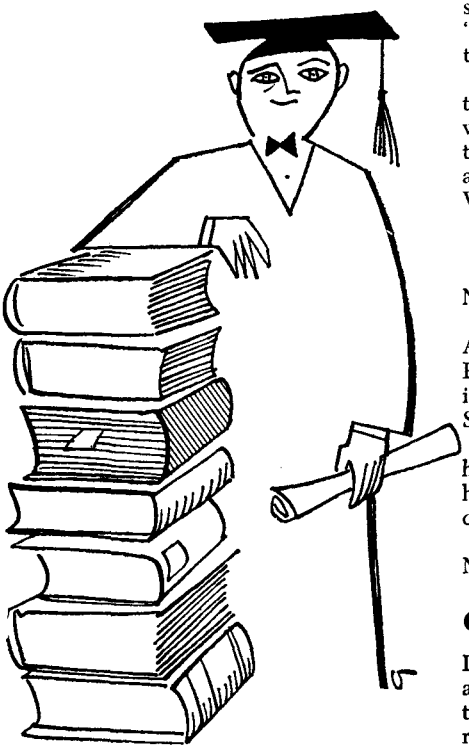
enormity of the task. A few additives to business as usual won't do it. A war on poverty and its attendant deprivations has to be an all-out war, not a series of skirmishes.

Elsewhere in these pages Frank G. Jennings writes that the explosive forces of the inner city may "blow down all the school walls and let the whole of urban society into the classroom." Possibly a start in this direction has already been made with the three experimental school districts in New York City slums where a substantial degree of control has been delegated to local school boards composed of parents, community leaders, and staff members. It is possible that a partial solution may be found in area-wide school systems that include not only the poverty-stricken inner city, but affluent suburbs as well. Perhaps we are wrong in confusing education with schooling, and should assign significant parts of the task to other agencies—business and industry, labor, welfare organizations of many kinds—that have special knowledge and skills to contribute. It is even possible that as we recognize the central role of continued learning for all in the world of the future, we will see, as Mr. Jennings suggests, that "the cities themselves must be re-created as giant learning centers."

Today, in short, is a time for realism and creative experiment, not despair. We cannot turn away from the overriding problem of our generation. We can only seek new means for solving it effectively, on the basis of hard experience. —J.C.



Letters to the Editor

EDC

CONGRATULATIONS on another fine education section in the August 19 issue of *SR*. In James D. Koerner's article, "EDC: General Motors of Curriculum Reform," however, somebody goofed but good in reporting that "125,000 students were studying physics in the 1966-67 school year." This figure is off—too low—probably by about 400,000 students.

Reliable data on science enrollments indicate that approximately 525,000 students, or about 22 per cent of the twelfth-grade enrollment, studied physics in 1964-65. Perhaps Mr. Koerner meant that 125,000 of these students were studying PSSC (ESI) physics, which probably is about the correct figure for this statistic. During that same year, 1964-65, enrollment in high school biology was approximately 2,700,000 students, while in chemistry it was about an even 1,000,000. These figures, respectively, are equal to nearly 90 per cent of the total enrollment in grade ten and about 40 per cent of the eleventh-grade enrollment.

ROBERT H. CARLETON,
National Science
Teachers Association.
Washington, D.C.

The Promise of Learning

THANK YOU for publishing the sensitive and perceptive article, "Learning in a Lonely Place" [*SR*, Aug. 19], in which Anne Fischel expressed so beautifully the way so many Head Start children have been "taken . . . out of limbo and exposed . . . to pain."

For those of us who are more than twice seventeen and still believe in the world, it is the hope that we can fulfill the promise in kindergarten and first grade, after Head Start, for children like Sandra. We often do, or we couldn't keep on trying.

BERNICE H. FLEISS,
Associate Professor of Education,
Hunter College.
New York, N.Y.

ANNE FISCHEL'S "Learning in a Lonely Place" is tremendous. I hope her sensitive insight will continue to be shared through *SR*.

It is to be hoped that there will be a happy sequel to the story of Sandra and her family through others with insight and caring equal to Miss Fischel's.

J. RUSSELL CARPENTER.
Newark, N.Y.

Guide for Librarians

I CAN'T HELP but wonder what knowledge and experience made Frank Jennings feel that he was qualified to write a scathing review of Dr. G. Robert Carlsen's helpful guide to adolescent literature, *Books and the Teen-Age Reader* ["A Guide for Word Consumers," *SR*, Aug. 19]. The book is intended as a guide primarily for teachers, librarians, and parents, not teen-agers. Dr. Carlsen's evaluation, I know, is a result of many years experience working with young people, studying literature for different stages of their development, and helping them develop good reading habits through interests while molding ideas toward mature development.

For quite a number of years as a school librarian, I have found the principles of guidance in book selections that I learned from Dr. Carlsen, which he sets forth in his book, to be both helpful and valuable. I do not believe that I am a "menace to the literary health of our society."

MARY F. HUBER.
Tipton, Ia.

I WISH to congratulate *SR* and Frank Jennings for the review of G. Robert Carlsen's *Books and the Teen-Age Reader*.

It takes considerable mettle to review a book "sponsored by the National Book Committee with the professional endorsement of the American Library Association, the International Reading Association, and the National Council of Teachers of English," and even more mettle to be objective.

As a public librarian, I am quite concerned with encouraging younger people to read, and with providing them with books that are both worthwhile and absorbing. It was therefore quite disappointing to read Dr. Carlsen's book for I found it as stimulating as cold porridge. It was even more disappointing to read laudatory reviews of the book in other publications.

DENIS LORENZ,
Head of Circulation Department,
Bridgeport Public Library.
Bridgeport, Conn.

More on Kari

HOW MANY other teachers were angered by Robert E. Samples's article, "Kari's Handicap—The Impediment of Creativity" [*SR*, July 15]? Approaching the article with anticipation, I hoped for some specific insights or perceptive thoughts, at least on teaching creative students. Instead, I found Mr. Samples's writing brimming with unsupported generalities, including stereotyped criticisms of teachers. He verbally deplores stereotyped, unimaginative thinking while continually demonstrating that very thing.

How many schools and teachers has Samples visited in the last five years? How can he refer to schools without qualification as "the term in court served by each child"? Is he uninformed about honors courses in which creative students are urged to think for themselves (but also to use their cre-

(*Continued on page* 100)

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IT DIDN'T START WITH SPUTNIK

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION
U. S. Weather Bureau Report (Page 33): forecasts: Cloudy and cool today and tonight. Mostly fair tomorrow. Temp. range: 65—53. Yesterday: 62.4—49.2.

VOL. CVII..No. 36,414. © 1957, by The New York Times Company. Times Square, New York 36, N. Y. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1957. 10c beyond 150-mile zone from New York City FIVE CENTS

SOVIET FIRES EARTH SATELLITE INTO SPACE; IT IS CIRCLING THE GLOBE AT 18,000 M. P. H.; SPHERE TRACKED IN 4 CROSSINGS OVER U. S.

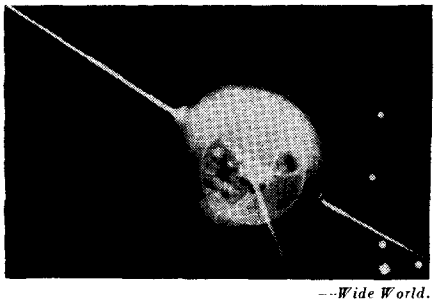
By FRANK G. JENNINGS

EARLY IN OCTOBER the American reading, viewing, and listening publics will be invited to engage in some short-range historical accounting. Attention will be drawn to that earlier October morning, a decade ago, when the Russians did what we were planning to do.

Like earnest suburban mothers, our legislators demanded to know why those dirty-faced Communists got the technological prize that our own well-mannered, clean-living, imported, free-world scientists and their domestic pals had been reaching for. The answers were loud and specific. Our schools were not doing their job. They would have to be brought up to the mark. The following spring, we finally orbited our own talking moon, and then got on with the noble business of preparing to acquire some lunar real estate.

Thus, it will be averred on radio and TV and in the press, the continuing revolution in education was born on the fifth day of October in the Year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven. But this is just bold, bad history. The record is different. We are in the midst of an educational revolution more than twice as old as the putative one so soon to be marked. If we are to look for a watershed or some transforming series of events to account for the different way in which we now regard our educational problems, we must turn back beyond that earlier October to a date near the end of World War II when in 1944 the Veterans Readjustment Act, known more generally as the GI Bill, was enacted.

That piece of legislation, conceived and sponsored by the American Legion at the suggestion of President Roosevelt,



—Wide World.

Sputnik I—"Suddenly the 'mass went critical.'"

was the most daring of many actions designed to provide secure re-entry of servicemen into nonmilitary society. More than 11,000,000 veterans of World War II made use of its many provisions; more than 7,800,000 took advantage of its educational support before its termination in 1956. A total of almost $13 billion was spent by the federal government on the education and retraining of the GIs. And very little was said about the dangers of federal aid to education.

A proper celebration of the GI Bill, its times, and its consequences is yet to be written. But this much can now be said: It gave access to education, especially higher education, to more people who used it more effectively in a concentrated period than did any other program in the history of this country. More specifically, it inducted into the professions, including education, a generally more mature group of men and women from a broader social and economic base than had hitherto come from the nation's campuses.

Although the enactment of the GI Bill and its use by the returning veterans are of profound social and economic significance, they do not in themselves adequately indicate either the nature or the scope of the watershed that World War II represents in the history of American education. There were other events and occasions following the war that also powerfully affected the estate of our schools and our general culture. Science and technology, for instance, expanded each other's domains at home. A new internationalism beyond the dreams of Wendell Willkie involved the country in local affairs from the Himalayas to the Andes. The American population, always mobile, re-sorted itself, moving into the great cities at a rate to make demographers wince. After 1945, the automobile and the airplane, together with the telephone, radio, and television, converted the United States into a truly national society. Our surging affluence made Henry Wallace's pipe dream of "60,000,000 jobs" a cheap reality. But a "hard core" of unemployed and unemployables made it painfully clear that the schools were not a sure social ladder for all the people.

Egalitarianism in the arts and popular culture made Van Gogh and Bach household words, and deodorants and mouthwashes made "togetherness" almost a positive good. Along with the rise of "conformity" and "security-mindedness," Americans began to discover the terrors of "alienation" and found in Kierkegaard, Sartre, and Camus the existential language of despair. The beat generation domesticated Zen Buddhism even as Dr. Billy Graham was institutionalizing the "old-time religion" with the aid of public relations techniques designed for supermarkets.

America's 200,000 prewar school districts were boiled down in the fires of local economics and politics to less than 50,000 at midcentury, but this consolidation had little apparent positive effect on the quality of school performance. The behavioral and social sciences of-

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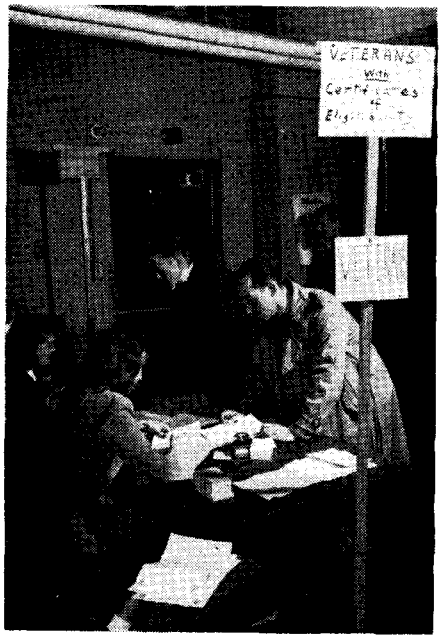

Veteran registering at George Washington U.—"A total of almost $13 billion was spent by the federal government on the education and retraining of GIs."

—U.P.I.

The 1955 White House Conference on Education—"The Conference settled down to four days of swan songs, pious hopes, expressions of conventional wisdom, demands for 'reality orientation,' and bold new looks at ancient and stubborn facts. The Conference report reads like a valedictory for progressive education."

fered new and old information about the way we learn and how we can be motivated to learn more effectively. The curriculum in the schools, however, seemed not to have changed at all.

It is true that the schools and the schoolmen had been talking since before the war with increasing earnestness about "problems in democracy" and about "aims of education." It is equally true that the public schools especially were increasingly responsive to demands for "practical" courses—instruction in home economics, driver education, general health, and business skills—courses which multiplied in the "nonacademic" curriculum. But a sense of uneasiness persisted—something was wrong with the schools. The *Rockefeller Panel Reports* assessed the situation from the later vantage point of 1958 and offered a stern and belated warning:

> If we cannot be content with what we have built to date in the structure of our national defenses, we have even less reason for self-congratulation on the structure of our school system. Nor is the matter simply one of formal education. The challenge is to our whole society. As our society becomes more complex and intricate, it demands ever more urgently not only the development of talent which is skilled and dedicated, but the nurture of free, reasoning, and responsible individuals.

But as early as 1947, Benjamin Fine, educator turned education editor of *The New York Times*, published a book reporting that *Our Children Are Cheated*. Its subtitle announced that there was a "crisis in American Education." In his foreword, after visiting schools all across the country in big cities and in rural communities, he wrote:

> . . . what I found was shocking. Many school systems have broken down; education faces a serious crisis. Hundreds of communities cannot get adequate teachers. I spoke to men and women who have no more right to be in the classroom than I have to pilot a super-passenger plane . . . We will suffer the consequences of our present neglect of education a generation hence.

Robert M. Hutchins, who was then Chancellor of the University of Chicago, had written a year earlier in *The Rotarian:*

> Education, like industry, is well along in returning to a peacetime basis. But unlike industry, its reconversion is a return to the prewar basis; by and large, the same old product, resulting from the same old attitudes, and justified with the same old slogans, is the program. If anything, the mistakes of the past are being intensified.

Through the late Forties and early Fifties, the attacks on the public schools mounted in pitch and violence. Articles and books appeared with increasing frequency with provocative titles: "Lollipops vs. Learning," "The Failure of American Education," *Quackery in the Public Schools*, "Our Schools—Their Four Grievous Faults," and, of course, *Educational Wastelands*.

Criticism of the schools persisted through the early Fifties, nurtured by some ingredients of the contemporary context that were not being adequately attended to or accounted for by educational "statesmen." More important than the population explosion was the increased urbanization of the country with its attendant spread of slum blight and the compression of the Negro at the cities' rotting centers.

Parallel to this was the aggressive sprawl of the suburbs, the flight of the white middle class into the new, trim-lawned "developments" which spread like bathroom tiles across former potato fields and orange groves. And preceding or following these was the exponential growth of the "aerospace" and electronics and other "clean" industries, all located in sub- or ex-urbia, all demanding highly skilled technicians and dependable work forces.

Sociologists were reporting the vulgar fact that we were a class society split nine ways, from upper to middle to lower, with mores matching only at the extremes. The mass media—especially television but also films, paperback books, and national magazines—displayed with increasing intensity, if not with sophistication, the meaning of the contest between the Jeffersonian impulse toward quality education and the Jacksonian imperative for the spread of useful knowledge for all.

IT had become increasingly clear, so the critics insisted through the immediate postwar years, that we were not able to enjoy fully the fruits of our various victories because our schools were not doing the job they were supposed to do.

The "great debate" on the health and quality of American education continued loudly through the mid-Fifties: The church-state issue was sharpened by controversies over school busing and

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other ancillary services; the Supreme Court decision in the case of Brown vs. The Board of Education of Topeka on May 17, 1954, ended the "separate but equal" charade in the education of Negroes and gave tremendous impetus to the domestic revolution of rising expectations. It leaped over the classroom for awhile, however, and hit the streets and buses before focusing its attention on the Little Rocks.

Conditions became so bad as early as 1951 that the National Commission for the Defense of Democracy through Education (which was founded by the National Education Association in 1941) felt called upon to explain its mandate in new terms. Richard Barnes Kennan, writing in *Educational Leadership*, reported:

> The Defense Commission is sometimes called the "trouble shooting" force of the professions. Actually we like to compare our function to that of the doctors. We have a frequent job of diagnosis—studying all the symptoms and complaints and endeavoring to arrive at correct conclusions as to the cause of troubles. We have a prescriptive function; we try to suggest remedial activities to bring about improvement. We occasionally have an autopsy to perform; we study a dead issue to find out what killed it and how to save others. But most important to us, and most difficult to us, as to medicine, we have a preventive function—to try to keep healthy educational situations healthy!

Perhaps the physicians were to be emulated. After all, Dr. Spock's *Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care* had been a household word since 1946. The baby boom of wartime was being lowered on (and into) the classrooms. The population explosion which the 1945 report of the Census Bureau predicted would not reach the 165 million mark until the century's end, would actually pass that mark in a single decade. Elementary school enrollments would jump from 20,000,000 in 1945 to over 28,000,000 in 1955. By midcentury more than 90 per cent of the nation's children went to high school and 40 per cent to college, and all trends continued upward. The shortages marched in step: too few teachers, not enough classrooms or laboratories or buildings or teaching materials—but most of all, never enough local tax dollars to meet the demands or match the needs.

The local tax dollar is at once the onerous burden of the home owner and his badge of independence from federal "control." He may criticize the school. He may damn it for its shortcomings. He may chide the teachers for their penchant for "fads and frills." He may compare, inaccurately, his own more rigorous school days with the pampered drifting of his children's education. He may join with the more vigilant and vocal of his fellow citizens to warn of "subversive" influences in textbooks and curricula that treat UNESCO and other United Nations tomfoolery with the same respect as chopped cherry trees and the Green Mountain Boys. He who pays the tax dollar has the sanction of true history on his side. So another school bond issue is defeated.

NOT all of the defenders of the public schools were pompous or self-serving, nor were all of the critics superficial, wrong-headed, or reactionary. So vast an enterprise as "education for all American youth" requires constant surveillance and assessment. Some kind of performance inventory is necessary. But who shall have such a responsibility? Someone was saying that education is too important to be left to educators.

In a quieter period (such as exists only in the time-edited recollections of our own youth) the affairs of the schools are neither newsworthy nor anxiety-inducing. But there are no quiet times in the present, and education is an ever-available scapegoat—or perhaps the more appropriate image is a penance machine that absorbs the guilt for all our social faults.

Again, the *Rockefeller Panel Reports* noted:

> We do not wish to absolve our educators of the mistakes they have made. At the same time, we should not attempt to absolve ourselves. The fateful question is not whether we have done well, or whether we are doing better than we have done in the past, but whether we are meeting the stern demands and unparalleled opportunities of the times. And the answer is that we are *not*.

Our youth were roaming the dark streets and highways—leather-jacketed hot-rodders, armed with switchblades and zipguns; or they were sinking into the conforming mold of a safe life where no petition is ever signed and no strange idea is ever entertained. They were, as Robert Lindner's book reported them to be in 1944, each *A Rebel Without A Cause. The Kinsey Report on The Sexual Behavior of the Human Male* noted in 1948 that the gulf between preachment and practice in that aspect of human relations was unbridgable. They were, David Riesman observed in 1951, members of *The Lonely Crowd.*

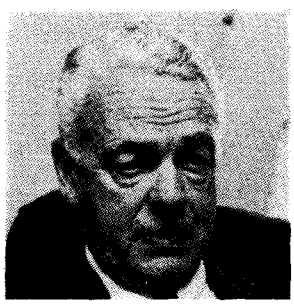
In 1951 C. Wright Mills's book, *White Collar,* documented the pervasiveness of conformity in a "success-dominated society." The schools as they were could never nourish a free mind:

> The educational system is most appropriately seen as another mass medium . . . In their liberal endeavors, the political content of educational institutions is often unimaginative . . . With their ideological dead-matter and intrinsically boring citizenship courses, the schools cannot compete with popular culture and its dazzling idols . . . The mass educated . . . have been dulled by being stuffed with the conventional idols of U.S. politics.

So, even in that matter of values, the schools were obviously not doing their job. The dimensions of that job and its importance for the society were changing and expanding with great rapidity in the early Fifties. The Eisenhower years were upon us. The Korean War had been damped down to an everlasting armistice. Senator Joseph McCarthy came, terrified, and was censured, leaving a generation mortgaged to the twin social usurers of fear and distrust. Hearts that had been broken over the loss of

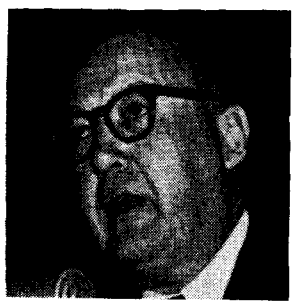
(*Continued on page* 95)

—*Wide World.*



—*Wide World.*

—*Annie M. Graf.*



—*Reni Photos.*

The critics: (l. to r.) James Bryant Conant, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Rudolf Flesch, Arthur Bestor— "Through the late Forties and early Fifties, the attacks on the public schools mounted in pitch and violence."

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THE SCHOOLS AND THE PREGNANT TEEN-AGER

By SUSAN STROM, *free-lance writer.*

IT SEEMS embarrassingly obvious to ask a group of teen-agers, all in maternity dresses: "Who is going to be the mother for your baby?," but the school social worker knows the question is pertinent, and the answer not at all obvious. Gently, but insistently, pressing the girls to think ahead, she phrases it a little differently, "Who is going to take care of your baby when you come back to school? What difference is the baby going to make in your life?"

Questions like this are being asked and answered in group counseling sessions in centers set up by urban school systems to educate pregnant teen-agers. Schoolmen are beginning to echo what New York School Superintendent Bernard E. Donovan told newsmen when he announced New York would establish two centers for unmarried teen-agers: "We have a responsibility to provide a continuing and appropriate educational program for pregnant teen-agers"—and, he might have added, a responsibility to the children they will bear.

How great the responsibility has grown may be judged by the statistics on illegitimacy. Back in 1940, when the mothers of today's teen-agers were themselves adolescents, about seven of every 1,000 high school girls had a baby out of wedlock. Their daughters are having them at the rate of seventeen out of every thousand—about 100,000 a year. And it is guessed another 200,000 undergo illegal abortions or attempt crude, self-induced abortions.

Until recently, educators have talked little and done less about the whole problem. It just wasn't an agenda item for the PTA meeting and, with the exception of a few organizations like the National Council on Illegitimacy which vigorously backs education for unwed mothers, nobody was picketing boards of education to change their policies which were, and overwhelmingly still are, simply to exclude pregnant girls—married or unmarried—from the classroom. Many schools, if not actually barring return after the baby comes, actively discourage re-enrollment.

A young North Carolina girl said: "In one of the schools I went to in the South, if a girl had a baby she couldn't come back to school for two years. Then she had to go before a meeting of the Board of Education with the father of the baby and ask to come back. Some wanted to graduate so bad they did it, but most everybody just couldn't face that Board."

But change is under way, slowly and experimentally. Part of the reason may have been a 1963 study by the Bureau of Labor Statistics to learn just how well dropouts fare in the market place. Bureau researchers came up with a statistic they weren't looking for: 22 per cent of high school dropouts give pregnancy or marriage as their reason for leaving school. Indeed, pregnancy is frequently a means of escape from compulsory attendance laws. More than half of the girls who quit earn $40 a week or less. Barred by many cities from public housing, the girl who keeps her baby faces—with her child—a meager existence, emotionally and financially.

Since the study a lot of rethinking, talking, and doing has taken place. A number of cities—including Boston, Hartford, Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse, Kansas City, Baltimore, and Minneapolis—bolstered by antipoverty, social agency, and foundation funds, have established centers for teaching not only academic subjects but a whole gamut of child-care and other courses. Schools, social welfare agencies, community action groups, and local health departments have gone into partnership to provide an omnibus education, which can include personal grooming, nutrition, reassuring pre-delivery visits to the maternity ward, family living, and academic, personal, and group counseling.

In Oakland, California, for example, two traditional programs—home instruction for seniors and the Salvation Army hospital—were not even beginning to reach the number of girls who needed and wanted to continue school. With the help of a Ford Foundation grant, a YWCA social worker, a public health department nurse, and public school teachers, an umbrella of counseling, tutoring, prenatal care, and child-care instruction was started. The girls came. The original center has been enlarged and another started. Oakland officials say over 90 per cent return to school after the babies are born.

LOS Angeles, like most school systems that offer anything at all, was giving one hour of home instruction to pregnant girls and conducted classes in three maternity homes. But they weren't reaching the girls who needed education most. The Los Angeles Welfare Planning Council marshalled support from six public and private agencies to help the schools design a program at a health center, which has since expanded to six additional locations, all with waiting lines.

Numbers are not the only reason for the growth of new programs. They have been spurred by the current national concern for the disadvantaged. Most centers for pregnant teen-agers focus on low-income Puerto Rican and Negro girls. While Whitney Young, Urban League executive director, is doubtless right when he contends the Negro illegitimacy rate wouldn't be so high if Negro mothers could afford abortions, nonetheless more than two-thirds of all

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known out-of-wedlock births are to nonwhites. The centers are trying to fill the void in services to the Negro and Puerto Rican—a void that has been widened through the years to the point where only 5 per cent of Negro girls and 10 per cent of Puerto Rican girls received specialized services, compared to more than 70 per cent of all white girls.

For years counseling agencies have viewed the white girl as a psychiatric problem—one who "doesn't relate to people," "lacks identification," suffers from an "inadequately developed ego," or competes unsuccessfully with a domineering mother, all of which drives her to "act out" sexually. Treatment traditionally revolves around helping her work through her problems with the always hard decision to surrender her baby for adoption. But the Negro girl is considered a creature of her culture—a social problem, the twentieth-century victim of a slave system that prohibited marriage and gave rise to a matriarchal family system now in sharp juxtaposition to the American patriarchy.

Explaining how her suburban-based agency operates, the executive director of a family service society with a predominantly white clientele said, "What we do is send our girls to a maternity home in Pittsburgh. The parents want them out of town and the babies adopted as soon as possible."

SHORTLY after her baby is surrendered for adoption—and three-fourths of all white babies born out of wedlock are —the girl returns to school, being caught up rather quickly in normal school and social life. Moments when she thinks about the baby she held so briefly will grow further and further apart. Gradually the experience fades. Life becomes much the same as it was. Perhaps she and her parents are both receiving counsel. She has been given a second chance to begin again. And her baby, too, has a chance.

What happens to the Negro girl in the same suburb? "We give home tutoring to all girls excluded because of pregnancy," said a school social worker, "but the Negro girl, even when she takes advantage of it, frequently can't return to school because she has to take care of her baby. If she doesn't have a job and her family is poor she may have to apply for welfare."

While the white girl in giving birth has produced a highly desirable product, there are no long lists of adoptive parents for the Negro or Puerto Rican child—only 5 per cent of whom are legally adopted. The fifteen-year-old Negro or Puerto Rican mother leaves the hospital with her baby and all of the problems and pressures he has brought into her young world. She must make the decision to return to school if the school will have her and she can find someone to care for the baby—or go to work.

By law, welfare workers must attempt to establish paternity before approving relief. Many a girl, already abandoned by her child's father, won't reveal his name. If fornication is a crime in her particular state she risks being judged a juvenile delinquent—depending upon the moral mood of her community and the size of its welfare bill.

"We don't have much money," a Negro mother of a pregnant girl warned a social worker, "but don't you go tell welfare. I'll take two jobs to support this baby when my girl goes back to school. My neighbor's girl got into trouble that way and when she went to welfare she ended up in some kind of a court. That's not going to happen to my girl. She's only a baby herself." Ignoring fornication laws is a well-developed art with most welfare workers, who only refer girls to juvenile court when a state facility would be an improvement over the home environment; nevertheless, a school social worker confesses: "I steer them away from the agencies I know are punitive."

Illegitimacy can't be divorced from premarital and extramarital sex and American mores about both. There is much dispute as to whether there is more teen-age sex than, say, about twenty years ago. If the Kinsey report is to be believed there is not much to worry about. Our daughters are no better and no worse than their mothers, but observers believe that there is a great deal more sexual experimentation among high school and college students. Not many youngsters believe that "no nice boy marries a girl who isn't a virgin"; what they do believe is "there's nothing wrong with it if you like each other."

Before parents and grandparents begin clucking about the breakdown in moral behavior of the young, social critics tell them to take a look at who gives teen-agers money to drive, drink, smoke, travel South at Easter break and to Europe in the summer, and then erects a big stop sign when it comes to sex—the only adult pleasure denied our children. When kids run the stop sign and the mother accusingly asks her pregnant daughter, "Why did you do it?" the same critics suspect mother is not saying "What made you have an affair?" but "Why did you get pregnant?"

Whatever the reason, and whatever the remedy, there are going to be more pregnant teen-agers in the next ten years even if the rate remains steady—probably 30,000 more a year—simply because there are going to be more teen-age girls. For its state, the Connecticut Department of Health predicts one in every six girls will become pregnant before she is twenty. Some will have the babies out of wedlock. Others will marry whether they want to or not. Still others will successfully seek abortion, and a minority will have miscarriages or stillbirths.

UNMARRIED mothers die four times more frequently than married women. Sixty per cent of these deaths are the result of abortions, with white unmarried mothers having an abortion death rate of 80 per cent. The unmarried girl is twice as likely to give birth prematurely, a condition linked to inadequate medical care. Prematurity is also associated with brain damage. The rate of stillbirths and infant deaths in the first year of life is twice that of the married mother.

To encourage girls to report pregnancies early so they will get the fullest prenatal care possible, it has been suggested schools allow girls to finish the semester they are in without fear of punishment. Because they receive their first public censure from schools, which reflect society's mores, girls conceal pregnancy far beyond safety's sake. Usually the gym teacher knows before the girls' parents.

If schools feel they must censor and expel pregnant girls, it is partly because they believe the community will not allow them to do otherwise. Sometimes they are in for a shock. Not too long ago an authority on illegitimacy addressed the annual meeting of a social agency in

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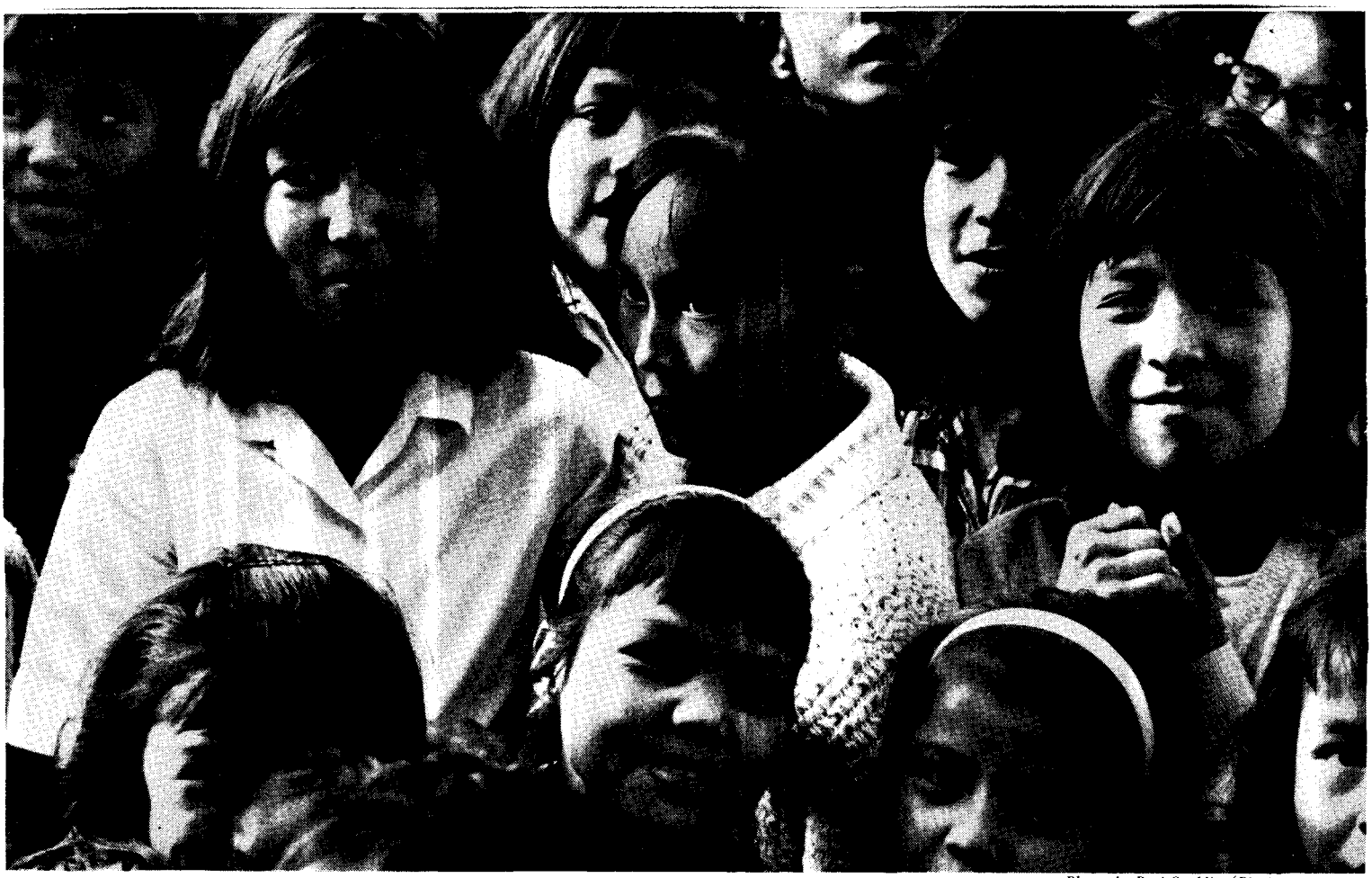

—*Photos by Paul Conklin (Pix.)*

The students of Rough Rock—" 'We want our children to be proud of being Navahos. We want them to know who they are.' "

LEARNING TO BE NAVAHO-AMERICANS

INNOVATION AT ROUGH ROCK

By ESTELLE FUCHS, *cultural anthropologist who is an associate professor in the Department of Education, Hunter College, and author of "Pickets at the Gates."*

AT FIRST GLANCE, an isolated tract of dusty washland in northeastern Arizona hardly seems the likely place for a bold, innovative program in education. Yet here, at Rough Rock, in the heart of the Navaho reservation, several of the most basic questions confronting American education are being enthusiastically explored. Can, for instance, a relatively uneducated, unsophisticated poverty group successfully assume control over the formal education of their children and that of the total community? And secondly, can a truly pluralistic education that deliberately preserves the identity of a minority people and instills pride in their traditional cultural heritage successfully prepare children for the demands of life in twentieth-century America?

Demonstrating an affirmative answer to both these questions and evolving the academic and organizational innovations to do so is a remarkable institution, The Rough Rock Demonstration School. Funded by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) and the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) in 1966, the school provides for the education of more than 250 Navaho children from Head Start through grade six. The school has been stirring up enormous interest during the brief year it has been in operation.

Early plans for the school were first formulated at the Indian Community Action Center at Tempe, Arizona, one of three OEO centers organized to provide technical assistance and training for reservation Indians. Here, Robert Roessel, Jr., at that time director of the center, believing strongly that anti-poverty funds should be reserved for and administered by the tribal organizations themselves, helped formulate plans in that direction. Fortunately, BIA recognized the need for new breakthroughs in the field of Indian education, and OEO was willing to underwrite new programs. A new school plant, costing over $3,000,000, had just been completed at Rough Rock, and BIA offered to turn the school and $307,000 allotted for its operation over to the Navahos to be organized and run in a totally new way. In addition, OEO offered $329,000 for a demonstration project in community training and education.

To receive the funds, the Navaho tribe organized DINE, Inc., a private nonprofit corporation. Symbolically, DINE, Inc., (Demonstration in Navajo Education) also stands for the Navaho name for themselves, *Dine*—"the people." In a radical move, the corporation in turn handed over the operational control of the Rough Rock school to a board of education, consisting of five middle-aged Navahos, only one of whom had even a few years of schooling, who were elected by the Rough Rock community. Bob Roessel was recruited as director and the Rough Rock Demonstration School was on its way.

Rough Rock itself is a community of

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1,000 persons living in family groups scattered widely through an area of some 15 miles' radius. Here among the eroded washlands and the rugged terrain of Black Mesa, more than 6,000 feet above sea level, live some of the most traditional members of the Navaho reservation. The area has both the advantages and disadvantages of sheer physical isolation. Sixteen miles of ungraded, unpaved roads separate the community from the nearest hard-surfaced road. The nearest hospital is at Ganado some 80 miles away, and the closest sizable town is Gallup, New Mexico, 100 miles distant. The absence of surfaced roads in the Rough Rock area makes its 15-mile radius appear to stretch endlessly. Sudden seasonal rains turn roads into veritable seas of mud, making even those that exist impassable.

The Navahos of this region are sheepherders and practice the traditional crafts of blanket-weaving and silver work. Their average annual income of $700 places them among the lowest income levels of the American population. Their homes or "camps" consist of the traditional hogan or cabin, a sheep corral, and a lean-to for horses set among the family grazing lands. To some of these homes, water must be hauled from miles distant; there is no electricity or plumbing.

BECAUSE they are proud of their homes and families, perhaps the most important aspect of the Demonstration School to the elected Board of Education and the people of the Rough Rock community is that it consciously and purposively regards Navaho culture, history, and language with great respect, and includes these in the school curriculum. The Navaho leaders of the school have not turned their backs to the modern world. They have adopted the philosophy that the choice for children ought not to be either-or, i.e., either learn the white man's way as the only proper life and reject the Indian way, or vice versa. They seek to realize an approach Bob Roessel calls the "both-and" philosophy, a point of view which holds that it is essential for the school to teach *both* ways so that the Indian child can have a positive sense of identity while learning to live successfully in the modern world. "We want our children to be proud of being Navahos. We want them to know who they are," says John Dick, a member of the School Board. "In the future they will have to be able to make many choices and do many different things. They need a modern education to make their way, but they have to know both worlds—and being Navaho will give them strength."

Thus it is in the area of cultural identification at Rough Rock that an exciting program in pluralistic education is underway. From the moment one sets foot in the school, evidence of the respect—almost reverence—for Navaho life strikes one as setting this school uniquely apart. In the corridors are to be seen the staff, dressed in attire appropriate to most elementary schools throughout the country. But also to be seen are the ever-welcome visiting Navaho parents, many dressed in the traditional costumes still worn in the area—the women in long, pleated calico skirts of dark prints, topped by velveteen blouses in rich hues of blue, green, or wine. Adorned with bracelets, necklaces, hair pieces, and earrings of silver and torquoise, some carry suckling infants. The men dress in Western-style work clothes enlivened by silver and torquoise jewelry, a few sporting the traditional long hair tied in a knot. On the corridor wall the work of the children in "new math" is juxtaposed with exquisite art work depicting Navaho mythology and history. And one is as likely to be greeted by *"Ya-Ta-Hay!"* as "Hi!"

THE classrooms, replete with modern educational paraphernalia, TV sets, electric clocks, two-way speaker systems, the newest and best of textbooks, record players, modern furniture, etc., all have, in addition, their Navaho corner. Here are displayed the objects ubiquitous in traditional Navaho homes: a loom, a cradle board, blankets. Here, too, are displayed Navaho words and illustrations of Navaho life.

But the cultural identification program at Rough Rock is not simply a perfunctory display of objects or people. It is a carefully thought-through program and, under the direction of Dillon Paterno, formerly head of the Navaho Tribe Educational Committee, it has embarked on a curriculum development program which holds great promise for Navaho education in general. Working out of the Cultural Identification Center at the school, both Anglo and Navaho specialists provide up to an hour a day of classroom instruction in Navaho history, culture, and language for the children. These lessons include work on the Navaho hogan, its history and the ceremonials associated with it, farming and caring for livestock, lessons on the reservation's facilities, Navaho history and tribal government, as well as lessons on Navaho kinship.

Most of the Rough Rock children have learned no English before coming to school. And though a major curriculum emphasis is developing fluency in the English language using the linguistic approach of TESL (Teaching English as a Second Language), the knowledge of Navaho is still essential to many jobs on the reservation as well as to communication with the older generation. For this reason, as well as the essential relationship between the preservation of language and the preservation of culture, the Navaho language is taught and the children are encouraged to use it. Classes in Navaho are provided for Anglo staff members and their children. In good humor these are referred to as "TNSL" (Teaching Navaho as a Second Language).

To the Cultural Identification Center have been recruited leading Navaho artists and translators. Navaho elders and medicine men have come to record legends, chants, history, and autobiographies. These are then transcribed into English. "Our center has collected materials leading anthropologists thought were extinct," says Roessel proudly. Navaho elders have come from all parts of the reservation to participate in the project, to record, to listen, and check on the

"The school has . . . a program to revive and improve . . . traditional crafts."

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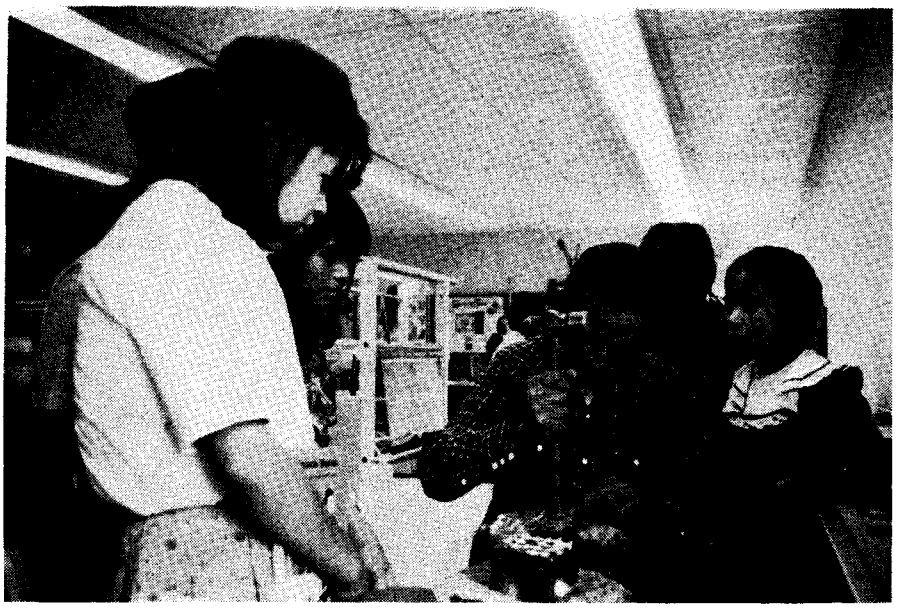

"Leading craftsmen from all over the reservation have been recruited to the school. . . ."

accuracy of the collected data. On almost any morning one is likely to see an elderly Navaho medicine man, his neck bedecked with strings of torquoise and coral, torquoise dangling from his pierced ears, respectfully ushered in to the curriculum-center room to listen to recordings of legends and give his expert opinion on the quality of their rendition. Thus a whole team of Navahos are themselves enthusiastically engaged in the recording of traditional culture. In addition, materials on current Navaho programs and progress are being collected. The materials are primarily seen as providing resources for the education of the children.

Serving a dual function in cultural identification and job training, leading craftsmen from all over the reservation have been recruited to the school. Here they demonstrate for the children and provide adult education as well. The Rough Rock school has embarked on a program to revive and improve the quality of traditional crafts in the adult-education phase of its program. Through the recently organized Navaho Tribal Crafts Centers on the reservation, products of superior quality are becoming a growing source of income to the people of the region.

The enthusiastic response of the community to the school is impressive, particularly when understood in terms of the traditional Navaho's fear and distrust of schools, which he viewed as stealing his children away from "The Trail of Beauty," the Navaho way of life.

The history of federal responsibility for Navaho education goes back nearly 100 years to the treaty concluded by Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and the elected chiefs of the Navaho tribe in 1868. For four years previous, some 8,000 Navaho had been rounded up and installed at Fort Sumner under the supervision of the U.S. Army. Escaping the fate of being sent to the Indian lands in Oklahoma, the Navaho managed to regain rights to a portion of their ancestral lands in northeastern Arizona, parts of Utah, and New Mexico, and were reunited with their kinsmen who had escaped the federal roundup as well as with those who were released from Mexican bondage by the U.S. Army. Article VI of this historic treaty provided that the Navahos pledge themselves to compel their children, male and female, between the ages of six and sixteen years, to attend school; the United States in turn agreed ". . . that for every thirty children between said ages who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided, and a teacher competent to teach the elementary branches of an English education shall be furnished."

FROM the very beginning, however, Navaho education has been characterized by gross inadequacy of provisions for schooling, compulsion by authorities, as well as Navaho resistance to the kinds of education being provided. The picture has begun to change only in the last decade.

In 1900, when most children in this country had at least an elementary education, only one out of every ten Navaho children was in school and then for only a year or two. In 1949, one out of every four Navahos was attending school. By 1950, there were schools available for only half the eligible Navaho children. During the last decade the grave educational deficiences of Indian children have received increased attention and, with increased federal funding of education and antipoverty programs, by 1964 there were 38,117 Navaho children in school, an increase of 23,000 over 14,764 enrolled in 1953. Symptomatic of the deficiency is the fact that among Navahos twenty-five years or older, the average length of schooling has been two years. Although mission education and public schools account for some, most Navaho children attend schools sponsored by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. By the 1960s there was room for almost all Navaho children in school and attention turned from the problem of quantity to that of quality.

Educational deficiency among the Navahos is clearly related to the long history of inadequate financing and provision of schools and teachers. At the same time, however, there is no doubt that the problem of culture conflict has had much to do with Navaho resistance to schools and schooling. The schools were seen as a threat to traditional life. Children were taken to boarding schools long distances from home, given limited visiting privileges, and subjected to teachers and curricula that denied their heritage. Often they were crowded into dismal barracks-like dormitories, sternly disciplined, and emerged fit only for marginal economic life in the white world, and unfit for life on the reservation.

To reduce the gulf between generations engendered by boarding schools, parents and elders at Rough Rock are encouraged to visit both the classrooms and the dormitories. Often coming from long distances, they are invited to stay several days, sleep in the dorms, eat in the cafeteria, and observe the education provided their children. They are wel-

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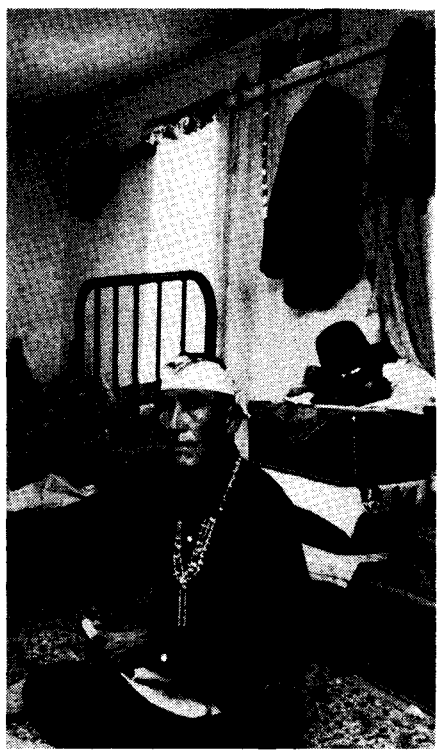

"Here they demonstrate for the children and provide adult education as well."

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THE "FAIR EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE ACT" IS DEAD

By EUGENE S. WILSON, *Dean of Admission, Amherst College.*

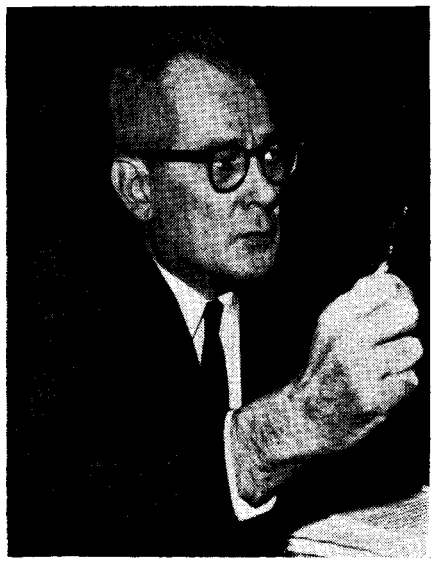
THE FAIR Educational Practice Act and all similar legislation are dead; killed, ironically, not by their enemies but by friends and supporters.

The FEPA stipulates that educational institutions shall make no inquiry regarding race, creed, or color of applicants, thus guaranteeing all students an unbiased opportunity to be considered on the basis of their aptitudes or achievements. Today, twenty years after the enactment of the FEPA in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, we find our leading educational institutions actively recruiting Negroes, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, and students from culturally disadvantaged areas.

New York City is the home of the NSSFNS (the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students) an organization that has performed a great service in placing Negro students in colleges and universities. ASPIRA ("Aspire"), also in New York, promotes the higher education of Puerto Rican students. In Boston, the United Scholarship Service specializes in placing American Indians in independent schools and colleges. Newspaper reports on Ivy League admissions last April mentioned the number of Negroes admitted to leading universities. And a new National Achievement Program (the National Merit Plan for the Higher Education of Negroes) supports several hundred Negro students in colleges and universities across the country.

These programs are all directed by "good guys" operating in harmony with the mood of the people, but in *direct violation* of the provisions of the FEPA. Only the culturally disadvantaged Jewish students remain unpursued. As one college-bound Jewish lad put it: "I would not mind being Jewish if my father were a Negro and my mother Japanese."

Twenty years ago when civil rights were smoldering quietly in the South and in the inner cities there were good reasons for enacting the FEPA Impetus



—*Wide World.*

Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz —a suggestion to restore racial designations to eliminate discrimination.

for this kind of legislation came from the apparent success of the previously enacted antidiscrimination legislation on fair employment, recommendations made by two special Presidential committees (one on civil rights and the other on higher education), and the desire of many Americans that veteran soldiers who had just won a war against Nazi racism should not be treated unfairly as they sought admission to industry or higher education.

Today, it is clear that the FEPA is faulty and outdated for at least four reasons:

1) *Its provisions defeat the very purpose of the act.* We now know that the academic potential of students from culturally disadvantaged areas (Negroes, especially) cannot be measured accurately by IQ or national aptitude or achievement tests. Many students from culturally disadvantaged areas have a tremendous power for intellectual growth when transplanted into a cultural environment such as a college. When college applicants are judged solely by test scores and marks, priority often goes to the culturally advantaged students from wealthy suburban schools and independent schools. It is only when the total background of an applicant is known that a fair appraisal of readiness for college can be made.

2) *The FEPA protects the unfair discriminators.* It is ironic that the very law which was designed to eliminate unfair discrimination actually grants protection to those individuals and committees which *wish* to be unfairly discriminating. No investigation of actual malpractices of admission committees can be made because the FEPA has, by its own requirements, erased all the evidence. An admissions committee, when asked about the number of Jews or Negroes in a class, can always say it does not know, for it is not allowed by law to make such inquiries.

Admissions committees which wish to evade the law can do so quite easily by requiring an interview of all applicants—and there is little hope that interviews will ever be eliminated. The interviewer, be he alumnus or staff, who wishes to make unfair assessments need make no mention of race, creed, or color in his interview report. Instead, he merely notes on his interview record: PERSONALITY UNSATISFACTORY. This kind of subjective judgment may be correct or incorrect. Proof is difficult. The law, however, does protect the unfairly prejudiced assessor of applicants.

3) *The FEPA has been difficult to enforce.* The FEPA has been ineffective because it has been proved to be unenforceable. Under this legislation, only the individual who has suffered unfair discrimination may make a petition to the Commission against discrimination. This provision of the law has produced almost no response. When there has been a complaint, the Commission has investigated and, when necessary, has "educated" the involved institutions. So far as I can discover, however, there has not been a single court case against an educational institution. I am sure no one has ever complained about the open violations of our laws, for today's civil rights drive has not only made it proper to give advantage to Negroes; it has also made it popular to do so.

4) *The FEPA is undemocratic.* America has often been presented as the land of freedom and opportunity, a democratic society where individuals have an equal chance to rise as far as their own individual aptitudes and resolution will permit. In the past, enough men and women have broken the fetters of poverty and cultural deprivation to keep this ideal alive. The FEPA was an attempt to enhance educational opportunities for all.

While the FEPA has promoted in one

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sense the highest democratic ideals, it has, at the same time, introduced the undemocratic concept that a student who wants unbiased consideration must mask his true identity. What the FEPA states to a student is this warning: "Don't let anyone know you were born in Poland; hide the fact that your mother's maiden name was Goldstein; conceal the truth that you are a Negro from a big city ghetto." What a way to advertise and promote our Great Society!

I am sure the men who drafted the FEPA did so in the belief that information about race, creed, and color was irrelevant and that marks and test scores were the only important evidence of educability. What all assessors of humans for any kind of work now know is that all kinds of information may be relevant when judging an individual's readiness to perform any work, especially work on a higher intellectual level.

IN addition to these specific complaints about the antidiscrimination legislation, something should be said about the increasing realization of admission officers that academic success in college cannot yet be accurately forecast. At even our most sought-after colleges and universities, 20 to 40 per cent of an entering class will fail to graduate on time. Most of those admitted had the intellectual ability to survive, but those who failed lacked the resolution or the ability to fit their personality into their new collegiate environment.

The hottest topics of research and discussion in measurement circles today are the nonintellectual factors. When new truths about human assessment are discovered, I am certain they will be found to root in the family and the neighborhood. Someday guidance and selection will use freely all available information about an individual's race, creed, color, place of origin, and personality.

To remedy the shortcomings of the present legislation, but yet safeguard the purposes for which it was intended, I suggest a new kind of law—a law that would require all educational and training institutions to ask on application blanks about a candidate's race, creed, color, and national origin. I would free the colleges to ask any other questions they wish. No questions would be considered illegal. Then, each year the educational and training institutions would be required to report to some state agency the number of applications in each required category and the number accepted in each category. This would be somewhat similar to the annual statistical reports in business required by many governmental administrative agencies.

Such a law would move all educational institutions out of the shadows and into the light of public inspection. Students from minority groups or with foreign backgrounds could discover quite easily how many of their own kind were in an institution and then decide what part this should play in their decision to apply. The kind of information released by such reports is the kind of information counselors and prospective students should have.

The only danger I can see in this proposed legislation is that there might be a tendency to move into some approved and inflexible quota in each category. I suspect, however, that this danger will not eventuate because the annual publication of applicant statistics will encourage fluidity and flexibility.

Other benefits will flow from this kind of legislation. Among them:

► Students will be able to freely discuss their backgrounds, confident that this information will not be used unfairly against them.

► Colleges which want to aid the culturally disadvantaged or to broaden the racial or religious composition of their student bodies may do so without breaking laws.

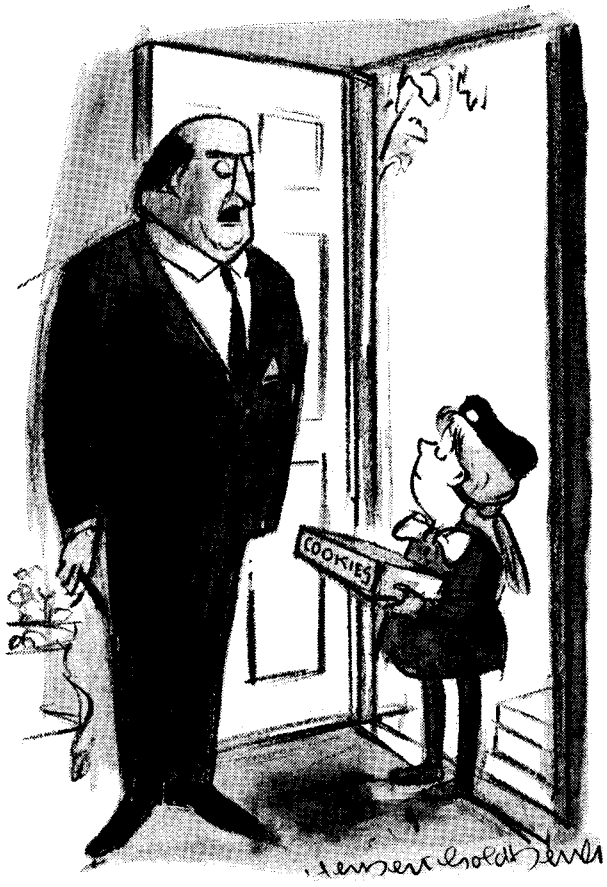
► Institutions which do practice unfair discrimination will not be able to hide behind the law. There will be no hiding place once the annual statistics are released.

► This type of legislation cannot be evaded openly, for there will be no requirements to evade except the one requiring presentation of annual statistics on admission actions.

► The state will quite probably save money, for this proposed legislation will be much less expensive to implement than the present procedures.

The validity of the proposed legislation was given a boost some time ago when Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz suggested that federal agencies consider restoring racial designations on their personnel forms to insure compliance with antidiscrimination laws. Unfair discrimination can never be uncovered by an investigation of single cases, but it can be exposed by the pattern formed by many actions. The proposed legislation I have suggested will reveal rather clearly the pattern of human assessments made by any single institution.

Hopefully, since we are moving toward higher education, our educational institutions under this proposed legislation will be encouraged to aim at the highest democratic ideals—ideals which have been so clearly stated by our present laws and which have been mouthed for years by spokesmen from our oldest educational institutions.



"Go on, sell me!"

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Voices in the Classroom

September Song

DECEPTIVELY, September always looks the same. Before the leaves turn, the bumper stickers go back on—yellow and black—advising: SCHOOL IS OPEN, DRIVE CAREFULLY. (The logic of that has always escaped me; there should be more children on the street when school is closed.) The tear-stained, first-grade, first-day faces appear on the front page of the newspaper, and on the inside there are the photographs of the new teachers, very young men and women, taking over the fifth grade at the Washington School or the mathematics classes of the junior high.

It all seems as before, this autumn ritual—the spring of learning: washed chalk boards, scrubbed floors, clean records, and fresh faces, a season of new determination. And yet it is not the same. The symbols are perennial, but the substance has been transformed. The children are new—not merely another crop just like last year, but fresh and different, television sophisticates, initiates to the new beat, the new sound, the new society, the new morals. Only a bit different from last year, perhaps, but very different from a decade ago.

Remember Sputnik? Remember the baby boom? Remember *Why Johnny Can't Read*? They are as far from us in time as Calvin Coolidge was from the WPA. There are 60,000,000 students this fall (60 per cent of all Americans between five and thirty-four), and most of them are worlds apart from those of us who enrolled as high school freshmen in 1945, hardly a month after Hiroshima, and then not comprehending a fraction of what it meant. To us, then just turned fourteen, life was so simple. Happiness was killing Japs.

Writers about America now predict change and revolution, hardly understanding that we already are living one, and have lived one, and that the rows of new classroom names and faces are fully enrolled in a different world. Our difficulties in understanding them, whether they are six or sixteen, derive from our difficulties in understanding ourselves and the world we made. Twenty-two years ago we knew whom to love and whom to hate, and how the great democracies, the United Nations, and a lot of things made of plastic and glass would solve the eternal problems of mankind. And although we all know now that the old moral certainties are gone, we are just beginning to discover that the new ones are just as perishable.

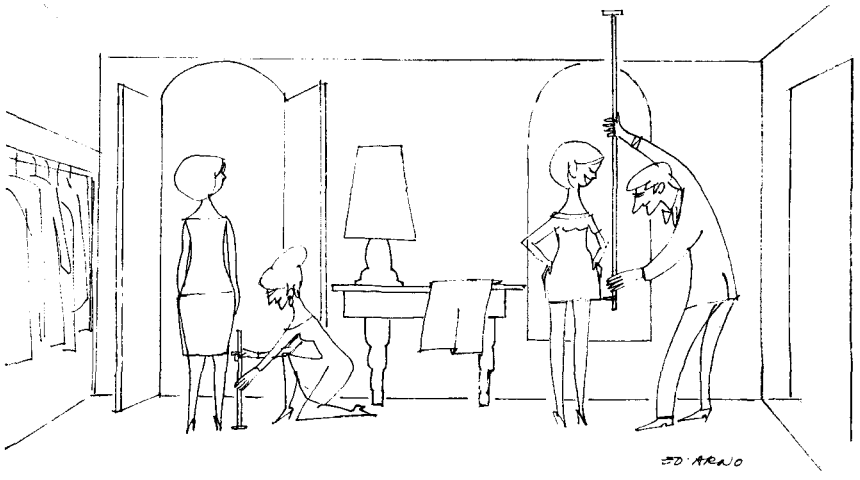
It was comforting to believe in a world that appeared to be neatly divided between "free" and "Communist," and in a two-sided cold war where the presumption of right was overwhelmingly on our side, even if isolated events contradicted it. It was comforting to believe that if other peoples were merely given the right of self-determination they would instinctively and naturally choose our way. It was comforting to believe that if the disadvantaged were freed from their legal and political handicaps they would automatically turn into another middle class. It was comforting to believe that our children would understand the virtues of our affluent, technological consumer society and would rush to join it.

Many, of course, still do, and many are, indeed, indistinguishable from their predecessors, and yet this is still a new September. It is a September when the big facts are not school facts and when the most valuable social commodity is not money or labor or land but skill, knowledge, and training. As John Kenneth Galbraith suggests in *The New Industrial State*, it puts the educational institutions, and especially the universities, into key positions of power and gives them bargaining leverage that they have never had before. It gives education a new degree of freedom to criticize and to dissent, and it confronts every school and every college with a choice between training useful cadres for the system and developing free human beings who can pit their humanity against the subtle but awesome pressure of a society ever more prone to subtly manipulating its citizens.

This September is different because more than ever before the children who come into the classroom have lived and understand things that we only know secondhand: Our world was made of the dreams of the depression, furnished with little houses and picket fences and a car in every garage; theirs is made from the nightmare and hollowness of its reality and of the dreams of peace. We looked ahead to prosperity and victory; they can look ahead to—what? It is different because what education must give them is not facts but experience, not programs but engagement.

Even if education has changed but little in the classroom, it has changed radically outside. In twenty years the American Negro has become visible, and so has chronic poverty, and that fact alone constitutes a revolution. The social order and the world itself demand an intellectual toughness that no school can responsibly avoid; but they also require a passionate distance, the constant awareness that this is not the best of all possible worlds, and that the function of education is to produce people who are sufficiently maladjusted—cranks and beatniks, poets and defectors—to make change possible and to maintain the sanity of diversity. This September is different because more than ever before the classroom must function not only to bring people into the society—to teach reading to the disadvantaged or physics to the engineer or English to the foreigner—but also to fortify people with the ability to say no.

Education, once charged primarily with the task of generating unity out of a superabundant pluralism, is more than ever the last and best resource for honoring and cultivating diversity. Everywhere Americans are ridden with facts and goods. Everywhere education must sustain and foster the humanity to make that world livable. At the opening of this school year, one could ask for nothing more ambitious, more urgent, or more honorable. —PETER SCHRAG.



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Schools Make News

Desegregation in the South

In a report released in August, the United States Commission on Civil Rights urged faster desegregation of Southern schools and more stringent enforcement of guidelines to achieve it.

The Commission proposed legislation to enable any Negro child or his parents to bring civil action against individuals —including private persons—who intimidate the child to discourage him from integrating a public school. The proposal is directed at meeting situations in which the homes of Negro children newly enrolled in white schools were attacked and where their parents had been intimidated physically or threatened with loss of employment. The Commission also found enforcement of desegregation guidelines inadequate and urged Congress to appropriate sufficient funds to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to strengthen the manpower needed for enforcement.

Home Rule

President Johnson has urged Congress to allow the residents of the District of Columbia to elect their Board of Education. Under existing laws and procedure, the nine-member Board is appointed by the judges of the district court in the District of Columbia.

In a letter to the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, Mr. Johnson threw his support behind a bill that would give the District home rule in choosing its Board of Education. Several key members of the Senate are supporting the election proposal.

Student Records—Confidential

In a statement to its 1,500 members, the American Council on Education has urged colleges and universities to resist demands by investigatory agencies for students' records. The Council recommended that institutions not keep membership lists of student organizations, especially those related to matters of political belief or action.

"If rosters of this kind do not exist," the policy statement declared, "they cannot be subpoenaed, and the institution is therefore freed of some major elements of conflict and from the risks of contempt proceedings or a suit."

The Council said that while educational institutions have an obligation to cooperate with committees of Congress,

Francis McNamara, director of the House Un-American Activities Committee—"[Keeping students' records confidential] frustrates a lawful authority."

"they also have an obligation to protect their students from unwarranted intrusion into their lives and from hurtful or threatening interference in the exploration of ideas and their consequences that education entails."

The statement was aimed specifically at the House Un-American Activities Committee, which last year sought and obtained from the University of Michigan and the Berkeley branch of the University of California membership lists of student organizations known to oppose the Vietnam war.

"Requests for information about a student's beliefs and associations inevitably imply the specter of reprisals," the Council's statement warned. "America cannot afford a recurrence of the incursion made on intellectual freedom in the 1950s."

When such demands are made, the Council recommends, the institution should seek legal counsel, "not merely to advise a prudent course, but to prepare every legal basis for resistance."

Francis McNamara, director of HUAC, denounced the ACE statement, calling it a "backhanded approach to frustrate a lawful authority."

Full Citizens, Almost

Representatives of five national organizations have agreed to a tentative statement on the academic freedom of students. If they can get their organizations to sign it, students may at last become full citizens in the academic community.

The statement endorses a student role in policy-making, the right to due process in disciplinary cases, a free student press, and a free student choice of speakers, among other provisions. It took the drafting committee almost a year to iron out the disagreements between the groups.

The five organizations are the American Association of Colleges, the American Association of University Professors, the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators, the National Association of Women's Deans and Counselors, and the National Student Association. The statement was drawn up by one representative from each group and must be agreed to by each organization's membership.

Doctor or Dropout?

"Of the 75,453 students entering medical school from 1949 through 1958, 4,596 failed to graduate on time and an additional 6,556 failed to graduate at all. This represents a loss in potential physician manpower of staggering proportions. . . . Therefore, it is time that medical schools gave increasing attention to eradicating the causes of attrition by encouraging better professional preparation, more sophistication in the processes of selection, and more effective teaching and counseling," declares the preface of a major study of medical education that has received little general attention.

Although the attrition rate in medical schools is lower than in many professional schools, the shortage of doctors makes a rising dropout rate a critical concern. In *Doctor or Dropout? A Study of Medical Student Attrition*, Davis G. Johnson and Edwin B. Hutchins of the Association of American Medical Colleges examine the causes of the problem and search for cures.

Recognizing the roles of the undergraduate school and the ability of the individual student, the authors conclude "the medical school itself is undoubtedly in the crucial position to control the attrition process." Their basic criticism and recommendation is the need for "an underlying philosophy of consistently treating the medical student with consideration and respect as a physician-in-training, accompanied by a strong expectation that those students selected will succeed. In many schools, a single strong individual—usually a dean, a student-affairs officer, or a key department chairman—is credited with having spearheaded the development of this basic philosophy, with its resulting low dropout rate."

Furthermore, the authors believe, this

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Photographed in front of the Trinidad-Tobago and Grenada Pavilion.

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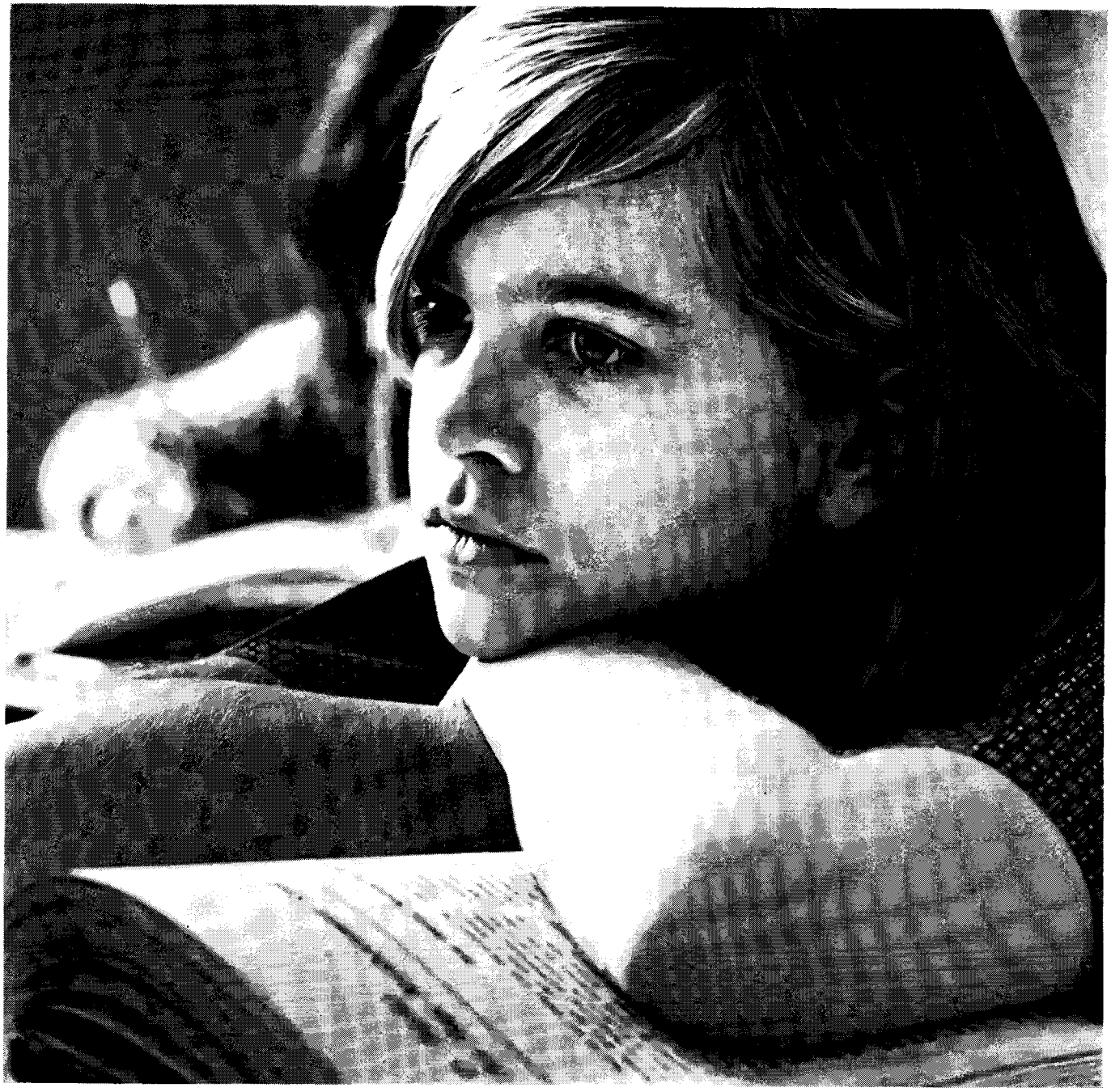

Playing hooky again!

She might as well be a million miles away—her thoughts are!

This young student and thousands like her are playing hooky every day right under the gaze of their teachers. Such students can't seem to concentrate, grow restless and lapse into daydreams.

All too often, the cause of such "truancy" is a lack of good eating habits.

Many children do not achieve all they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished. It's a fact that one out of every five school children starts the day with an inadequate breakfast. About one-half of all adults, two-thirds of all teen-age girls and one third of all teen-age boys skimp breakfast or skip it altogether.

Make sure you're giving your family all the nourishment they need by planning each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups. Get a *free* copy of "Family Feeding For Fitness and Fun," which describes the Basic Four Food Groups and explains how to use them to create more nutritious meals.

Write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

American Dairy Association is sponsoring a fall "Vitality Parade" promotion. You'll see it in supermarkets and read about it in advertising directed to homemakers. Its purpose is to provide well-balanced family meals that feature milk and milk products. Look for "Vitality Parade" meal and snack ideas at food stores or ask your dairy routeman.

a message from dairy farmer members of **american dairy association**

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remedy is applicable to the dropout problem in graduate and professional education in general.

The University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine apparently came to a similar conclusion. This month it initiates a new curriculum designed as a major departure from traditional medical training. The emphasis will be on independent study and a wide range of elective courses, allowing the student to develop a program to fit his individual background and ambitions. Laboratory work will no longer merely demonstrate the textbook but will stress experimental biology and critical inquiry. The old curriculum demanded a full schedule of required courses during all but eight weeks of the four-year program.

Follow Through for Head Start

A PILOT PROGRAM called "Follow Through" has been launched by the U.S. Office of Education and the Office of Economic Opportunity to carry the benefits of Head Start into the regular school system.

Youngsters who participated in Project Head Start in the past two years are now entering elementary school where too often any learning gains will be lost. Follow Through is intended to extend the special services and new teaching techniques designed for deprived children into the regular system, starting this year with kindergarten and first grade.

Thirty school districts around the country take part in Follow Through this year, reaching about 3,000 of the 2,000,000 Head Start graduates. Next year the programs will be extended to reach 190,000 children. The OE and the OEO hope eventually to follow through to the third grade. But many authorities feel the children will not benefit sufficiently until the whole elementary system is affected.

Writers and Teachers

A GROUP of teachers and writers plan to bring important changes to the public school English curriculum. Under a $75,000 grant from the Office of Education, a group of leading writers—including Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Anne Sexton, playwright William Alfred (*Hogan's Goat*), editor Robert Silvers of *The New York Review of Books,* teacher-author John Holt (*How Children Fail*), author Grace Paley (*The Little Disturbances of Man*), and director of the Academy of American Poets, Elizabeth Kray—will work through Teachers College, Columbia University, to form a Teachers-Writers Collaborative. The aim is to get writers into the schools to work with teachers on creative writing and new approaches to language and literature. Experimental classes in which writers meet with students may also be set up.

Compensation or Integration?

THE EFFECTIVENESS of federal aid programs for slum schools is being investigated by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Two recent reports—"Full Educational Opportunity" (known as the Coleman report) and "Racial Isolation in the Public Schools," drawn up for the President's Commission on Civil Rights—concluded that no amount of special programs could overcome the psychological deprivation caused by racial isolation. If they are right, the government may be investing billions futilely in the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, Project Head Start, and other major efforts to improve inner-city education.

But data for both studies were gathered before the federal aid program was really under way, and neither study examined the effects of particular programs. HEW researchers aim to find out if any programs have had an effect, and if so, which ones carried the most impact.

Notes

NEW YORK CITY has quietly dropped its "open enrollment" program under which Negro and Puerto Rican students could transfer from their neighborhood schools to less crowded, predominantly white schools elsewhere in the city. No protest has come from civil rights organizations or the Negro and Puerto Rican communities, illustrating the shift of concern from integrated classrooms to quality education in all schools regardless of location or ethnic makeup. . . . Hawaiians are battling to keep their schools segregated, while whites and Orientals, who comprise the majority of the Honolulu population, are seeking to break down barriers preventing them from attending some excellent schools founded for Hawaiians only. . . .

To prevent the proliferation of "shoestring colleges," the Maryland Board of Education has moved that: 1) any group founding a four-year college must show at least $500,000 in financial backing, 2) any college granting baccalaureate degrees must have at least 40 per cent of its program in the arts and sciences, and 3) institutions unaccredited by the Middle States Association must be re-evaluated every five years by the state board. . . .

Stanford University is expanding its programs of coeducational living and learning—mixing freshmen and upperclassmen and men and women in "residence-learning projects." . . . Partnership Teaching Programs are luring housewives out of retirement and back to the classroom. Two women with complementary backgrounds—for example, one trained in math and science, one in English and social studies—who can teach only halftime, are trained as a team to fill the role of one full-time teacher. New York State has created a Teacher Reserve to recruit these women and send them for special training to Long Island University or Syracuse University. The Partnership Teaching Program, which originated with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, has served communities surrounding Boston for a number of years, and this fall the program will be introduced in the city itself.

—*Charles Gatewood.*

Head Start graduation—Too often the benefits were lost.

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A Tone of Urgency

When We Deal With Children, *by Fritz Redl (The Free Press, 511 pp., $8.95), is a collection of writings that challenges established concepts and techniques in child therapy, education, child development, delinquency, residential treatment, and parent and teacher education. The reviewer is professor of English at Teachers College, Columbia University, and editor of the Teachers College Record.*

By MAXINE GREENE

FRITZ REDL, although he identifies himself as a child psychologist with a Ph.D., a "good Indian" (a Freudian who left Vienna in the Thirties), and a specialist in the treatment of disturbed children (formerly director of the Bethesda treatment center for hyperaggressive children, and founder and director of Detroit's Pioneer House), has the bad manners to refuse ordinary categorization. Like the children's mental disorders he describes, he is not "well-adjusted" in the sense of fitting into one of the standard professional slots. For one thing, he is more interested in mental health than he is in mental sickness. For another, he is preoccupied with the "improvement" of disturbed children and with the identification of the kinds of supportive life experiences which enable such children to "choose" their better selves.

Also (and this may be most disturbing of all) he does not talk pedagoguese, psychologese, or any of the behavioral science dialects. He uses phrases like "reality rub-in," and "massaging numb value areas." He insists on knowing "which delinquents we are talking about" and precisely *how* a given child is "disadvantaged." He says we "love kids," neglect children, hate youth; he finds that "the teen-age label" is a "downright prejudicial stereotype" and wants to restore the individual teenager's role as a "person," rather than someone thought to be "guilty until proven innocent." He never once talks about "clients" or "patients" or "cases." Instead, he discusses "kids," "toughies," "my thieves at camp." Yet there is no more eloquent spokesman for professionalism and appropriate specialization.

When We Deal With Children is addressed to educators as well as therapists, to behavioral scientists and group workers, in fact to all of those in "the children's field." To read the book is to hear the authentic voice of Fritz Redl. It is to discover quite naturally and with increasing pleasure the kind of multidisciplinary practitioner this man is—what he believes in, what he hopes for, and what outrages him.

—Cornell Capa.

Fritz Redl—"[He] has the bad manners to refuse ordinary categorization."

He has made his selections from writing done over the past two decades, and a rich variety results. There is his presidential address to the American Orthopsychiatric Association on "the crisis in the children's field." There are papers on classroom discipline, approaches to punishment, "life-space" interviews; and there are informal jottings used while "talking it over with my staff." Throughout there is the unsentimental commitment to the "improvement potentials" of disturbed youngsters which many readers will recall from *Children Who Hate* (written with David Wineman, 1951). Throughout, too, there is a consciousness of continuing crisis which gives the book—for all its vitality and good humor—a tone of urgency.

The crisis Dr. Redl perceives is one of "underimplementation." We know what to do, he tells us, to help disturbed and distressed children correct their misinterpretations of reality, control their "impulsivity," and begin taking the risks of living in the open world. We know a great deal about preventive services; but we do not act upon what we know. "We" refers to educators, psychologists, and many of the other professionals concerned with children. Too frequently a rigid separation between research and service stands in the way, or too narrow a conception of hypothesis, measurement, and controls. Even more frequently, a preoccupation with illness and the "morbid" interferes. Dr. Redl is outspoken on the matter of "improvement panic," an affliction suffered by many a practitioner when his troubled client begins reaching out for the gratifications associated with good health.

"We" also refers to community leaders who feel "tickled pink" when they get themselves one modern child-guidance clinic and manage to forget all about the "thousands of kids . . . still sitting around in jails with adults, in mental hospital wards of the 'snake pit' variety, in detention homes that are too poorly staffed or equipped to offer anything but 'detention'. . . ." The analogy to education is painfully clear: Community after community has been "tickled pink" by a demonstration project somewhere, by one or two experimental programs, by programs for preschoolers which do not reach into the first grade.

But "we" also refers to those who publicly announce that they "love kids" and are devoted to education, but who put atom smashers and rockets higher in their priority scales than treatment centers, guidance clinics, and special schools. Dr. Redl characteristically finds in all this the symptoms of community "psychopathy," accompanied by delusional thinking and utter confusion about such concepts as prevention, mental health, disadvantage, research—not to speak of "defiant youth."

THE claim has often been made that studies of abnormal behavior may generate new understanding of the "normal"; but relatively few specialists have been daring enough (or, perhaps, "marginal" enough) to look both ways. Fritz Redl belongs to the distinguished company represented by such interdisciplinary thinkers as Erik Erikson, Bruno Bettelheim, and Robert Coles, and he may be the one with the special capacity to identify implications for both clinical and educational practice—and in the most concrete, disarming way. This is what he does when he distinguishes between the "pressurized cabin" approach traditionally associated with psychoanalytic practice and the kind of approach which takes a child's "life-space" into account.

He talks about the necessity to interpret and correct a child's misconception of "reality" within the context of the life situation, even at moments when "emotional first aid" is required. His concern

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Before the next generation grows old, boredom may be the nation's number one killer.

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It could be heaven. Or just the op-osite, unless we learn to live with and njoy our leisure. One way is to use leisure o learn. To learn more about ourselves, our eighbors, our world, or even the worlds eyond. Whether it's history, histology, or ow-to-projects, knowledge adds dimension, sparkle, and pleasure to our lives.

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A publisher who doesn't always go by the book

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for helping children conceive cause and effect and time, for instance, is part of his concern for enabling them to perceive the "inner structure" of events as they impinge upon them. Here is where his role as educator and his role as psychologist mesh. Here is where the educational relevance of "mental health work" becomes inescapably clear.

Professor Redl (who is presently distinguished professor of behavioral sciences at Wayne State University) has some fun with various educators' fascination with psychoanalysis "way back when." He calls our one-time concentration upon the "unconscious" and upon the need for "liberation of the child" from adult pressures, a mode of "throwing crumbs from the tables of the rich." He finds the significance of psychoanalytic theory in its potential contribution to solving the problem of "the management of group behavior and the cultivation of group atmospheres that are supportive" of the *learning* (not the therapeutic) tasks for which teachers are responsible.

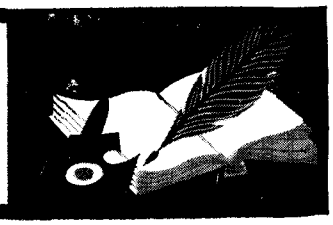
It is, I think, in the interests of learning that he provides such a rich store of information respecting the dynamics of group life. All teachers, probably, ought to attend to his stricture that groups must never be conceived as entities but, rather, as collections of interacting individuals. But teachers of the underprivileged in the cities ought to pay particular heed. There are numerous practical hints in his discussion of the phenomena of "contagion" and "shock effect," both of which are consequences of specific influences exerted by individual members of groups upon other individual members. Developmental factors play a part in determining such influences; so do the intrusive energies of impulse life, the guilt feelings generated by the superego, responses (positive and negative) to the prevailing group code.

Obviously, the leader (teacher or "central person") plays a crucial role; and Dr. Redl offers us a full range of models to clarify the dynamics of the "central person's" function within various kinds of groups. Contemplating his ten types—patriarchal sovereign, for example, tyrant, love object, seducer, hero, et al.—the reader cannot but be struck by the emphasis on the importance of *identification* (with the teacher as a "good example," say) rather than love. Also, he cannot but be enlightened by the presentation of the notion of "group emotion," often an unnoticed result of particular modes of group formation.

The organization of appropriate groups and subgroups remains a prime obligation of the educator; and it seems to me that Dr. Redl's distinction between those group emotions which are "instinctual and emotional events in the potential members of a group that are basic to the group-formative processes," and those which develop on the basis of those processes, sheds a remarkable amount of light on the whole mysterious business of grouping children. Hopefully, Redl will be able to counter current tendencies to gather children together according to some accidental factor of convenience, according to chronological age similarity, even according to IQ or reading skills. All depends on the purpose of the grouping, he makes clear; but the effectuality of any group will be a function of the kind of thinking and the degree of sensitivity which go into its formation.

None of these principles will be, *in abstracto*, startling or new to the informed educator; but Professor Redl's purpose is not to disclose some new Jerusalem. It is, rather, to urge us to implement what we (working in collaboration) have already learned—and to "search out" more knowledge as we work. It is to move us, shame us, tease us out of our fears of "improvement," our evasion of the requirements of "health," our dread of what we project into the word "youth." There remains, of course, the question of what to do in a society devoid of supportive life experiences (like, perhaps, the world of the Newark slums); but, as practitioners, we also have to choose. Fritz Redl offers numerous clues for counteracting "psychopathy" and delusion. Some of the best can be used in doing the jobs—and doing them well—for which we were trained. Above all, we have to implement; and Dr. Redl's closing line is better than any I can devise to make the point." For work situations with children and communities that are not decently implemented stink. Period."

New Books



A Perfect Education: Growing Up in Utopia, *by Kenneth E. Eble, (Macmillan, 215 pp., $5.95),* discusses delight, feeling, and self-realization in the context of old and new educational practice. Brimming with promise are the good old days of Socratic method, medieval liberal arts, Thoreau's *Walden*, and Whitehead's rhythms. The present, though, seems more sinister—a menacing aggregate of teaching machines, test batteries, and TV. Before crossing the street to Utopia, Eble looks both ways many times. It is his very hesitation that holds one's attention.

Culture, System, and Behavior: Behavioral Sciences and Education, *by Francis A. J. Ianni (SRA, 134 pp., $2.20),* accepts the challenge of broad sweep in brief compass, and succeeds. Drawing on distinguished administrative and professorial experience, Ianni clears the deck of misconceptions about human behavior, then trims sail across the centuries of man's urge to know himself scientifically. In each of the chapters on anthropology, sociology, and psychology, he emphasizes the interaction of formal and informal education. Suggested readings enhance the work as he springboards to more serious study. Blissfully jargon-free, the book should attract professional and discriminating general reader alike. These days, this twofold appeal is rare.

Education and Social Crisis: Perspectives on Teaching Disadvantaged Youth, *edited by Everett T. Keach, Jr., Robert Fulton, and William E. Gardner (John Wiley and Sons, 413 pp., $7.95),* dares reach back as far as 1954 to assemble a fine selection of hard-data articles. Disadvantaged youth's cultural values, their challenge in the schoolroom, and their relevance for the future occupy roughly equal space. Usually brief selections vary in abstruseness from Baldwin's personable talk or Clark's fierce attack on Conant to the statistical elegance of Bernstein's treatment of linguistic codes or the numerical finality of Montague's findings on arithmetic concepts. General readers, students, and perhaps Presidential committeemen may want this work at their elbows.

A Philosophy for Adult Education, *by Paul Bergevin (The Seabury Press, 176 pp., $4.95), and* ***The Implications of Continuous Learning,*** *by J. Robbins Kidd (W. J. Gage, 122 pp., $3.25),* share the difficulty of being precise in a relatively new field of study and operation. Far from systematic, Bergevin's "philosophy" emerges as a mélange of normative shoulds, oughts, and musts. Remove the word "adult" (as in "every conscious adult can learn"), substitute what you will from the seven ages of man, and the result appears roughly the same. Kidd's work depends heavily upon enumerated propositions, generously basted with imagery about seamless robes, compasses, gyroscopes, patchwork quilts, and roadblocks, or with sentimental anecdotes concerning Pablo Casals, Justice Holmes, and Eduard Lindeman. Yet for all its tentativeness, each

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volume represents an attempt to confront a topic of importance for those of us haunted by the grim specter of leisure.

Education for Tragedy: Essays in Disenchanted Hope for Modern Man, *by Kenneth D. Benne (University of Kentucky Press, 203 pp., $7.00),* unifies twenty years of essays through its focus on crisis. By involving Man the Decider in such dramatic components as act, scene, agency, and the like, Benne rejects narrow psychological motivation as the essence of human suffering. Alienated man, he argues, relies in vain on suburban escape, restrictive specialization, or fantasy as answers to his quest for autonomy within organization. What he must learn is to face current issues in a world tired of liberal optimism. Hope springs eternal in this splendid book. But the approach is tightly analytical. There is nothing mealymouthed here.

The Knowledge Most Worth Having, *edited by Wayne C. Booth (University of Chicago Press, 212 pp., $5.95),* remanipulates the Spencerian query, though without unanimity on the "comprehensive scientific culture" heading Spencer's priority list. Sir John Cockcroft on broadening interests, J. A. Simpson on human values, and John R. Platt on diversity together celebrate a decidedly scientific orientation. Editor Booth, on the other hand, counterpoises his consideration of man's place in nature with a fixation on the alleged iniquities of the famous Harlow experiment, "Love in Infant Monkeys." Contributions by F. C. Ward, Northrop Frye, Anne F. Scott, James M. Redfield, Richard McKeon, and Edward H. Levi complete a stimulating collection.

TV as Art: Some Essays in Criticism, *edited by Patrick D. Hazard (National Council of Teachers of English, 221 pp., $1.25),* invites teachers to consider TV's best. Among unfamiliar cathode-tube references, TV abstainers will lose their way. Occasional viewers and enthusiasts, however, should enjoy John Tebbel's panorama of politics and mass communication, Jack Behar's commitment to a real world, Richard J. Stonesifer's cry for precision, and David Boroff's analysis of TV doctors, nurses, lawyers, and teachers as fictitious purveyors of an outdated morality. Less powerfully, other contributors ponder the effect on youngsters of so-called children's programs offering at once adult values and a ruthlessly edited natural order. The whole constitutes an optimistic comment on the worth of that electronic tutor who is so much one of the family in American homes. —JOHN CALAM.

Mr. Calam is director of Teachers College Press at Columbia University.

Sputnik

Continued from page 79

the Adlai Stevenson options for what might have been great leadership bore the added hurts somehow. Computers got smaller and smarter. Xerox stock was still cheap—for a while. A golden boom was blossoming on Wall Street. But there was bickering in the suburbs that wanted better schools, and anger in the cities that hoped for good ones.

Crisis and criticism are always endemic to our school systems, but now there was a difference in tone and a shift in the consequences of the criticism. The almost constant issues of means, methods, materials, and ends, which John Dewey used with such telling effect in the early days of the century, were now sharpened and turned about. The intellectuals and the scholars, the academicians who had divorced themselves from the concerns of the schoolmarms when education turned professional, now turned vehemently upon "progressive education" as the primary cause of all our classroom ills. The painfully remembered shortages of trained and trainable manpower during the war was seen, they declared, again in embryo. The distressingly high percentages of illiterate and "under-educated" in the induction centers were building up again to the next disgrace. There was, indeed, *Quackery in the Public Schools!*

The professional educators' response was for a while almost monolithic. Their defense was at first almost patronizing: Of course, there were inadequacies; certainly, the major democratic goals were still partly beyond our grasp, but they were ennobling goals—"education for all American youth," "life-adjustment" to the real world by way of courses in "problems in democracy" and "family and home living," with "remediation" where needed and social promotion for "age and grade matching" to assure the proper socialization of even the "reluctant learner." Progress, of course, was being made. . . . But the attacks on the schools continued.

Something happened in Pasadena. One of the showcase school systems of progressive education had its school board turn suddenly sour over rising costs, internationalism in textbooks, permissiveness in the classroom. It fired its brilliant superintendent, Willard Goslin, in June 1950. The board charged that Goslin was guilty of innovation without explanation.

A leading progressive educator, writing in the *NEA Journal* in October 1951, declared: "From coast to coast the entire nation is pocked with battlefields of war against modern education. Today education is in danger!" Responsible educators offered in their articles and speeches detailed analyses, evaluations, and suggested responses to the wide-ranging criticisms. The reasoning was judicious, dispassionate, and just a little tired, saying in effect that we have been through all of this before and it will surely pass away. It did not!

The White House Conference on Education, meeting in Washington in November 1955, addressed itself to the problems and purposes of private and public elementary and secondary schools. Its six discussion topics provided a headline summary of our worries about education:

1) What should our schools accomplish?

2) In what ways can we organize our school systems more efficiently and economically?

3) What are our school building needs?

4) How can we get enough good teachers—and keep them?

5) How can we finance our schools—build and operate them?

6) How can we obtain a continuing public interest in education?

The Conference settled down to four days of swan songs, pious hopes, expressions of conventional wisdom, demands for "reality orientation," and bold new looks at ancient and stubborn facts: "As long as good schools are available, man is not frozen at any level of our economy, nor is his son." And the Conference report reads like a valedictory for progressive education. "Each age is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth."

Lawrence A. Cremin notes in his classic history of progressive education, *The Transformation of the School:* "The surprising thing about the progressive response to the assaults of the Fifties is not that the movement collapsed, but that it collapsed so readily." Not only did World War II rob it of its old-time vitality; it had been torn by factionism for years. The reform movements it generated were mostly negative in character—it was always quick to say what was wrong. It nourished the public on clichés: the "whole child," the need for "creative self-expression." The progressives placed demands upon the teacher's time and ability that only the most superlatively educated, the most deeply dedicated, the most inspired practitioner could meet.

More than this, Mr. Cremin points out, the movement choked upon its own

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success. It created its own conventional wisdom which effectively prevented the educationist from understanding the vulgar realities of a changed and complex world. Says Cremin, "The old war cries, whatever their validity, or lack of it, rang a bit hollow; they no longer generated enthusiasm. Like any legacy from a prior generation, they were too easily and too carelessly spent; rarely perhaps were they lovingly invested in something new. In the end, the result was intellectual bankruptcy."

Perhaps this was the overriding reason for the collapse of progressive education—it had become decoupled from the march of events. It was not participating in those events which, for good or ill, were transforming American society. It was saying what it thought were the acceptable things, but its audience was not listening. There were more insistent messages to be heard from the economy, the burgeoning technology, from the new-born knowledge industries —and from the city slums. The audience was now clamoring for a school that would be more concerned with a full mind than with a whole mind. Johnny had better become literate in science and mathematics.

TWO developments which had their beginnings in the 1940s came to operational readiness by the end of the decade. One was the emergence of the Ford Foundation as a national philanthropy with resources greater than many governments. It announced that as a result of its reorganization, education emerged ". . . as the major strand that ties together the purposes of almost our entire activity." The other was the establishment of the National Science Foundation (NSF) as an independent agency of the executive branch of the federal government, with a broad mandate to strengthen basic research and education in the sciences.

The National Science Foundation budget has grown from $1,500,000 in 1952 to more than $121 million in 1967. This money is used to provide support for fellowship aid to graduate and postdoctoral students in the sciences; for supplemental training of teachers of science, mathematics, and engineering; for the improvement in the subject matter of science and mathematics instruction, especially at the secondary level; and for the identification of talented high school and college students through a variety of special programs.

With its vastly increased resources from the estates of Henry and Edsel Ford, the Ford Foundation entered all fields of education with great vigor and lots of hard cash. In 1951 it established the Fund for the Advancement of Education and the Fund for Adult Education. The former set in motion a variety of experimental programs in teacher education (including the Master of Arts in Teaching), classroom television, teacher aides, and similar departures from past practice, while the foundation itself supported massive programs designed to upgrade education, especially at the college and university level.

Although the quantum leap of the Ford Foundation was by far the most dramatic, other foundations with long traditions in support of education expanded their support of the schools and of teaching. The Carnegie Corporation launched the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools in 1948 "to focus national attention on the public schools and to make available to towns and cities throughout the country the experience of those communities which had been most successful in solving their local problems."

ALONG with other foundations, Carnegie joined Ford in supporting the National Merit Scholarships. Grants were made to the Educational Testing Service to improve the quality of information about student performance. At the beginning of 1957, Carnegie persuaded Dr. James Bryant Conant, on his return to this country from his assignment as U.S. ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany, to begin yet another career. He would conduct a series of studies of American public education.

And then came Sputnik. Dr. Vannevar Bush had warned a Congressional committee a year earlier that Russia was graduating engineers twice as fast as we were and producing technicians at a rate thirty or forty times faster as well, and that the pay-off would be dramatic and soon. He was right. Suddenly (to use a phrase we have been living with since the day of the Bomb), the "mass went critical!" All of the criticisms, all of the complaints, all of the warnings, all of the parochial angers and frustrations focused on the schools. Eighteen months before Sputnik, William Benton, who, like Dr. Bush, had been warning of the power of Soviet scientific education, had made some dizzying proposals for spending a billion dollars a year on graduate fellowships and $3.8 billion a year to improve teacher training. These made the Ford Foundation's efforts seem like modest proposals. Suddenly even Benton's proposals seemed very modest indeed.

In the halls of Congress, education acquired the sacrosanct aura hitherto reserved only for the Department of Defense. We had the money. We had the will. We had the good old American "know-how." When we finally understand what needs to be done, why we roll up our sleeves and do it!

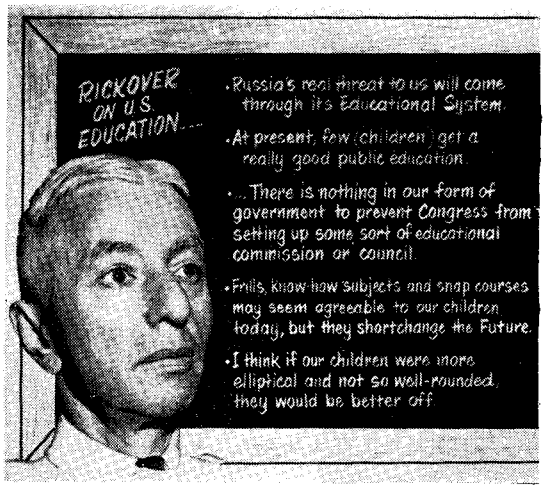
After several expensive pratfalls on the launching pads of Cape Canaveral, we launched our own "fellow traveler," a little larger than a Florida grapefruit, it is true, but our own. The space race was on; so was the school race. They continue today.

As a 1961 *Rockefeller Panel Report*, "Prospect for America," pointed out:

> The heart of the matter is that we are moving with headlong speed into a new phase in man's long struggle to control his environment, a phase beside which the Industrial Revolution may appear a modest alteration of human affairs.

Although progressive education as a movement died, as all movements must, it left a modest but most precious legacy.

—Bettmann Archive.


RICKOVER ON U.S. EDUCATION...
•Russia's real threat to us will come through its Educational System.
•At present, few children get a really good public education.
•...There is nothing in our form of government to prevent Congress from setting up some sort of educational commission or council.
•Frills, know-how subjects and snap courses may seem agreeable to our children today, but they shortchange the Future.
•I think if our children were more elliptical and not so well-rounded, they would be better off

—Wide World.

Philosopher of education John Dewey (left), and Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover—symbol and critic in the Great Debate.

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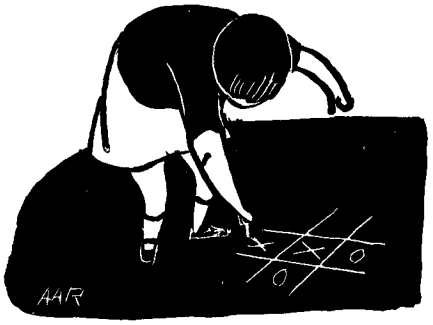
The new reformers who took over the seats of educational power were a "hard-Bible" breed. They sought to identify and nourish talent. They hunted out the gifted child and tried to hound him into competence. They began to rescue physics from the scrawny hand of Newtonian mechanics and cradle it in the nucleus of the atom. They redressed mathematics in properly regal garments, threw away the abacus, and plugged in the computer. They sought good young minds everywhere and found them most often among the well-fed, the well-born, and the fair-skinned.

Yet the progressive legacy is a humane prayer: Let all be given profitable access to a general education that balances insight against information, that displays ethics and esthetics as attractively as it does the sciences and the practical disciplines. The progressive legacy is the unqualified cherishing of each child for his biological and social rights. But that legacy must be invested in a more tough-minded enterprise than the progressives could ever devise: one that must encompass all of the varieties of tragic experience—the dark nights of the soul of our cities' slums, the wars in Vietnam and elsewhere, and the always unreachable goals of a more generous life for mankind.

The critical mass of the Forties and Fifties is now producing a steady flow of financial and intellectual energy. Education, as Thomas Jefferson observed long ago, is "the most certain, and the most legitimate engine of government."

But, today, there is a new mass building up in our cities, in burned out homes and businesses, in stillborn hopes, in frustrated compassion. The forces that are roiling in our cities cannot be harnessed by education alone. The underprivileged require a quality of education which cannot be produced by mere compulsory schooling. It is possible that the new critical mass will blow down all the school walls and let the whole of urban society into the classroom. Perhaps the cities themselves must be re-created as giant learning centers. The nature and dimensions of future change are far from clear.

But it is clear that the continuing revolution in education didn't start with Sputnik—and its end is not in sight.



Pregnant Teen-Agers

Continued from page 81

an industrial Pennsylvania town. Maybe it was the subject that attracted the crowd. When he finished his lecture, the minister chairing the meeting said, "I think we should go on record favoring continuing education for all pregnant students in our schools." The school superintendent, stunned, reacted instantly, "Our parents—the town—they wouldn't stand for that. Why, we wouldn't dare."

One of the town's most respected civic leaders rose, and she said, "I have a girl in high school, and I don't think she would be contaminated. I believe we should go on record favoring an educational program for our pregnant girls. It's time we face facts." She sat down to applause and a promise by the superintendent to bring it before the Board.

A school administration that did bring it before the Board is East Orange, New Jersey. Four years ago Mrs. Rose Wilkerson, a school social worker, disturbed by the way the schools treated unmarried mothers, approached the Board of Education with an explosive idea that did not cause the fireworks administrators invariably predict. Mrs. Wilkerson suggested keeping the girls in school.

The Board agreed she could try the idea on a pilot basis, including her stipulation that group counseling be mandatory for all girls. Enlisting the help of psychologist Richard Smith, she evolved a procedure for the counseling. On Mondays the girls come to school at 2 P.M. for counseling. Other days they are expected to be there at 3 P.M. just as school is dismissed and extracurricular activities begin. Dick Smith says, "After all, the other kids know. We find that the students take the fact of pregnancy well. There is no more gossip than if a girl disappeared for awhile. We make no effort to shield the girl."

Group counseling, Marjorie Baskerville (who recently replaced Mrs. Wilkerson) explained, revolves around "the problems the girls are having in the program and difficulties they may encounter in adjusting to school after the birth of the baby." In their experience Mrs. Baskerville and Mr. Smith have found each group different. Some open up and talk. Others are sullenly uncommunicative. The persistent thread is that the girls are lonely, resigned, lack a sense of their own worth as people, and yearn for "something of their own." That something too often turns out to be a baby they are ill-equipped to care for. At one counseling session, Mrs. Baskerville and Mr. Smith found it rough going. Finally the girls began to talk about what would happen after the baby was born:

MRS. BASKERVILLE: Hope, have you thought about what is going to happen after you have the baby?

HOPE: What do you mean? What's going to happen?

MRS. BASKERVILLE: Well, who is going to feed the baby and give it the bottle when it wakes up?

HOPE: I guess I'm going to, but I can tell you one thing—I don't like fresh babies. That baby is not going to get fresh with me.

DICK SMITH: How old does a baby have to be to get fresh. What do you mean by fresh?

HOPE: I've seen some babies get fresh right away as soon as you bring them home. They get fresh—cry and fuss. They cry to get on your nerves. I can't stand a baby crying to get on my nerves.

DICK SMITH: Well, do you think a six-weeks-old baby, for instance, knows enough to cry so he can get on your nerves? Maybe he is hungry. Or wet. Maybe he just wants somebody to pay attention to him for a few minutes.

HOPE: Well, maybe so. Maybe he doesn't know enough to get fresh on purpose, but if he cries I'll just hit him. I can't stand babies who cry all the time.

JEAN: You can't hit a baby. He doesn't know why you are hitting him. That doesn't do any good at all.

LOIS: I know one thing, nobody is going to let me hit that baby of mine. That baby is going to be petted and spoiled and picked up all the time. My sisters and mother will ruin that baby.

HOPE: Well, a little petting is all right, but you can't do it too much.

As the session progressed, the girls discussed various alternatives to hitting as punishment and agreed that most punishment would have to wait until the child was old enough to understand the reasons. For the girls, it was also the beginning of understanding.

Those who require personal counseling are referred to the Bureau of Children's Services of New Jersey and to voluntary agencies. Girls are encouraged to attend prenatal classes at East Orange General Hospital, and no girl is admitted to the program until she has pregnancy confirmed by a doctor. Parents must agree to participation of their daughters, and all parents discuss the program and its objectives with Mrs. Baskerville. Theoretically, a girl can take four academic subjects. Usually they take two; highly motivated girls take three. Homework assignments are tough. Report cards are given. Girls are expected to spend several hours a day studying—and they do.

From 1963-66, seventy-three girls have been identified as pregnant. Fifty-seven chose the school-centered program and sixteen chose other alternatives. Of the fifty-seven, three have graduated with their class, thirteen returned to

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their grade and expect to graduate. Ten married and eventually left school. And eleven dropped out. Of the sixteen choosing other programs, seven returned to school. Almost 63 per cent of those choosing the in-school program have graduated or expect to graduate compared to 35 per cent selecting other programs.

UNDER the home tutoring plan, only 10 per cent returned to school. The value of the East Orange High School program is that parents know about it. It is announced matter-of-factly at parents' orientation night as another of the special services the system offers. It has raised no hackles. There has been no "contamination," no noticeable increase in pregnancy.

Because they know they will not be kicked out of school, the girls report pregnancy early. Unlike the other programs which handle only a fraction of the girls, East Orange is open to all of them. By keeping it inside the school instead of at a distant center the school tells the pregnant teen-ager in a clear voice that education is important and it is her business to finish school so she may provide for her child if she is going to keep him.

Although the East Orange program is only one of a rapidly growing number of serious efforts to bring the pregnant adolescent—married or unmarried—back into the educational mainstream, it is clear that many Americans are still reluctant to confront the situation. The new pilot programs are, for the first time, bringing illegitimacy out of hiding and, even more important, trying to make parenthood the responsible act it ideally is. But unless American attitudes stigmatizing the result of premarital sex—but not the act itself—change, these first efforts may be stunted. Whether a girl is white or Negro, rich or poor, popular or a square, pretty or plain, a bright or a poor student, she needs help from all of society's institutions for herself and her baby.

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Rough Rock School

Continued from page 84

come to use the laundry and shower facilities. The Board has worked out a plan whereby every five weeks a new team of parents comes to work and live in the dormitories. One of these weeks is spent in being trained by the previous team. Thus every child at school has a real parent or close relative in the dorm with him almost all year.

In addition, parents are encouraged to take children home every weekend, and the youngsters are urged to practice the language and observe ceremonial life. When this plan of home visits was instituted, many cautioned Roessel that the children would not return. But this did not prove to be a problem, and on Monday morning the weekend sojourners had returned to their classes. This is in marked contrast to traditional boarding schools, where the children were not permitted to leave and runaways constituted a perennial problem.

Members of the community are quick to say they like the Rough Rock school because it teaches Navaho culture and allows the children to come home every weekend. Not only do the children receive emotional support from the presence of the parents; they also learn from them in the dorm story hour. The parents learn, too, about the world in which their children are moving. They enjoy TV together and participate in events with the children. The modern, well kept dorms are increasing in attractiveness as the blankets and baskets woven by dorm parents during their stay begin to adorn the walls.

To Roessel, the most exciting aspect of the school is that control is vested in the local Indian comunity. "When we first came to Rough Rock we said to the community and their elected Board of Education, 'This is your school; it's up to you to run it.' They didn't really believe us. They were not only suspicious of the words, but the very concept itself had never been presented to them. Our beautiful words—I don't think they really believed them. They had to begin to see if they could operate the school."

Fortunately, the thrust of the OEO grant proposal, with its emphasis upon comunity participation and cultural identification, concerned the Navaho leaders on the local level as well. This is what they, too, wanted, and as confidence in their controlling role developed, they plunged wholeheartedly and conscientiously into efforts to insure that the program would be successful, to provide better ideas on how to implement the program, and to oversee the program's development and progress.

"Not only do the children receive emotional support from the presence of the parents; they also learn from them in the dorm story hour."

In their first declaration of independence the School Board declined to accept the services of a nationally prominent, voluntary board of advisors, explaining that if this were to be truly a community school, the problems of the school would be best resolved by the persons most expert on the community—the Rough Rock people themselves. Since that time there have been some seventeen other instances of disagreement between the Board and the school administration, each of which, though resolved amicably, was decided in favor of the School Board. In retrospect, Roessel claims that their wisdom was greater than his in each instance.

Most of the professional staff, which includes ten classroom teachers, a remedial reading specialist, a speech and hearing therapist, two guidance counselors, and two TESL specialists among others, were mainly attracted to the Rough Rock school because of association with Bob Roessel or persons close

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to him at Arizona State University. Because the school is not a public or BIA school, there are no rigid requirements and regulations concerning employment. Twelve VISTA volunteers also participated in the program this year.

One of the strikingly successful teachers of the "beginners," or kindergarten class, is Doris Ardeso, a Navaho who herself is not a high school graduate. Most of the staff, consisting of both Navaho and Anglos, are highly qualified for any school, however. Mrs. Anita Pfeiffer, in charge of the academic program for 1967-68, is a beautiful, young Navaho woman who holds a Masters Degree and has lived abroad in India.

Although the idea of the community school and many of the other principles upon which the Rough Rock school is founded have been official Bureau of Indian Affairs policy for many years, it is in demonstrating how to accomplish and implement the policy in a viable program that DINE, Inc., and the Rough Rock Demonstration School make their greatest contribution. The accomplishments in the short time the school has been in operation are impressive. Trust and cooperation between the community and the school has developed. Education is no longer looked upon as a destroyer of families. By providing jobs and creating jobs for persons who would otherwise have been ineligible because of civil service restrictions, the school has made an impact on the well-being of the total community. It has also demonstrated the feasibility of training for school employment the very able Navahos who do not have formal education, provided high-level jobs for educated Navahos, and created new job models, such as the dorm parents, that can be copied elsewhere.

Rough Rock Demonstration School is not without its problems and critics, however. Some of the staff have found the isolation difficult to bear; others do not enjoy the permissive attitude. The role of the professional in this school is clearly one of service to the community rather than one of the master, and patronizing attitudes are severely frowned upon. Some of the staff feels this represents abdication of professional responsibilities; as a result, a few are leaving and one or two have been asked to leave.

To the critics of the cultural identification program who say the school is fostering a "back-to-the-blanket movement," i.e., preparation for life in the eighteenth century rather than for the present, Roessel responds, "I don't hear the Indians say this! On the contrary, this is education for the future. This is the kind of education to let a Navaho live in the new age, when every person has pride in himself." Increasing numbers of young, educated Navahos are returning to the reservation, not to challenge their elders but to learn the traditions of their people that their schooling denied them. Anita Pfeiffer says, "The best part about this school is that the children are learning who they are. People like myself had to pick up Navaho culture piecemeal." Stating a similar thought, the School Board members stress, "We need to renew acquaintance with ourselves."

Could the school have succeeded without the extra funding provided by the OEO? That the economic boost given the community is a large part of the success of community involvement is certainly true. Yet, money has been spent liberally elsewhere with no positive results. As Gary Witherspoon, director of Community Services at the school and himself a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, puts it, "You see so many programs that aren't working. Here we feel a real sense of achievement." His sentiments are echoed by the Navahos of the area, who speak enthusiastically about the job training and job opportunities provided.

The answer to the really big question of where the children go from here was temporarily postponed when the School Board voted, responding to a petition by the sixth grade and their families, to add a seventh grade next year. That a high school and junior college carrying on the beginnings made here are sorely needed, there is no doubt.

The accomplishments are impressive and both the school and the antipoverty program here present tempting parallels to be drawn between Rough Rock and the demands for community control in the nation's inner cities. While the vast numbers and the heterogeneity of populations enormously complicate the problems in urban areas, the possibility that new models of educational services can be evolved to promote a mood of optimism and dignity in populations regarded as "apathetic," "hostile," or "disadvantaged" has been clearly demonstrated.

In recognition of this, Dr. Joseph Colmen, Deputy Assistant Secretary (for education) of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, after a visit to the school, said:

"There is a great lesson to be learned here, not just for Navahos but for American people in general. I don't know of many places where parents take the trouble and time and interest to concern themselves with the education of their six-year-old as much as you people sitting here do. I think when the chronicles of this program are written, it will have an application far beyond the Rough Rock School—to America in general."

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Education Letters

Continued from page 76

ativity with a sense of responsibility)? Is he unaware of independent reading programs for high school students? What of numerous electives now being offered in countless schools? What kind of society does the author propose to substitute for the one he condemns? Finally, I wonder if Samples has ever been a teacher.

NANCY WITHERS NICHOLLS,
English Teacher.

Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes, and an excellent one.*

REGARDING Robert E. Samples's excellent article I would like to make the following comments. The rules of society are only a portion of the study of "civics," and even these can be the subject of creative activity; for instance, exercises in determining alternatives to the rules or whether the rules may be abandoned. Creativity may also be exercised in this subject matter in the application of originality to the solution of problems which are too large for individuals or even business institutions to solve.

The importance of substantive thought in the creative process should not be underestimated. While preconscious-intuitive thought may separate the great work from others, conscious-substantive thought is necessary to provide the foundation and sometimes the framework for the original.

PAUL C. CLINE.

Harrisonburg, Va.

Aging Gracefully

A BRITON, I am surprised to see Peter Schrag call the Beatle's "When I'm Sixty-Four" pure satire ["Facing the Music," VOICES IN THE CLASSROOM, *SR*, Aug. 19]. Can it be "difficult to know where the satire cuts or where one would wish oneself" because the lyric is not satire?

It portrays to me a young man proposing marriage ("fill in a form") seriously and without ridicule ("indicate precisely what you mean to say"). The couple may embark ("send me a postcard, drop me a line") on a lifelong commitment that realistically envisions contentment and stability ("knit a sweater by the fireside . . . who could ask for more") and the changes of aging ("losing my hair"). Sensibly absent are the ephemeral glory of ritual and high ambitions of wealth, status, fame, or eternal youth that might bring disillusionment.

These considerations and interpretations, like the subtlety Mr. Schrag noted in "She's Leaving Home," may in part be foreign to their parents' generation or to an American context—"Sunday morning go for a ride" can be to church or elsewhere—but a sense of values is being communicated.

DAVID BLAXELL,
Educational and Cultural
Exchange Visitor,
Yale University.

New Haven, Conn.

I WAS PLEASED to read Peter Schrag's review. I must accuse him, however, of missing the main point of the album.

The message, such as it may be, is delivered from a subtle and quite unexpected point of view. It is not the usual youth-alienation theme done up in a heavily orchestrated wrapper. Mr. Schrag describes the theme as ranging from "nose-thumbing satire to heavy irony to a depressing end-of-the-world gloom."

Not so. There is spoofing and satire, I suppose, but it is not malicious or cynical. It lacks teeth. It has the fondness of two old friends chiding each other but knowing no harm is meant.

What the author has described are the Beatles in the role of musical emissaries of a new generation. What he overlooks is that for this album they have become Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Now they speak for people who have grown older. Once on top, they have now been turned out to pasture. They have been replaced by younger people, who will in turn be replaced when they are unable to keep up the pace. But the forgotten group is not bitter because it realizes there is no way of reversing the cycle.

If it were just the Beatles dressed in out-of-date clothes and singing out-of-date songs, it would be camp. But, I repeat, on this album they are Sgt. Pepper's Band, and therefore in their own element. What would otherwise have been laughable is now poignant.

AARON ISAACS.

St. Paul, Minn.

AS A MEMBER of the gap between parent-adult and teen-ager it is delightful to read that someone has realized and thoughtfully published the importance in the contributions the Beatle's new recording is making. The total involvement of the Beatles themselves and their music exhales as Peter Schrag so rightly puts it ". . . the folklore of a new generation." As most of us caught in the middle are without real leaders, ones who are able to voice appropriately their dissatisfaction with some qualitative criticism, the Beatles have come to represent more, much more, than just a rock group. They speak for the majority of us, and do it well.

WESLEY ANNE FRYER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Continued from page 26

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—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 72: peon, pone, open.

Middle Europe

Continued from page 51

less crowds or well-drawn figures, they seem like strangers in Miss Gainham's Vienna.

The publishers call the book "panoramic." That it is not, for all the prodigious wealth of detail. But *Night Falls on the City* is impressive just the same, and sometimes deeply moving. Even with the long expository stretches the narrative retains its momentum down to the apocalyptic conclusion.

Before the Glory Ended, in contrast, is a farrago of adventure, in war and peace, all over the map of Europe. Besides creating episodes that would put a James Bond to shame, Ursula Zilinsky tries to show the choices open to true noblemen in a world that no longer provides room for their caste.

I am not certain, though, that Miss Zilinsky distinguishes clearly between the eccentricities of aristocratic life and the "aristocratic temperament," as defined by William James and quoted by her. However, perhaps one should not ask too much of a first novel whose author may have asked too much of herself.

What she has accomplished is a mildly entertaining book. (But, really, she shouldn't write sentences like "Her eyes were the exact color of star sapphires and, like the jewel, held in their depths the flash of a secret.") Two cousins, one French and one Hungarian, are the chief characters, and the first, Jean Riebeck, who works for the British Secret Service, comes alive despite the unconvincing enterprises he is made to take part in. His desultory affair with a beautiful woman—an attachment that takes many years to generate warmth—is caught very well in a number of scenes. Offhand I'd say that this is Miss Zilinsky's proper field.

Innocence and Evil Spirits

—*Maganus Bartlett.*

Andrew Sinclair—"highly ambitious."

***Gog,** by Andrew Sinclair (Macmillan. 486 pp. $6.95), an allegory of the author's fears for postwar Britain, besets "the perfect victim" with a series of life-denying forces. Richard Freedman, who teaches English at Simmons College, has reviewed extensively for literary publications.*

By RICHARD FREEDMAN

UNTIL Nazi bombs destroyed them in 1940, two fourteen-foot statues used to stand guard over the London Guildhall. They represented Gog and Magog, twin giants of British legend, carved out of wood in 1708 to replace still earlier effigies that had stood at least from the reign of Henry V until the Great Fire of 1666.

Nobody is quite certain how the figures of Gog and Magog became transplanted in the first place from the Old Testament to the lore of British prehistory, but in this highly ambitious, only fitfully successful novel by the young English playwright and historian Andrew Sinclair, the giants symbolize the best and worst people and events from ancient Albion to Labourite Britain.

Gog is Professor George Griffin, a folklorist with Leftist sympathies, whose ship strikes a mine off the coast of Scotland shortly after the Nazi surrender. A total amnesiac by the time he reaches shore, Gog decides to walk from Edinburgh to London in search of his past, which is inextricably connected with that of his country.

In picaresque tradition, he meets with a variety of characters whose responses —helpful or hostile—to his Gulliverian innocence represent Mr. Sinclair's hopes and fears for postwar Britain. The luminous spirit of Blake, for instance, is incarnated in a prophetic old tramp who wants to broadcast over the BBC his warning of imminent Armageddon (Hiroshima).

Less sympathetic are Gog's seductive but sadistic wife, Maire, and his stiffly Tory half-brother, Magnus, who, along with others whose names begin with M, are embodiments of the life-denying spirit of Magog, and see in Gog "the perfect victim." Consequently, Gog on various occasions is raped, keelhauled, and used as a living dart-board by the evil spirits abroad in the land.

Magog, however, as Gog learns, must be governed: "If you try to destroy him, he will devour you even more." By the

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end of the book, on V-J Day, Gog's doctrinaire, untested liberalism has been transmuted into a pragmatic belief that "the state of war is permanent," that all governments are corrupt, and that each man must fight his own battles.

UNFORTUNATELY, the author lacks the stylistic control to sustain so large an allegorical concept. He never uses one word where ten will do; episodes are overwritten past all endurance. Moreover, the story is interrupted by lengthy parodies of Norse Eddas, historical movies, and D. H. Lawrence, which Mr. Sinclair thinks are funnier than they are.

What is meant to be exuberant is merely prolix; what is meant to be Gargantuan is merely Brobdingnagian, and every time the fantasy seems about to soar it flaps its wings frantically for a few pages, and then plunges to earth like a great wounded bustard.

Callous, Shriveling World: Twenty years ago Julia Edwards was a reporter working in Occupied Germany on the staff of *The Stars and Stripes*. Since then she has held a number of newspaper jobs, including the managing editorship of Worldwide Press Service, and now with the publication of *The Occupiers* (Fleet, $5.95) she has become a novelist.

The heroine of *The Occupiers* is Kate Deming, a twenty-six-year-old virgin whose flight from Glenview, Ky., near Louisville, leads her into newspaper work and, at the novel's outset, to occupied Germany. In Germany, Kate quickly learns what Steve Manning, her sponsor and former city editor, meant when he warned her to stay home. "Amidst the degradation that is Germany," Manning wrote her, "the transplanted American can only shrivel. You would come determined to change history, and you would break your heart. No occupation has ever been successful. None will ever be. To keep from going mad, you would have to harden yourself, like the rest of us, to the misery around you and the mistakes of your own government."

The book's plot details Kate's attempt to live in the callous, disjointed world Manning describes and at the same time maintain her identity. More or less, she succeeds. She is hardened by the cynicism that characterizes the occupation, and she is hurt by two love affairs, one with the kind and gentle Steve Manning, the other with Manning's opposite, an efficient, embittered rugged individualist colonel named Mike Van Dyke. At length she feels ready to return to Kentucky, feels able to face it as herself, whatever she may be.

The Occupiers is neither well written nor fresh in its plot or characterization. The first page, which sets the stage, reads like the introduction to any number of late night movies, and subsequent developments do little to invalidate the comparison. Miss Edwards's venture into fiction does have the redeeming qualities one might hope for in a veteran reporter's work. Her description of the moral barrenness of occupied Germany is uncompromising, and her scorn for those newspapermen who smugly assume they are inherently superior to women in their field, and lie even to themselves to maintain their belief, is effectively communicated.

—STEPHEN F. CALDWELL.

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(Continued on page 104)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 103)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1745

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Celebrate boisterously. (colloq. British).	104 190 71 40 89 84 38
B. Teething.	184 183 39 145 171 174 87 1 167
C. Usually triangular topsail set above a square lower sail.	73 43 54 148 70
D. Wrenched.	42 83 182 68 119 198
E. Mad.	140 123 170 37 26 47
F. "——— to petrified opinion never yet broke a chain or freed a human soul." (Inscription beneath Mark Twain's bust in Hall of Fame.)	67 76 138 144 102 10 162
G. Waiting rooms.	32 14 107 164 58 12 3
H. "The ——— presentment of two brothers." (Hamlet)	199 154 59 15 62 95 51 41 78 166 111
I. Consequence.	18 112 91 16 160 149 128 52 64
J. Quotidian. (comp.)	96 192 21 82 53 146 157 27
K. "Be ——— the next that must be bankrupt so! though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe." (Richard II).	152 65 201 180
L. Followed by *check*: a small pattern.	92 50 188 5 19 48 151 30 93 133 11
M. Piano; slang. (comp.)	88 7 191 134 127 98 165 46 187 121 17
N. Football stratagem.	24 23 175 63 139 120 150 105 31
O. ". . . . . man's inclination to ——— makes democracy necessary." (Niebuhr)	135 189 168 86 99 103 122 110 129
P. Followed by *oil*: a leather dressing. (comp.)	8 126 109 176 22 185 195 55 143
Q. A flag that hangs from a crosspiece.	79 101 90 49 20 197 163 60
R. Home of Simon Rodia's towers.	194 97 177 161 116
S. Temporary inactivity.	172 69 130 203 132 81 100 179
T. A midshipman who has served less than four years.	75 159 56 44 9 94 137 33 113
U. Provincial.	13 196 173 66 156 125 200 131
V. The act of filching.	28 61 193 153 114 57 25 141 36
W. Ancient Egyptian emblem symbolizing life.	85 2 45 142
X. Disreputably tattered person.	136 186 124 147 118 169 108 158 181 77
Y. Out of place.	4 106 29 35 74
Z. Veteran inhabitant of Alaska or N.W. Canada.	34 117 155 202 115 72 80 6 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 B	2 W		3 G	4 Y	5 L	6 Z	7 M	8 P	9 T		10 F	11 L	12 G		13 U	14 G	15 H
16 I		17 M	18 I	19 L	20 Q	21 J		22 P	23 N		24 N	25 V	26 E	27 J		28 V	29 Y
30 L	31 N	32 G	33 T		34 Z	35 Y	36 V	37 E	38 A		39 B	40 A		41 H	42 D	43 C	44 T
45 W	46 M	47 E	48 L		49 Q	50 L	51 H	52 I	53 J	–	54 C	55 P	56 T	57 V		58 G	59 H
60 Q		61 V	62 H		63 N	64 I	65 K	66 U	67 F	68 D		69 S	70 C		71 A	72 Z	73 C
74 Y	75 T	–	76 F	77 X	78 H		79 Q	80 Z	81 S		82 J	83 D	84 A	85 W	86 O	87 B	88 M
	89 A	90 Q		91 I	92 L	93 L	94 T	95 H		96 J	97 R	98 M	99 O		100 S	101 Q	102 F
103 O		104 A	105 N	106 Y	107 G	108 X	109 P	110 O	111 H	112 I	113 T	114 V	115 Z		116 R	117 Z	118 X
119 D	120 N	121 M	122 O	123 E	124 X		125 U	126 P	127 M	128 I	129 O	130 S	131 U		132 S		133 L
134 M	135 O	136 X	137 T	138 F	–	139 N	140 E	141 V	142 W	143 P		144 F	145 B	146 J		147 X	
148 C	149 I	150 N	151 L	152 K	–	153 V	154 H	155 Z	156 U		157 J		158 X	159 T	160 I	161 R	162 F
–	163 Q	164 G	165 M		166 H	167 B		168 O	169 X	170 E	171 B		172 S	173 U	174 B	175 N	176 P
	177 R	178 Z	179 S		180 K	181 X	182 D	183 B		184 B	185 P		186 X		187 M	188 L	189 O
	190 A		191 M	192 J	193 V		194 R	195 P	196 U	197 Q	198 D		199 H	200 U	201 K	202 Z	203 S

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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